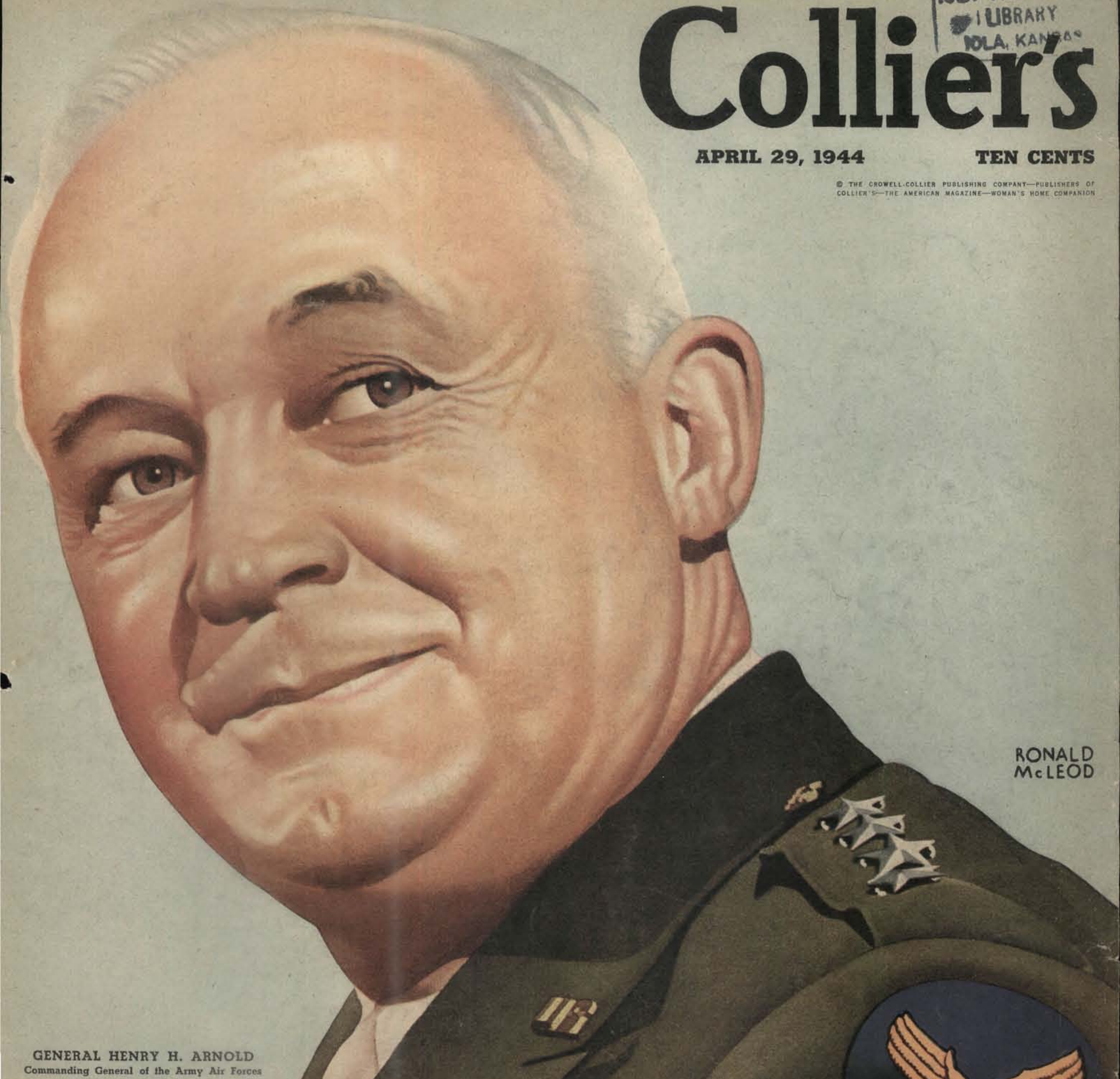
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

# Collier's

APRIL 29, 1944 TEN CENTS

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



GENERAL HENRY H. ARNOLD
Commanding General of the Army Air Forces

## LET'S TRAIN OUR YOUTH NOW

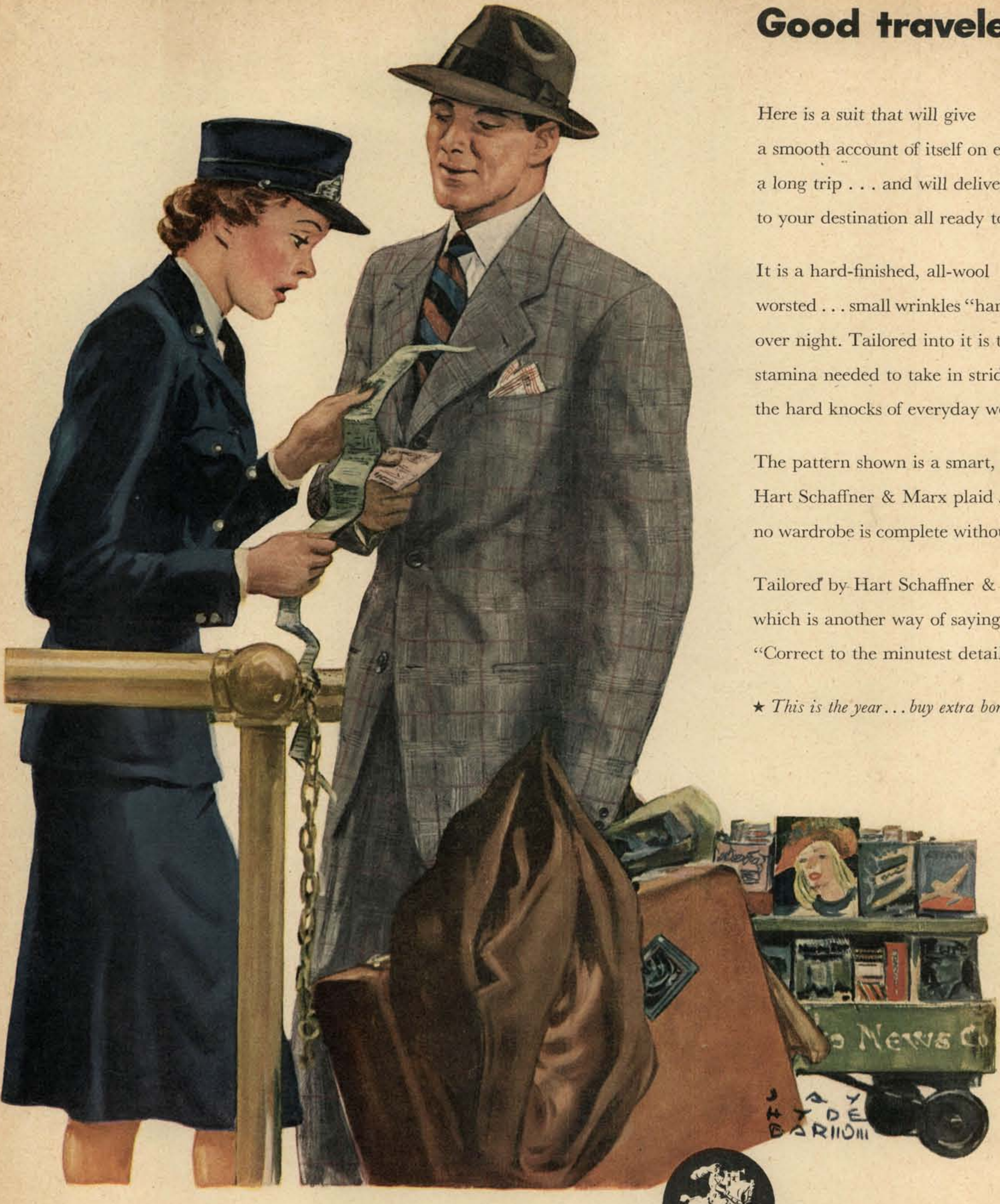
By FRANK KNOX, Secretary of the Navy

## THE VOICE OF THE TU

By JOHN VAN DRUTEN

April 29-1944

A
42761
C
9
FREE PUB LIBR
26AU44
IOLA
KANS



# Good traveler

Here is a suit that will give a smooth account of itself on even a long trip . . . and will deliver you to your destination all ready to go.

It is a hard-finished, all-wool worsted . . . small wrinkles "hang out" over night. Tailored into it is the stamina needed to take in stride the hard knocks of everyday wear.

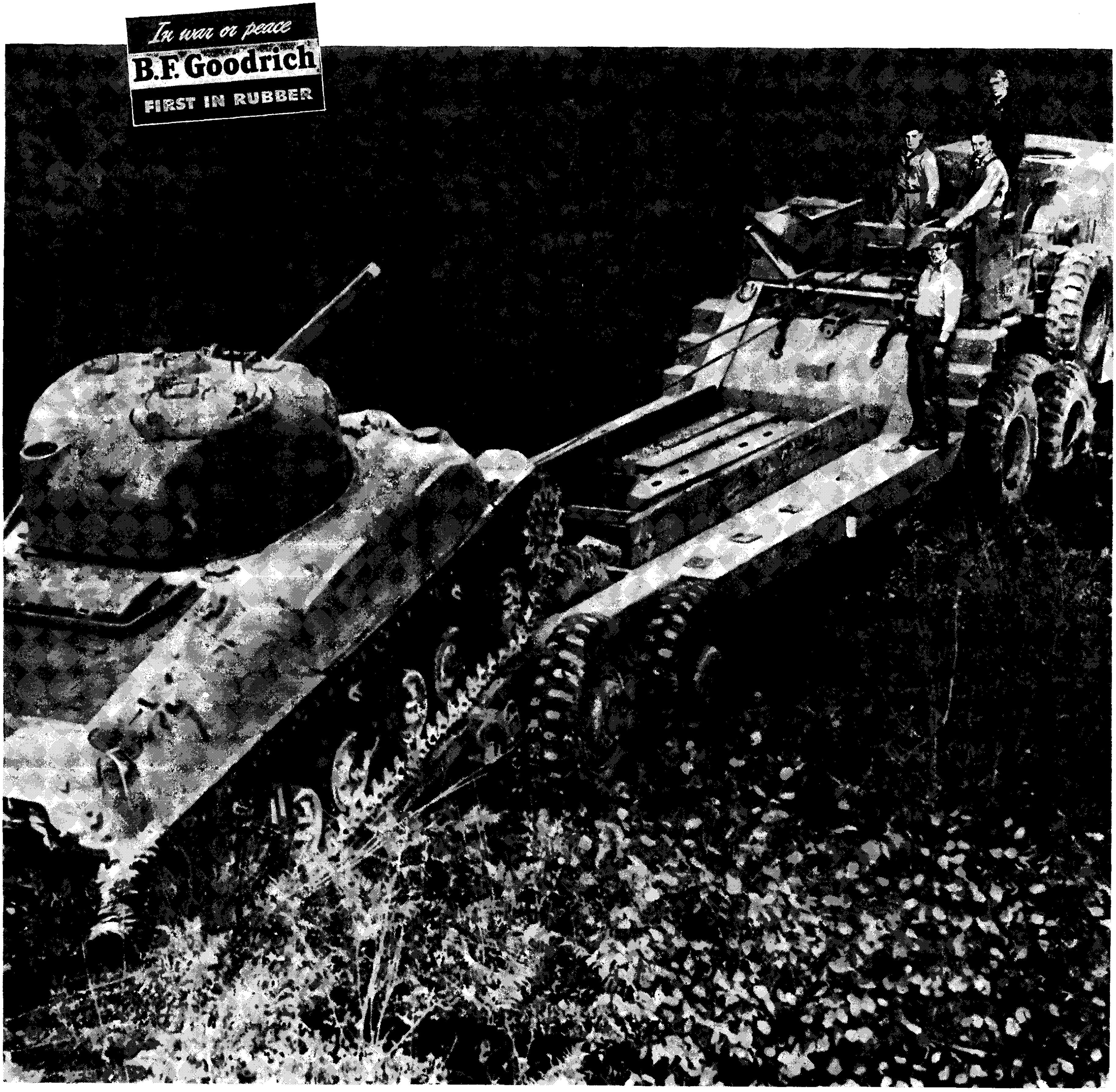
The pattern shown is a smart, new Hart Schaffner & Marx plaid . . . no wardrobe is complete without one.

Tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx, which is another way of saying "Correct to the minutest detail."

★ *This is the year . . . buy extra bonds!*

*A small thing to look for . . . a big thing to find*

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



# Meet the dragon wagon

*A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber*

"DRAGON WAGON" is what the soldiers call this tank recovery unit. It is a mammoth truck trailer powered by an army-designed tractor, big enough to carry a 30-ton General Sherman tank on its back.

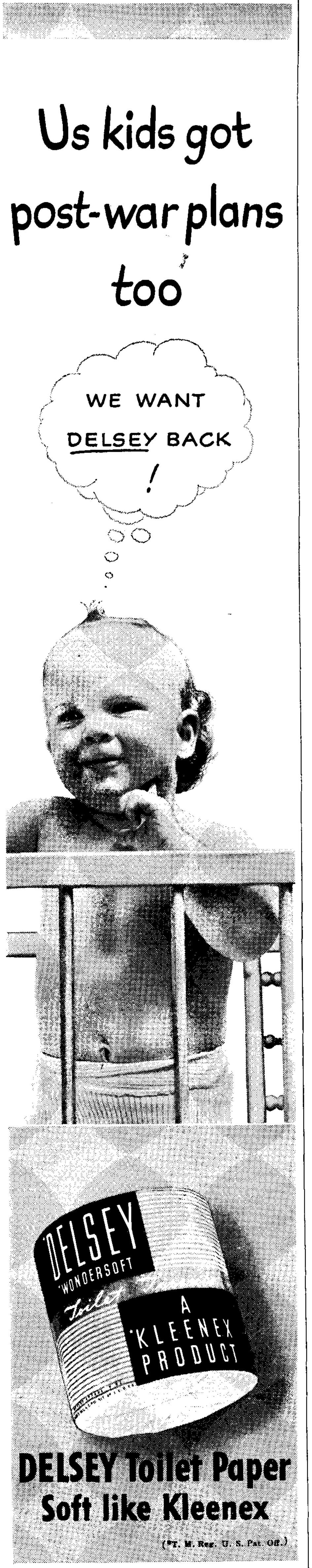
On the battlefield, the dragon wagon is used to haul away disabled tanks, carry them behind the lines to a repair depot.

Tires for such front-line service presented an unusual problem. They had to be able to carry tremendous loads, to travel over rocks and desert sand, to wade through mud and water — and to keep on going when hit by machine gun bullets!

For many army jobs regular B. F. Goodrich truck tires did the trick. For combat service special tires were developed of extra-thick rubber. These tires are built in such a way that when hit by a bullet the extra-thick sidewalls can support the load. And the tires are locked to the rim so that even when flat, the tire hangs on to the wheel. The vehicle can still travel.

It's because of these military needs that tires for civilians are scarce, but some are being made. Those for passenger cars are all-synthetic (99.8%) and are almost as good as pre-war tires. Truck tires aren't yet as good, especially in intercity service with overloads, but are being improved day by day. If you *can* buy tires, go to a B. F. Goodrich dealer or store. You'll get synthetic tires backed by 17 years of experience with synthetic rubber in all kinds of products. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.*

**B. F. Goodrich**
**Truck & Bus Tires**


Us kids got post-war plans too
WE WANT DELSEY BACK!
DELSEY
WONDERSOFT
Toilet
A KLEENEX PRODUCT
DELSEY Toilet Paper Soft like Kleenex
(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

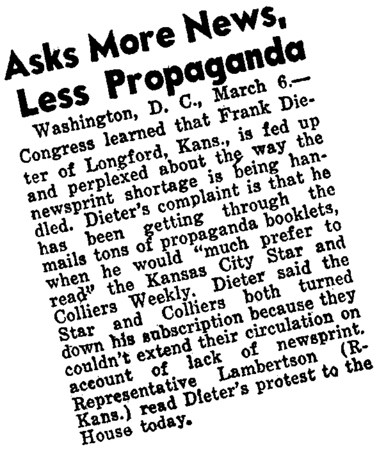
**Collier's**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
HENRY LA COSSITT Managing Editor

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| WALTER DAVENPORT | Politics | CLARENCE H. ROY | Articles |
| W. B. COURTNEY | European War Theater | AMY PORTER | Articles |
| GEORGE CREEL | Washington | ROBERT DE VORE | Washington |
| KYLE CRICHTON | Articles | WILLIAM HILLMAN | Washington |
| HERBERT ASBURY | Articles | FRANK D. MORRIS | U. S. Navy in Pacific |
| DENVER LINDLEY | Fiction | FRANK GERVASI | Middle East War Theater |
| ALLEN MARPLE | Fiction | JIM MARSHALL | West Coast |
| JAMES N. YOUNG | Fiction | GRATTAN O'LEARY | Ottawa |
| GURNEY WILLIAMS | Cartoons | AIMEE LARKIN | Distaff |
| HENRY L. JACKSON | Wearables | U. L. CALVOSA | Photographs |
| WM. O. CHESSMAN | Art | GEORGE DE ZAYAS | Hollywood |
| | | IFOR THOMAS | Photographs |

# ANY WEEK

WE HAD some idea of saying something sharp about the newspaper clipping reproduced below. But we could scarcely get to our desk for the day's crop of government and other propaganda literature—most of it asking us not to waste paper. So you say it:



**Asks More News, Less Propaganda**

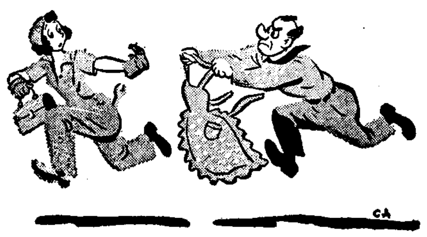
Washington, D. C., March 6.—Congress learned that Frank Dieter of Longford, Kans., is fed up and perplexed about the way the newsprint shortage is being handled. Dieter's complaint is that he has been getting through the mails tons of propaganda booklets, when he would "much prefer to read" the Kansas City Star and Colliers Weekly. Dieter said the Star and Colliers both turned down his subscription because they couldn't extend their circulation on account of lack of newsprint. Representative Lambertson (R-Kans.) read Dieter's protest to the House today.

BLOWING our nose vigorously we get along to the rest of our mail. "I have been reading your magazine for years," writes Mr. Tripp Zenners of Toledo, Ohio, "and of all the hogwash and stupid tripe . . ." Sorry. Wrong pile.

HOWEVER, Mr. Paul E. Whitney of Albany, New York, was frittering away a bit of time in a New York hotel lobby when a completely seductive female voice was heard over the paging loud-speaker: "Lieutenant Hinkle, please. Lieutenant Hinkle is wanted on the telephone, please. Thank you." This was repeated several times. But no Hinkle. Then a last appeal: "Hinkle, Hinkle, single bar. How she wonders where you are."

DOUBTLESS you're tired of hearing stories of housing conditions in San Francisco, California. Nevertheless, Mrs. G. G. Barralat notifies us from there that she, and hundreds like her, read the daily obituary columns on the theory that the deceased will no longer need that room. She almost won recently. She called up the residence of a freshly departed gentleman, asked whether the house was for rent or sale. "You're too late," said the voice. "The undertaker just grabbed it."

IT IS all very well for the government to assure us that only seven per cent of the women now working in war plants wish to remain in industry after the war. Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, is not convinced. Down there in the Hellin' Hills, the colonel writes, the girls "will never again be content with homemade dresses and a share in the egg money." Whereat the colonel quotes from a letter from the wife of a neighbor who stayed home on the farm: "You better learn all about cooking, for I ain't going to do no more for a long time. My last week's pay was $54 and with what I got saved up I don't hanker after much more housekeeping. If I ever come home, you got to wait on me for quite a spell for a change." The husband looked at the colonel for a spell, then said: "Well, I broke many a filly in my time. Guess I can do it again. But never did try my hand breaking one that old."



SO WE went to call on Mr. Edward Brisson, and he turned on his radio for us. Out of it came a shattering noise that was noble indeed for anything that size. In a few minutes, it subsided, and the announcer told us that we had just got in on the tail end of the Second Battle of Bull Run. But he comforted us by saying that if we'd be around next week at the same time, we'd hear the Battle of Gettysburg. Mr. Brisson said that it was very nice of them to dig up some old battles for us. "It's really about vitamins," he said. "The kind that take that strain off your nerves. Bull Run. Ah, those were the good old days.". . . W. D.

Vol. 113, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

# THIS WEE

APRIL 29, 1944

SHORT STORIES

JOHN van DRUTEN
**The Voice of the Turtle.** A stor
springtime and love — from
Broadway success of the same na
Page

ALBERT HALPER
**My Cousin Louie, the Explorer.**
was a little kite-flier, going to
stake for the freedom of the skie
Page

EUSTACE COCKRELL
**One By Land.** Back from the
comes Willie Wurtzel to talk his
through that one good round.
Page

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

**Beyond the Call of Duty,** by He
Rose Ruch. Page

SERIAL STORY

PETER PAUL O'MARA
**Escape from Beauty. Conclusion.**
Page

ARTICLES

FRANK KNOX,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
**Let's Train Our Youth Now.** For
greater strength and health of
democracy we need permanent u
versal military service. Page

HENRY F. PRINGLE
**Why Our Ships Go Through.** All
Navy fleet and air brains have co
bined to beat the U-boats back
their lairs. Page

MONA GARDNER
**Memo to an AMG Editor.** For a pri
manual of propaganda, take the c
rent file of The Manila Tribune.
Page

FREDERICK C. OTHMAN
**Don't Call 'Em Hoss Oprys.** In
cowboy legend Pop Sherman fou
an art form for the millions and n
lions for himself. Page

DOROTHY MESERVE KUNHARD
**Barnum and Brady.** Some of
num's famous side-show artists
the '60s from old photographs
Mathew B. Brady. Page

JOHN W. MORAN and
HERBERT ASBURY
**The Little Doctor.** Down in
Maine woods, Doc Pritham wres
with a job that could lick bigger
lows. Page

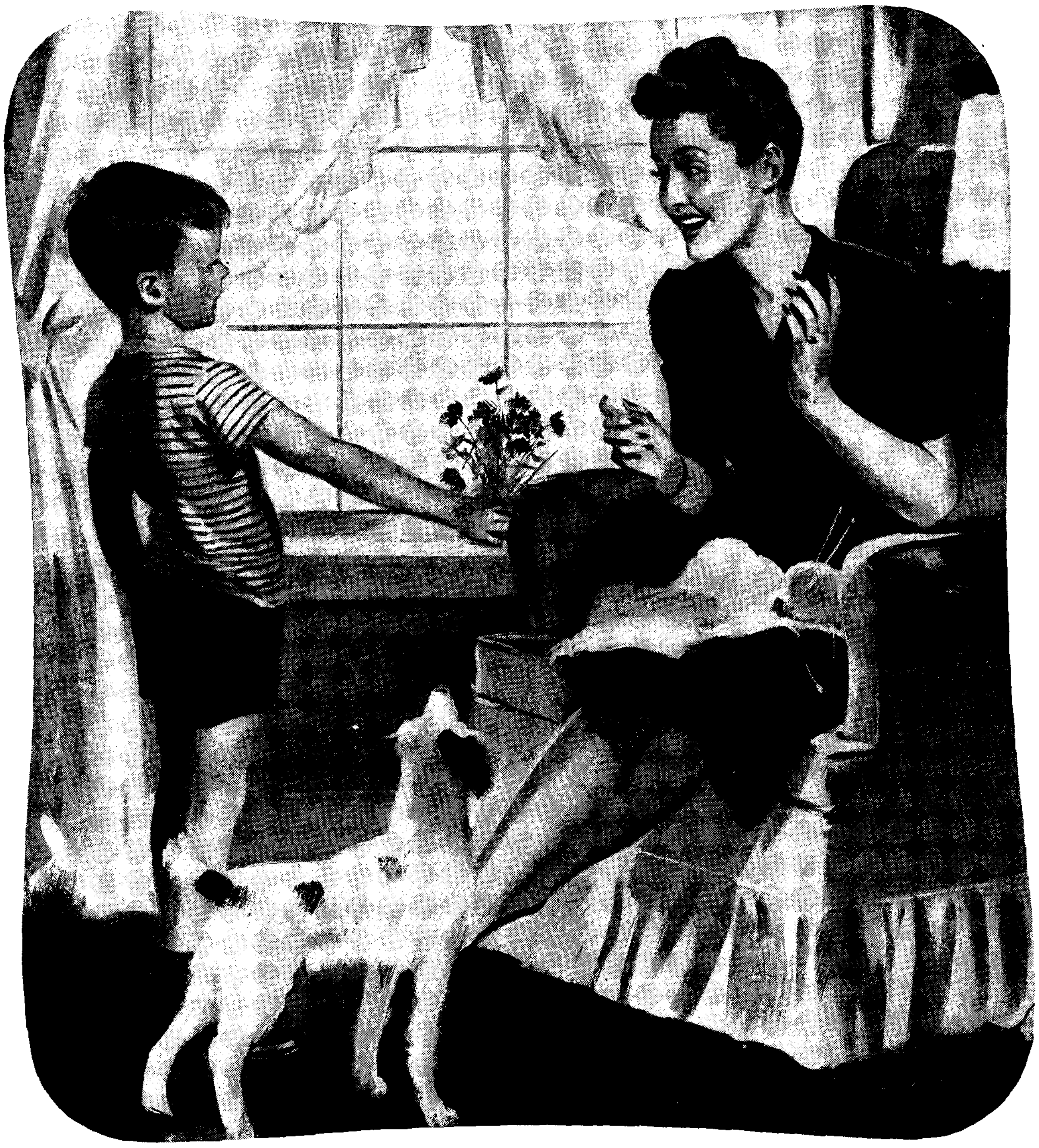
JIM MARSHALL
**The Go-to-Hell System.** Here's
employer who's solved the man
ment-versus-labor problem. Page

BYRON W. DALRYMPLE
**Tornadoes by the Ton.** An ae
bomb is an intricate mechar
vastly more destructive than
hurricane. Page

●

FRELING FOSTER
**Keep Up with the World.** Pag
**WING TALK.** Pag
**THE GUILTY (Joseph Darnand).**
**Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 39.**
Pag
**THE GENERAL ON THE COVE**
Pag
**THE WEEK'S WORK.** Pag
**EDITORIALS**
**News After the War.**
**Real Good-Will Envoys.**
**Formula for Freedom.** Pag
**COVER** RONALD McL

# To Mothers—a bouquet with a reminder tied to it



Lots of people have asked . . .

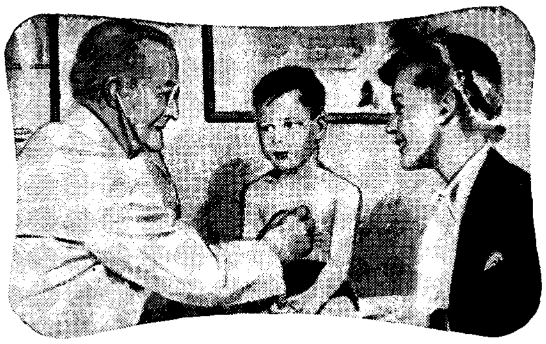
"Is the war affecting the health of America's young children?"

Here's one answer:

*Fatalities from childhood diseases are at an all-time low . . . Infant mortality is at an all-time low.*

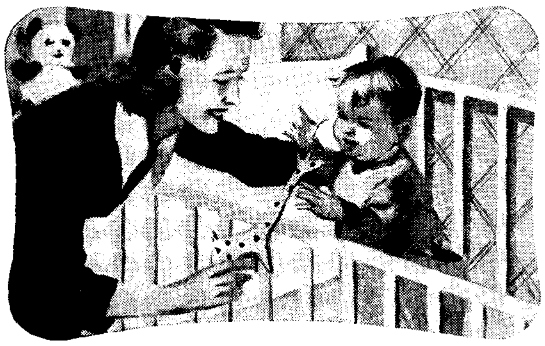
For this achievement, the mothers of our youngest generation deserve a great big bouquet. They have realized that the most valuable wartime service they could render is to safeguard the health and welfare of their little children.

Along with this compliment, we'd like to add these few reminders . . .



### Give children this protection

Some of the dreaded childhood diseases can be prevented. Early in infancy—usually between 6 and 9 months—your doctor will advise protection against *diphtheria* and *smallpox*, and probably whooping cough. Remember, also, that all young children should have medical check-ups *at regular intervals.*

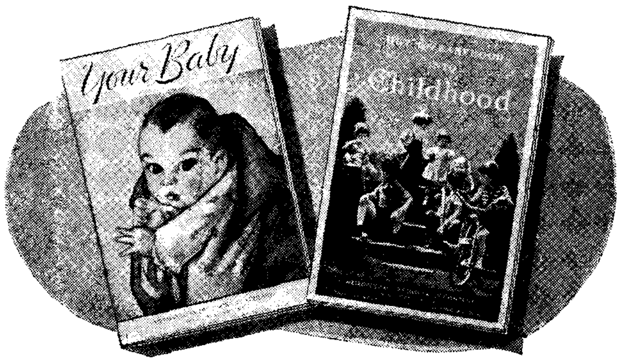


### The daily routine

Regular, undisturbed sleep is very important. Children *grow* in their sleep. Most children between the ages of 2 and 6 need additional rest—usually an afternoon nap.

There should be regular hours for play, preferably out of doors, and some of it with other children. Provide well-balanced meals at regular hours.

Make the home safe for little children by keeping such things as sharp instruments and matches out of their reach, and by protecting them against falls, suffocation, and other hazards. Even when mother must be away, it is very important for the child that the daily routine and safety program be maintained.



### These helpful booklets are free

For mothers, and others who take care of children, Metropolitan has prepared two valuable booklets. *"Your Baby"* deals with the child's first year. *"Out of Babyhood Into Childhood"* covers the pre-school years. You may have either or both free, on request.

COPYRIGHT 1944—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
*Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Please mail me booklets checked:
☐ No. 54-C, "Your Baby."
☐ No. 54-CA, "Out of Babyhood Into Childhood."

Name____________________

Street____________________

City______________State________

How Recruits in the know fight the Dry Scalp foe!

Once in the army it doesn't take long for sun, dust and wind . . .

. . . to dry out the scalp, make hair wild and woolly!

but . . . 5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

. . . MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!

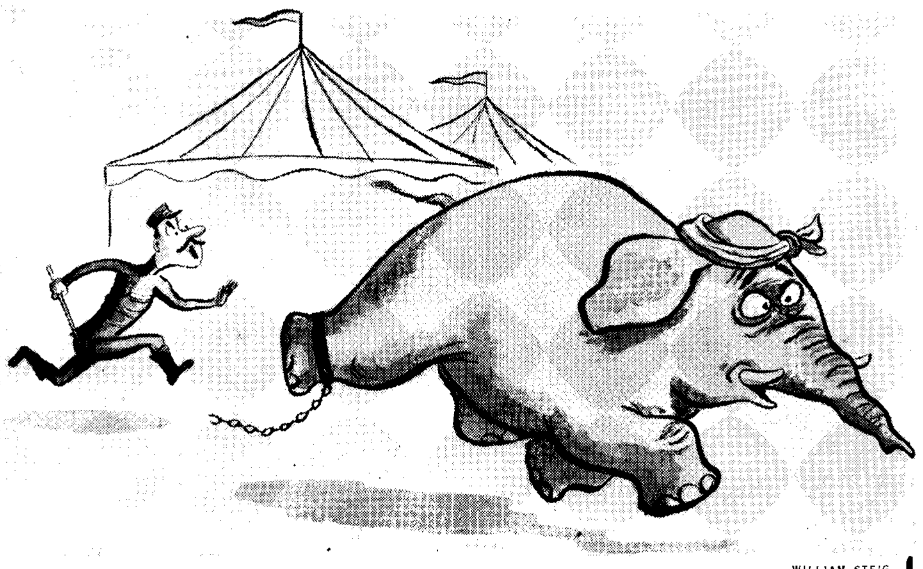
It'll improve your hair, too!

Here's a cue for you! Men in the armed services, whose hair leads the hardest life of all, prefer 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to any other brand. Think what it will do for *your* hair! Comb a few drops into your hair each day . . . or rub directly on the scalp. Then massage vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing. That's all you have to do to fight Dry Scalp, *keep* your hair neat and well-groomed. Buy a bottle today!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


WILLIAM STEIG

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

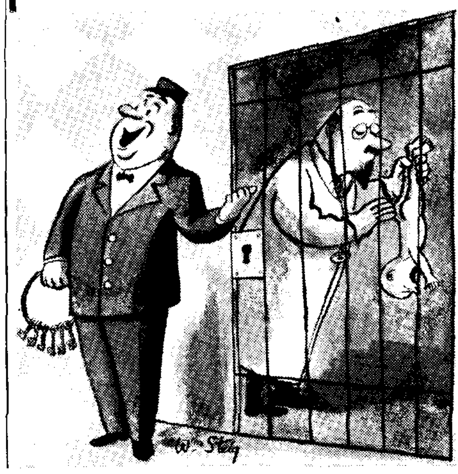
*While* some captive elephants have become killers through insanity, the majority that run away or go on rampages are either frightened or, in the case of males, suffering from the violent mental agitation brought on by their annual period of sexual excitement.

*The* pots in which optical glass is "cooked" are used only once because they have to be cracked away from the finished batch, after it has cooled and hardened. Yet these pots are very expensive and take eight months to make, as the special clay dough with which they are made has to be aged before it can be molded.

*Service* charges on savings accounts are now levied by some banks and are under consideration by many others because of low yields on investments and the high cost of handling overactive small accounts. Most of the present charges are made when a short-lived account is closed, or when withdrawals exceed a certain number in a given period.

*In a poker* game, the chances of being dealt certain hands and the chances of getting them by drawing to a pair are: Two pairs—1 to 20 and 1 to 5; three-of-a-kind—1 to 46 and 1 to 8; full house—1 to 693 and 1 to 97; and four-of-a-kind—1 to 4,164 and 1 to 359.

*The* President of the United States does not require the consent of Congress if he wishes, for diplomatic reasons, to request a foreign government to recall its ambassador or minister.



*While* the expression "According to Hoyle" has made the name of Edmond Hoyle proverbial as an authority on all games, he wrote only two books on card playing, one a treatise on whist in 1742; and he never heard of most of the other games for which he is supposed to have formulated the rules, such as poker—invented about 100 years after his death in 1769.—*By E. P. Robinson, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*America's* Mennonites compose one of the most peaceful groups of people in existence, their hatred of strife being so strong that they will not take a case to court or defend themselves in a lawsuit. When property is stolen from them, they will rarely do more than protest, even when catching the thief in the act.

*The* U. S. government can try a person in a federal court for an offense that is not a crime under federal law. For example, a man caught selling obscene books in a national park is tried and punished by the federal government because the offense was committed on government property. In such a case, the prosecution is conducted under the laws of the state.

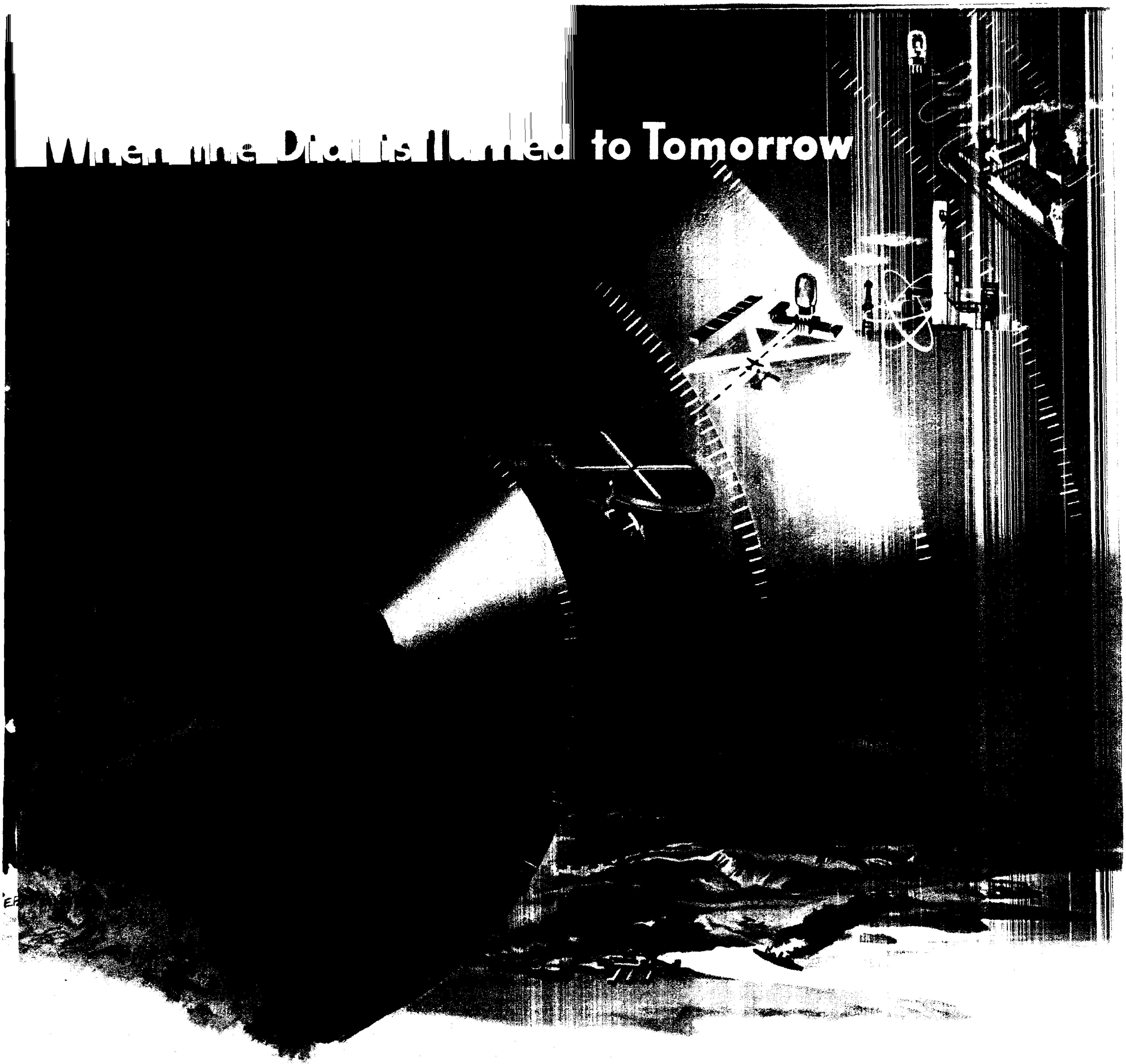
*Newest* American business is a quick and economical pay-roll service for large organizations that calculates and writes all pay checks, keeps a ledger account of each worker's earnings, and prepares all government reports on pay-roll disbursement.

*A recent* survey, made to determine the accuracy of the claim that all key positions in Washington were held by New Dealers, revealed that, in the Treasury Department alone, 35 of the highest executives had been in the service of the government for more than 25 years—*By Lloyd H. MacMorran, Piedmont, California.*

*An average* of about twenty-five babies a week are born to newly arrived women inmates of American penal institutions.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. *Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

# When the Dial is Turned to Tomorrow



By the turn of their dials, the radiomen of our air forces control more electronic wonders than ten years of normal development could ever have projected. To them, fantastic dreams of the future seem wholly plausible...sure to come true.

The engineers of Bendix Radio Division see these dreams clearly, too . . . see them *through* the war-time achievements of today, without turning aside their eyes. The Bendix-designed automatic radio direction finders and ultra-high-frequency communications equipment of our invasion forces are the practical guarantee of tomorrow's globe-girdling electronic skyways.

And these Bendix advances in aircraft electronics will serve on the ground, as well. Today's control of air traffic can apply to railroads... shuttling streamlined trains over their vast steel networks as precisely as they guide pilots to their bases. The principles of Bendix electronic gun-fire and de-icing systems can serve the intricate processes of industry... regulating temperature, humidity, combustion, even fractional distillation.

This immediate adaptability to peace-time needs, which characterizes most Bendix products, will help to assure employment for our returning boys... help to preserve our way of life. Let us hasten the turning of the dial by our purchases of War Bonds.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
**Bendix Aviation Corporation**

BENDIX MARINE DIVISION — Control Systems.
BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION — Stromberg Carburetors, Brakes, Landing Gear, Turrets.
BENDIX RADIO DIVISION — Aircraft Navigation, Detection, Communication Systems.
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION — Starter Drives.
ECLIPSE-PIONEER DIVISION — Aircraft Instrumentation, Starters and Accessories.
FRIEZ INSTRUMENT DIVISION — Meteorological.
MARSHALL-ECLIPSE DIVISION — Brake Linings.
PACIFIC DIVISION — The Altair line of Radio Equipment and Hydraulic Accessories.
SCINTILLA MAGNETO DIVISION — Ignition Systems.
ZENITH CARBURETOR DIVISION — Carburetors.

"Bendix," "Eclipse," "Pioneer," "Friez," "Scintilla," "Stromberg," "Zenith" and "Altair" are Trade Marks of Bendix Aviation Corporation or subsidiaries. Copyright, 1944, Bendix Aviation Corporation

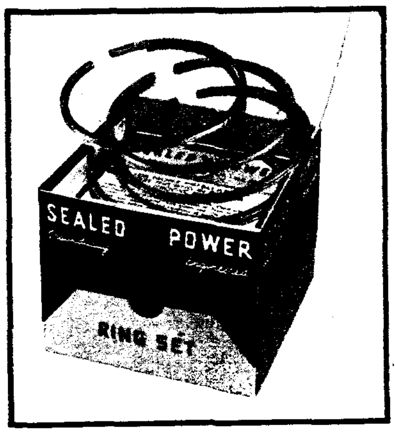
She's got rings on her pistons and ♫♪♫

That precious car of yours must be "babied" for the duration because it can't be replaced. But its worn piston rings can be replaced, for Sealed Power rings are still being made—the fine rings with which millions of engines were born.

To conserve rationed fuel and to keep your car doing its vital transportation job your repairman will be glad to install a set of Sealed Power rings individually engineered for your particular make of car, truck, tractor or bus.

For over 30 years Sealed Power has been headquarters for quality in piston rings because of laboratories, production facilities, engineering and craftsmanship. And Sealed Power has been the leader in the development of engineered ring sets for replacement, using 26 different basic rings to meet every need. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ontario.

*Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts*

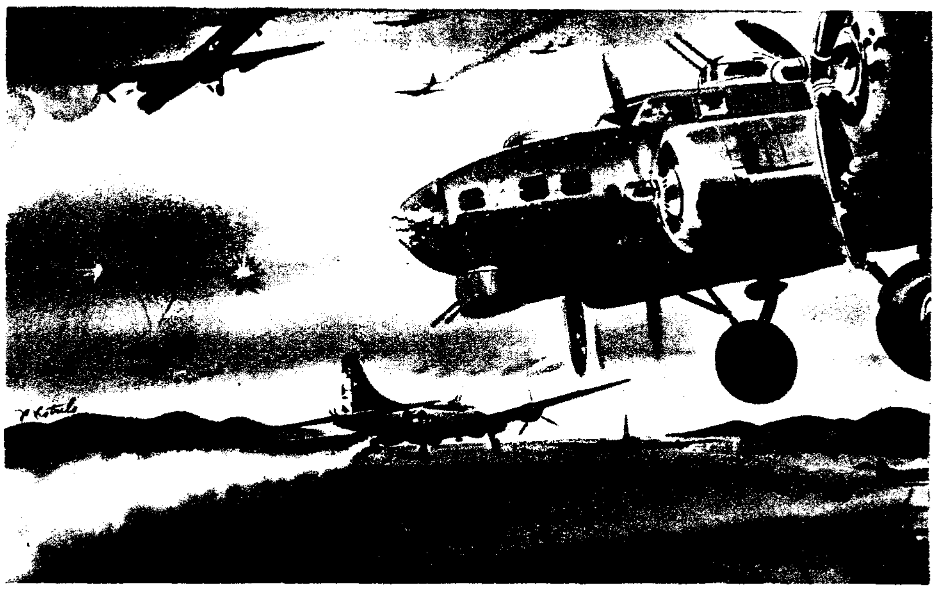


SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

© 1944. Sealed Power Corp.

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

# WING TALK



JO KOTULA

Bombers and fighters "queue up" over the home field when they return from a mission. Those in trouble get landing priority

CABLED FROM LONDON

"QUEUEING UP," a feature of English life in these war days of shortages, even has its counterpart in the situation at combat airfields when the bombers arrive home after missions, especially if they all get back more or less at the same time. Then, as you may well imagine, there is quite a job of traffic directing to be done by the devoted people in the control tower. To get the picture, imagine all one day's flights at LaGuardia Field arriving simultaneously instead of being spaced over twenty-four hours, and with all the pilots bored and weary and wanting to get down as soon as possible. In war operations practice, ships in any sort of trouble get priority for landings. They report their difficulty and get clearance in the order of its seriousness.

The whole R.A.F. is chuckling over an incident on one recent night. Returning bombers were circling a certain station awaiting the order to land. One called for immediate permission—"Only got three engines." He landed. A Lank with a dead motor. Another reported the same fix, was fetched down at once. There was an interval of silence, and the tower was about to proceed on the routine landing when suddenly came a flash: "Request permission to land quickly. Only got two motors." It was given hastily and sympathetically. Whereupon there rolled into the flare path a whole and sound twin-motored Wellington whose young men were merely fed up with queueing up.

ONE Army Air Force G.I. can't quite make up his mind whether a certain London bobby was pulling his leg or whether there is, after all, an essential difference between the English and American languages.

This Joe was on an errand to the Air Ministry. He had the right street, but London addresses do jump about disconcertingly, and London buildings do look a bit strange to Main Street eyes. So the G.I. hailed a bobby.

"Say, Bud, kin you tell me which side the Air Ministry is on?"

The bobby folded his hands behind his back in the inimitable London police fashion, a bit troubled. "Last time I 'eard," he said, "hit was hon hour side."

THE effect of weather on bombing operations is one thing. The effect of bombing on the weather is quite another. Lately airmen have been much interested in speculation about the latter. Not the old idea, much debated in the Napoleonic wars and our own Civil War, that heavy and protracted cannonading brings on rain, but something recalling the phenomenally colorful sunsets observed after the blowing up of Krakatoa, the volcanic island in the Dutch East Indies, as well as those seen in the Western United States in the times of the great forest fires.

All Europe around Germany—Sweden, England, Russia, Spain and the Mediterranean area—has lately been noting peculiarly lurid sunsets and sunrises and garish moon halos. These are attributed to the dust, smoke and debris of disintegrating Germany which are hurled miles into the atmosphere by the fearful earthquakes visited upon her by Allied bombers.

AS TO smoke, "industrial haze" has always been a touchy subject in manufacturing countries. The Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh has done notable research with an eye toward eliminating the soot and grime which bedeviled the citizenry. Now it turns out to have a bearing on air war, too. Smoke from the countless fireplaces of noncentral-heating England, plus that from her forests of factory chimneys, produces a haze above this compact little island that at times might pose a hazard for planes, especially those coming home from night missions. So the Air Ministry has circularized local authorities asking for the introduction or enforcement of smoke-abatement regulations.

IT WAS bad enough in the last war with all those Galician and Balkan names, but the nomenclature of the present global strife, with Russian, Polish, Finnish, Oriental, Croatian, Pacific, Middle East and other strange place words plus a wild variety of names of persons, ships and planes, must be appallingly bewildering to the children of today. Even the professional radio commentators don't help the youngsters, for they will often hear a voice of silken anonymity take a running breath and land plunk on the wrong consonant of Pskov or Zdolbunów, or get thrown for a ten-second stutter by Zvenigorodka or Paramushiro.

At any rate, a friend of mine in the Admiralty just told me of a conversation between two very small kids that he had overheard. They were solemnly discussing the notable victory of H.M.S. Duke of York and her accompanying vessels over that certain German battleship in the battle off Norway last Christmas.

"Hit will be easier for our lads," one serious-faced tyke explained, "now that the Eisenhower has been sunk." . . .

W. B. COURTNEY

# "BEAR DOWN, MISTER...BEAR DOWN!"

I don't have to look at her . . .

I don't have to watch my ship die . . .

All my life long I'll see her in my mind's eye . . .

And always I'll hear the high, faint roar of planes circling . . . circling . . . circling . . . as their gas runs low and they've nowhere to go and the guys at the sticks look down and tears spill over the lids of their eyes and they stiffen their lips.

Ever lose *your* ship, Mister?

Ever lose your mother?

Ever lose your girl?

Your heart cracks and the weight on your back seems to push you under and you think you'll drown, but you don't.

You carry on, not for yourself but for the rest of the folks . . . for the family . . . the kids . . . for guys like these swimming around, circling around with night coming on and no ship to come home to and around and below only the empty sea.

But we don't want pity!

We'll come through! . . . We'll find another ship! . . . We'll get back! . . . because we're *free* men, born to be on our own . . . brought up to fight on a team or alone . . . trained to *live* for our country, not to give up and die!

*So, bear down, Mister . . . bear down . . .*

For every drop of blood they spill . . . for every heart they break . . . for every tear that's shed . . . for every ship that's sunk . . . for every plane it costs . . . for every man of ours who's lost . . . they'll pay with ten of their own!

*Bear down, Mister . . . bear down . . .*

So the freedom we want . . .

So the futures we want . . .

So the country we want . . .

Will be there when we get back!

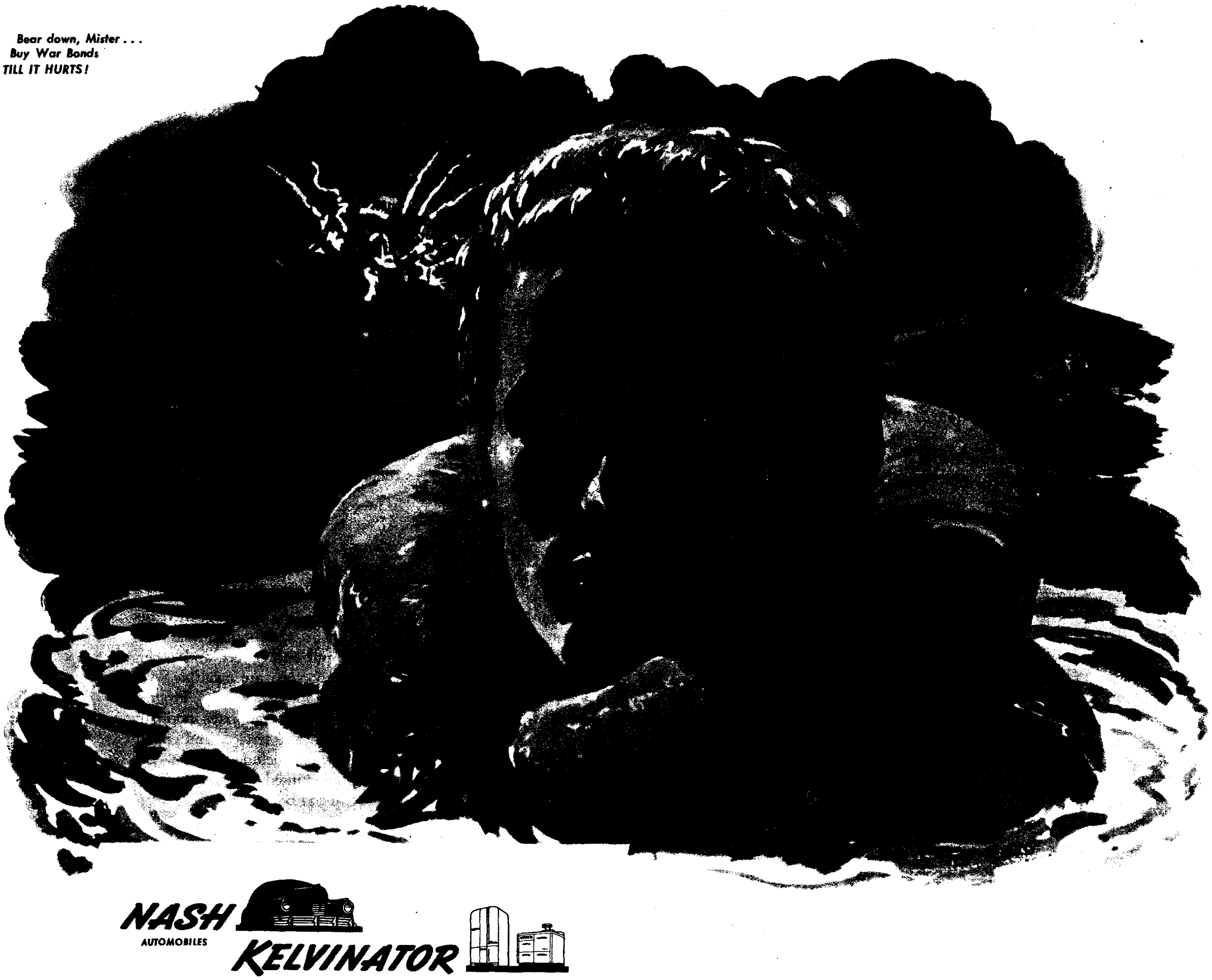
• • •

*Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building Pratt & Whitney engines for the Navy's Vought Corsairs and Grumman Hellcats . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters. All of us devoted 100% to winning this war . . . to speeding the peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before. . . to the day when we'll build for you an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!*

*The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.*

*NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION*

*Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing*



**Bear down, Mister . . .**
**Buy War Bonds**
**TILL IT HURTS!**

**NASH**
AUTOMOBILES

**KELVINATOR**
REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES

# EXCERPTS

## from the Annual Report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for 1943

"The war achievement of America is based on the heritage of freedom that America is waging war to preserve. The things we are fighting for are the things that will enable us to win. Our system of freedom of private enterprise has outmatched the productive accomplishments of every other country in the world, and our telephone service meets the requirements of American industry, and heightens its pace, because the telephone industry itself has had the stimulus of freedom."

"Above all, the complement of freedom is the sense of responsibility which telephone people call the spirit of service. In this war the spirit of service is the spirit of victory, and the men and women of the Bell System, in whom this spirit lives, may be relied on to do their utmost."

"OVER 53,000 Bell System employees are now in the armed forces – more than double the 25,000 who served in the first World War.

"The Western Electric Company, Incorporated, manufacturing branch of the System, expanded its facilities still further during 1943. It is the largest producer of electronic and other war communication equipment in the United States and is now engaged almost exclusively in the manufacture of this equipment which is playing such a vital part in the war.

"Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated, the System's research organization, is the largest industrial laboratory in the world. As in the preceding year, substantially all its resources and the special talents of its scientists and engineers were devoted in 1943 to war research and development activities."

"The number of Bell System telephones in service at December 31, 1943, was 21,246,600, an increase of 1,233,700 for the year. * * * * By the end of the year, there were 650,000 applications for main telephones which could not be cared for immediately because of lack of facilities."

"The number of long distance conversations handled by the Long Lines Department of the Company was 31 per cent above 1942, reaching the unprecedented total of nearly 150,000,000. This is 50,000,000 more conversations than would have been expected from normal peace-time growth based on experience of the past."

"The maintenance of a high quality of toll and especially of long distance telephone service presented the most difficult problem, because of shortages of facilities. Excluding short haul toll calls, which still average less than one minute to complete, the average speed of service for the year 1943 was 5.1 minutes, compared with 3.1 minutes in 1942. * * * * The average speed of service in 1918, at the end of the first World War, was 17 minutes."

"At the end of 1943, there were 651,711 stockholders of record of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This is 8,690 more than at the end of 1942. The average number of shares held per stockholder at the end of 1943 was 29. * * * * No stockholder held as much as one-half of one per cent of the total stock."

"Bell System earnings on average total invested capital – long term debt and stockholders' equity – were 5.7 per cent as compared with 5.4 per cent in 1942."

"The total payroll of the Bell System for 1943, including the Western Electric Company and the Bell Telephone Laboratories, was $967,410,000, an increase of $119,026,000 over 1942.

"Since January 1, 1943, wage increases totaling $30,500,000 on an annual basis have been put into effect and others totaling $11,000,000 are awaiting War Labor Board approval. * * * * Progression increases in wage rates normally made as employees' services and experience increase, not included in the above, amounted for the year 1943 to $21,000,000."

**Collier's** The National Weekly for April 29, 1944

IOLA FREE PU
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

# LET'S TRAIN OUR YOUTH NOW

## BY FRANK KNOX

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

**One of America's war leaders urges universal military service, with a year's training for every young man, as a permanent policy. He believes it would pay dividends in a healthier, more unified and more democratic nation**

IT IS my belief that our country, *now*, as soon as the necessary legislation can be enacted, should adopt as a permanent policy the universal military training of all young men.

I believe that the age at which such *noncombatant* military service will prove most beneficial to the individual and to the nation is seventeen or eighteen, and that a minimum of twelve months continuous training should be given every American young man not mentally deficient or immobilized by permanent physical handicap.

Adoption of this program should not be delayed as a postwar measure. Indeed, it appears to me to be a necessary ingredient in the efficient mobilization of our national manpower for hastening victory and for the swifter return to a normal industrial and social system, as the actual fighting ends.

It would not be an extension of the draft. Automatically should the war still be in progress, the physically qualified trainees would become subject to Selective Service upon reaching draft age. However, the young men in training called up under a universal training law might comprise a separate corps, exempt from combat duty, within the framework of the Army, the Navy, the Marines and the Coast Guard; for by assignment or choice, they would be proportionately divided between the several branches of the national defense system.

I state my proposition thus baldly and abruptly as an introduction and an invitation to general discussion. I believe that a system of national military training for all young American men would pay swift dividends in a healthier, more unified—yes, and a more democratic—nation, better endowed in mind and body to utilize the rich heritage of American citizenship; and a nation, too, more quickly and more efficiently (and hence more cheaply) able to defend itself, should we ever again be attacked.

### Benefits for the Individual and the Nation

If we are to profit by the sum of all our mistakes in past wars, if we are at last to adopt a long-range, nonpolitical, fixed policy of national defense, then we must erect its structure upon the foundation of the military training of all our youth. To secure our national defense is ample cause, and enough, for inaugurating the program, but there are so many concomitant advantages, so many more benefits of perennial, practical value to the individual, and to the nation, that I have no doubt that we shall ultimately endow ourselves with the system.

If ultimately, why not now? We have the military and naval establishments, the training camps and the instructors, ready and functioning. What is more, we shall shortly have urgent use for the corps of trainees. If there were no other reason for the immediate legislation of a national military training program, we should undertake it at once to speed the return of our fighting men as the war ends.

Our Armed Forces cannot be dissolved and demobilized when the last enemy lays down his gun to pick up the white flag of unconditional surrender. The war will not end abruptly, all over the world. Of necessity, the United States will have to maintain, for an indefinite period, armies of occupation and naval patrols and overseas supply lines, as the areas of occupation grow and expand to the final inclusion of Berlin and Tokyo. For years afterward, self-interest alone will dictate that we maintain military and naval police forces the world around.

That such guards will have to be mounted is beyond debate. That the men who are doing the fighting—mature men long absent from home—shall be required to stand by their arms abroad, while there exists in this country a vast supply of potential replacements, is unreasonable and detrimental.

They can, and they should be replaced in outpost duty by the younger men who are performing their year of military service, so far as numbers permit; younger men who can complete their training, while at the same time enjoying the benefits of foreign travel in the areas of

ACME

**One of the greatest benefits of universal military service would be to national health. Under this training, "every one would have been taught to strengthen and preserve the body God gave him"**

HANS GROENHOFF

W. EUGENE SMITH

W. EUGENE SMITH

occupation and in the naval reserve afloat.

I fully understand the necessity for an orderly demobilization, so regulated that the country will not do itself, or its fighting men, the injustice of turning loose the veterans with a medal, a lump sum, and the smug hope that each will find a job in the markets of a nation struggling to adjust itself to peacetime economy. That is a separate issue, and the national and local governmental agencies are already at work on the problem. But nothing conflicts with the essential need that the men who are doing the fighting, or who stand in support of the fighting units, should be returned to their homes, their jobs and their studies as quickly as possible after the fighting stops.

The speed of their return can be accelerated, the availability of civilian employment enhanced, by replacing them in noncombat areas with the young men in training, under a system of universal military service. With the preliminaries completed in the United States, in the hundreds of well-equipped training centers now scattered over the country, these hundreds of thousands of younger men can conclude their training in actual, practical national service, and hasten by nine months, or more, the return of an equal number of veterans to their homes.

### The Duties of Citizenship

No one will deny that the privileges of citizenship have their reciprocal duties. No one will fairly refute the accusation that we have shown a national tendency to shirk the duties, and to put noisy emphasis on the privileges we inherit with American citizenship. In peacetime, the only duty the federal government compels from its law-abiding citizens is the payment of taxes, and rare calls to serve on a jury. Two thirds of the nation's citizens do not even consider it a duty to vote! "I got my rights" is a slogan far more often heard than "It is my duty . . ."

But suppose we took all our young men of 17—not just the physical cream of the crop, as for active military service—and at that age of bodily maturity and mental receptiveness, gave them a lively demonstration in duty? Duty to the nation, duty to their fellow men, duty to themselves! They would go back to work, or to college, after a year of military training, in which they had marched beside the tycoon's heir and the street-sweeper's seventh son, better citizens and healthier human beings than their fathers had a chance of being.

I shall have plenty to say on the subject of health toward the close of this argument. As Secretary of the Navy, I have come into possession of facts about the health of our youth so grim, so startling, that the public should receive them with the consternation they would display upon reading of a military disaster. But I wish to emphasize my widely shared belief that military training does infinitely more for a young man than to make a potential soldier or sailor. It will—or else the system is scarcely worth attempting—prove to him his responsibility as a citizen; it will demonstrate to him that the responsibilities of citizenship, as well as the benefits thereof, *must be shared.*

To insure that understanding, I would not want to see the law permit four years in a college ROTC unit as an alternative to a year in the ranks. There will be greater need for ROTC training, but it cannot be permitted to afford the rich man's son an easy exemption from a solid year on the drill field or between decks. The only exemptions should be for ill-health, or to permit graduation from high school. The law should be liberal enough to grant some form of sedentary service for those who cannot tote a gun. Lord knows, there is enough "paper work" in military life to necessitate training countless young men in the technicalities of desk duty!

**"The 17- or 18-year-olds . . . would be initiated . . . in the trade, craft or profession which, as lifework or profitable hobby, would be one of the permanent rewards for service"**

The American Legion lists five benefits foreseen to result from national military service. They are (1) creation of "so great a body of effective reserves that this nation will be forever safe from attack"; (2) When every young man who reaches the age to exercise the privileges of citizenship "has earned those rights by training to defend them, he will have a greater appreciation of their worth"; (3) "National discipline will reduce the commission of crime"; (4) "Unemployment will be reduced"; and (5) "National health will be benefited."

On the latter subject, I have particularly much to say. Health is not a standard of physical robustness, alone. There is the equally great matter of mental health. Courageously, the American press has dragged from safe hiding the hideous problem of social diseases, and by open discussion of the venereal plagues has done as much as medical science to conquer them. And yet some "Nice Nelly" impulse still falsely inspires us to conceal the grave fact that mental unhealth is on the increase among our young people. Close to 50 per cent of the men answering the call of National Selective Service are being rejected, and topping the list of all causes for rejection is *mental* unhealth!

Of the 56,000 persons invalided out of the Navy for noncombat disabilities in the first 21 months of the war, 14,000 were dropped for mental and nervous disorders. Latent and undetected when these persons were examined by the medical officers at induction centers, the ailing minds and nerves broke down, as they probably would have in any event, before their owners heard guns fired in anger.

### Direction-Finder for Youth

What is the cause? I don't know, and the experts differ, but may I, as a layman, contribute the thought that misdirected, aimless youth, in an exceedingly complex and competitive civilization, is more prone to mental and nervous disorders than young men who are helped to find a purpose in life, a place in society, and a rugged body. In my concept of national military training, those deficiencies would be in large measure supplied. I know they would be supplied to the trainees who elected to serve in the Navy, where every man must become a specialist, and where personnel officers, trained in the work, help the recruit to be placed in a job for which he shows the greatest aptitude—within the limits of wartime exigencies, of course.

There is no craft in civil life which does not exist in the Navy, from pastry cook to boilermaker. The 17- or 18-year-olds, finished with high school, ready for work, or for college, would be initiated under Navy auspices, at least, in the trade, craft or profession which, as lifework or as profitable hobby, would be one of their permanent rewards for service. And if the lad found that he or his advisers had erred, he would still have had such intimate contact with so varied a number of pursuits that he would be far better off than had he cast about aimlessly for an occupation at home.

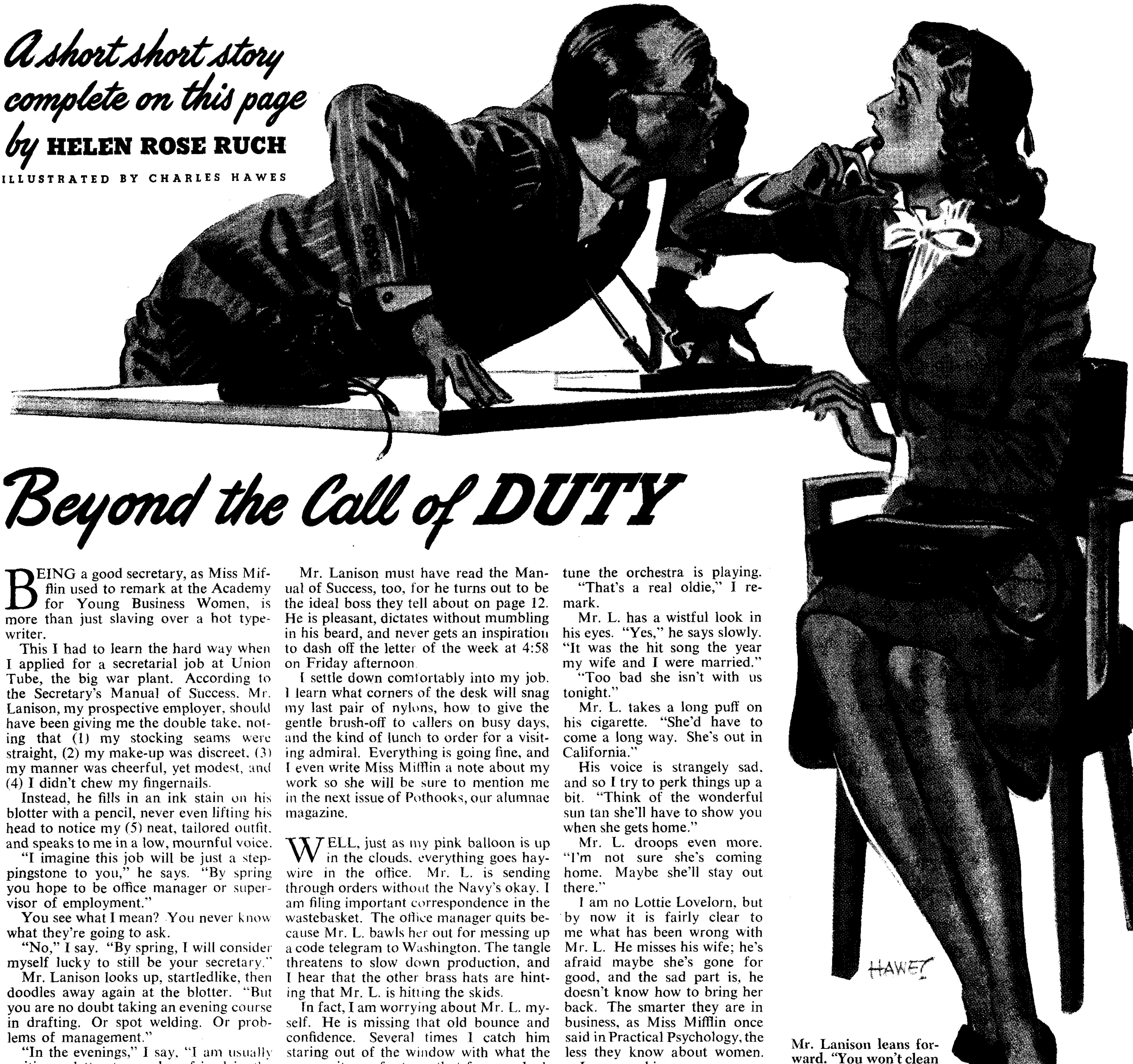
In any event, the trainee would learn—learn something besides the very important art of shooting a gun—with which to occupy his mind and hands forever after. And if he had not already learned to read and write, he would have that instruction, too. Perhaps you think that that is a joke. Then mark this: Next to mental ailments,

*(Continued on page 57)*

A short short story complete on this page

by **HELEN ROSE RUCH**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



Mr. Lanison leans forward. "You won't clean up my desk every night?" he whispers hoarsely; "or make me wear a hat in cold weather? Or check on what I had for lunch?"

# Beyond the Call of DUTY

BEING a good secretary, as Miss Mifflin used to remark at the Academy for Young Business Women, is more than just slaving over a hot typewriter.

This I had to learn the hard way when I applied for a secretarial job at Union Tube, the big war plant. According to the Secretary's Manual of Success, Mr. Lanison, my prospective employer, should have been giving me the double take, noting that (1) my stocking seams were straight, (2) my make-up was discreet, (3) my manner was cheerful, yet modest, and (4) I didn't chew my fingernails.

Instead, he fills in an ink stain on his blotter with a pencil, never even lifting his head to notice my (5) neat, tailored outfit, and speaks to me in a low, mournful voice.

"I imagine this job will be just a steppingstone to you," he says. "By spring you hope to be office manager or supervisor of employment."

You see what I mean? You never know what they're going to ask.

"No," I say. "By spring, I will consider myself lucky to still be your secretary."

Mr. Lanison looks up, startledlike, then doodles away again at the blotter. "But you are no doubt taking an evening course in drafting. Or spot welding. Or problems of management."

"In the evenings," I say, "I am usually writing a letter to my boy friend in the Marines."

"As a business-school graduate," he says, "you will probably go over my letters carefully, rephrasing my sentences and correcting my grammar, as did my last secretary."

I fold my white gloves and put them in my purse to keep them clean for the next interview.

"No," I say sadly, because I really hate to miss out on this job, "I just do plain, neat typing."

Mr. Lanison puts both hands on the desk top and leans forward until his face is a bare six inches from mine. "You won't clean up my desk every night?" he whispers hoarsely; "or make me wear a hat in cold weather? Or check on what I had for lunch?"

I slip the strap of my bag over my shoulder and get up to leave. "I wish to work for you," I say with dignity; "not marry you."

Mr. Lanison stands up and gives me a wonderful big grin. "You're in," he says. Just like that!

Mr. Lanison must have read the Manual of Success, too, for he turns out to be the ideal boss they tell about on page 12. He is pleasant, dictates without mumbling in his beard, and never gets an inspiration to dash off the letter of the week at 4:58 on Friday afternoon.

I settle down comfortably into my job. I learn what corners of the desk will snag my last pair of nylons, how to give the gentle brush-off to callers on busy days, and the kind of lunch to order for a visiting admiral. Everything is going fine, and I even write Miss Mifflin a note about my work so she will be sure to mention me in the next issue of Pothooks, our alumnae magazine.

WELL, just as my pink balloon is up in the clouds, everything goes haywire in the office. Mr. L. is sending through orders without the Navy's okay. I am filing important correspondence in the wastebasket. The office manager quits because Mr. L. bawls her out for messing up a code telegram to Washington. The tangle threatens to slow down production, and I hear that the other brass hats are hinting that Mr. L. is hitting the skids.

In fact, I am worrying about Mr. L. myself. He is missing that old bounce and confidence. Several times I catch him staring out of the window with what the song writers refer to as that faraway look in his eyes. It is almost a sure tip-off that a woman is mixed up in the trouble somewhere.

Just as I think things can't be worse, I find out exactly what's troubling Mr. L. He and I slave late one afternoon on a rousing speech for Mr. Johnson, the president of the company. Now Mr. Johnson is acting plenty sharp when he asks Mr. L. to write his speeches for him; Mr. L. knows how to put over the punches and wind up with a warm, sure-fire ending. But the speech is due that night for a banquet, and we have to do some hustling. As it turns out, we don't finish until 6:45 and pull up at the hotel to deliver the works at 6:58, beating the deadline by two minutes. Mr. Johnson is pleased, but I am feeling pretty weak by then, and Mr. L. looks at me and grins.

"Miss Carter," he says, "you must be near the swooning point. I'm going to revive you with some hot food."

The lights are soft in the hotel dining room. The food is wonderful, the music is mellow, and Mr. L. hums the tune the orchestra is playing.

"That's a real oldie," I remark.

Mr. L. has a wistful look in his eyes. "Yes," he says slowly. "It was the hit song the year my wife and I were married."

"Too bad she isn't with us tonight."

Mr. L. takes a long puff on his cigarette. "She'd have to come a long way. She's out in California."

His voice is strangely sad, and so I try to perk things up a bit. "Think of the wonderful sun tan she'll have to show you when she gets home."

Mr. L. droops even more. "I'm not sure she's coming home. Maybe she'll stay out there."

I am no Lottie Lovelorn, but by now it is fairly clear to me what has been wrong with Mr. L. He misses his wife; he's afraid maybe she's gone for good, and the sad part is, he doesn't know how to bring her back. The smarter they are in business, as Miss Mifflin once said in Practical Psychology, the less they know about women.

I am working on some expense sheets the next afternoon, when Mr. L. calls me into his office and asks me to take a note to his wife. "I haven't written for so long," he says, "she probably figures the restaurant cooking has poisoned me."

Happy day, I think. He's going to break down and ask her to come home. And then maybe we'll have some peace around here.

BUT he doesn't break down. Several times he seems on the verge, then he goes noble again and crosses out the whole thing. It just about wears out my pencil and patience. When we finally get the letter finished, it's filled with such stuff as Aunt Jane has licked the flu bug, and Tim Arnold has won the Navy Cross and the Martins have invited him to dinner on Saturday.

That was Tuesday. The following Monday Mr. L. comes in chipper as a bird. He has on a sharp tie, he has a fresh haircut, he is walking with his old stride, he has that old fight in his eye. He marches over to me and smiles.

"Cancel that late Friday afternoon appointment for me," he says. "My wife's coming in from the Coast Friday, and I'm going to meet her."

Then he was away to the shop, and I hear that he whirled through like a one-man blitz. By the end of the week, things were rolling again.

Everything turned out so well I didn't feel a bit guilty about the postscript I added to that letter to Mr. L.'s wife after he had signed it. It was just a line: "You should see my new red-haired secretary. Wow!"

After all, as Miss Mifflin often advised, a secretary must sometimes assume responsibilities far beyond the call of duty.

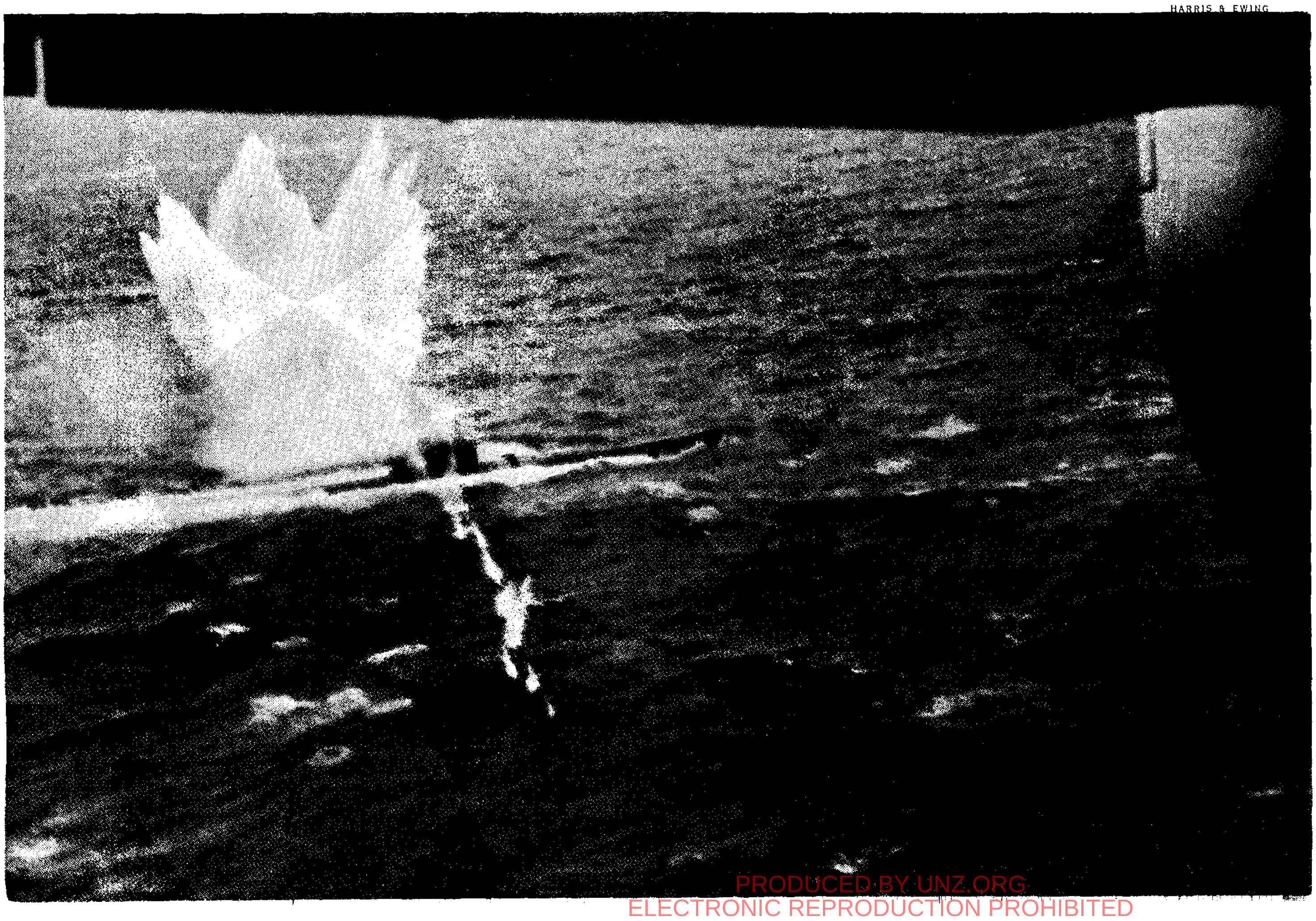
# WHY OUR SHIPS GO THROUGH

### BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

**Some time ago, the President leaned back, smiled that Rooseveltian smile and said we were beating that great menace, the U-boat. Here, for the first time is a comprehensive description of how the big job is being done**

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

But for the Navy blimp overhead, this peaceful Atlantic convoy scene might be one of flaming, torpedo-wrought destruction



HARRIS & EWING

Machine-gun bullets from a Navy patrol bomber (below) mark a dotted line for the bombs to follow in killing this Nazi sub

ONE day in 1942, Grossadmiral Karl Doenitz, who bosses all Herr Hitler's warships, was graciously moved to grant an interview to the Voelkischer Beobachter, a newspaper careful to print only what Herr Hitler likes to read. The admiral was feeling cocky. His U-boats were still making terrible inroads on Allied shipping.

"The Anglo-Saxon military leadership," he said, "has thus far shown a general lack of efficiency all around; they have not thought of much that is new."

He was then asked whether improved air warfare was dangerous to the submarine. The admiral denied it. "The airplane," he said, "is an adversary which can, indeed, harass the submarine, but can never eliminate it. It has been shown that the hits obtained by the submarine's antiaircraft fire are more dangerous to the airplane than the airplane's bombs to the submerged submarine."

But it hasn't worked out that way in the twenty months since the admiral sounded off so cheerfully. Out of fifty-six of his U-boats sunk by American forces between May and October, 1943, fifty went to their doom below the Atlantic at the hands of fliers. This was more than a third of the 150 pigboats destroyed by combined American, British and Canadian forces, air and naval, in the same months. Shipping losses reached a record low last August and were almost as low in October.

A few months ago, the admiral whined a different tune. "The Allies have managed to outdo the Germans in U-boat defenses," he wailed to workers in Stettin. "But we have a new underwater weapon that will soon be used."

Despite this boast, the Navy recently reported that during February more U-boats than Allied merchantmen were sunk in the Atlantic.

The submarine isn't beaten yet. Get that straight first. More American sailors will die, and large tonnages will be lost. There will be fierce raids such as the costly one last September on a British-Canadian convoy. Navy Secretary Knox admits that vessels have been torpedoed recently in the Mediterranean, "presumably" by German submarines. No possible doubt exists, on the other hand, that the life line of men, weapons and supplies across the Atlantic will be maintained.

Sporadic attacks, even new weapons and new methods of undersea warfare, cannot hide the fact that the submarine is on the defensive. The marauder is being hunted. Terror never leaves the hearts of U-boat crews. Reliable reports reaching the Navy Department state that the Nazis are being forced to draft crews to man their submarines.

The Allied antisubmarine offensive began last summer in the Bay of Biscay. Doenitz had made an all-out assault on the convoys in May. It had failed, but he was trying again. Nine U-boats were heading westward when they were spotted by British-American forces consisting of destroyers and bombers. Seven were destroyed. This was the turning point after months and years of desperation while the Battle of the Atlantic was being lost.

"Our submarines," said Doenitz in August, 1942, "are operating close inshore along the coast of the United States, so that bathers are witnesses to that drama of war, the red glorioles of blazing tankers." It had been true. The "red glorioles" flared while gun crews fired with raging helplessness, and then died with their seamen comrades, in the oil-black blazing sea. The United States Navy was, of course, in the Pacific. We mustered what pitifully little strength we had—a few destroyers, converted yachts, fishing boats, motorboats.

"About all we could do," said a Navy spokesman, "was to patrol the coast and implore merchant skippers to put out their running lights."

But units of the hard-pressed British navy steamed westward to help. The Canadians came down in their tough little corvettes manned with crews of farm boys from Saskatchewan and Alberta, and they fought the submarines from the Grand Banks to the Caribbean. In early 1942, land-based American bombers ventured as far out over the Atlantic as they dared, and sometimes farther, to report on U-boat movements. The quiet, often middle-aged pilots of the Civil Air Patrol climbed into their obsolescent craft and scoured the coast line.

### The Wolf Pack Moves On

It worked, up to a point. The combination of corvettes, blimps, submarine chasers and other small craft were organized into a coastal convoy system and made it so hot that the submarines moved south. They concentrated in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean and took a frightful toll of lone freighters protected only by their gun crews.

Allied defenses strengthened, as bitter 1942 wore on. Control measures improved in the Caribbean, and the packs moved to the coast of Brazil but, driven out of one area, they popped up somewhere else. The net shipping losses of the United Nations reached one million tons in 1942.

Allied airpower was increasing that year, but far from fast enough. It could not cover all the Atlantic. Bombers operated in vast circles from Iceland and Newfoundland. A third circle curved out from England. But there was an area of deadly danger in the center, where the three air umbrellas did not meet, and it was there, in the later months of 1942, that convoy after convoy was shot to pieces. Despite the assistance of the British and the Canadians, the shortage of escort vessels continued, too. Only the most important convoys were adequately protected. So the wolf packs struck when and where they pleased. On one occasion, at least, a pack waited out of range for darkness to fall and hurled defiance over their radios. With night, they said, they would strike. And they did.

Without the British and the Canadians, the Battle of the Atlantic would, at best, have been even more deadly. During its darkest hours, Canada supplied 47 per cent of the convoy protection, Great Britain 51 per cent, and the United States a mere 2 per cent. In due course, we would do our part—with baby flat-tops evolved from fast merchantmen and naval vessels, with the new destroyer escorts which are coming off the line at the rate of over 40 a month, with bombers of such wide range that they can fly to the middle of the Atlantic and then return.

A vital factor in the conquest of the submarine was the creation of the 10th Fleet, until now a secret. The 10th Fleet is one of those naval paradoxes. It has no crews and no ships, but it can command the services of any ship in the Navy. It is the American co-ordinating agency whereby air and surface craft work together, whereby British, Canadian and American strength in all the reaches of the Atlantic is welded into one offensive and defensive weapon against the submarine.

The following jobs are assigned to the 10th Fleet: Destruction of U-boats, protection of Allied shipping, support of other antisubmarine forces in the Atlantic, control of convoys and shipping which are American responsibilities, correlation of antisubmarine research and training. The 10th Fleet was organized last summer by Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet. He is its commander.

Working with him as Chief of Staff of the 10th Fleet is Rear Admiral Francis S. Low, and the two are a hard-hitting pair who have served together at sea and ashore. Chunky, tough and young—he is not yet fifty—Admiral Low is well qualified for his job. He served on a submarine in the last war. He was later a skipper of one. He has been connected with submarines through most of his naval career. Through 10th Fleet headquarters, the latest developments in antisubmarine warfare and training are made available to Admiral Royal E. Ingersoll, Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, and other fleet commanders.

The Atlantic is divided into three commands for antisubmarine warfare. Great Britain and Canada have joint responsibility for convoying and for destroying submarines north of a line extending from, roughly, Boston to Liverpool, where Admiral Sir Max Horton presides with the title of Commander in Chief of the Western Approaches. The Canadian command operates out of Halifax, where Rear Admiral L. W. Murray, who is big and ruddy, a kind of John Bull in gold braid, is in charge. The chief job of the American Navy is protecting the troopships and supply vessels on the Mediterranean route.

War against the submarine demands specially trained officers and men, careful planning and constant vigilance. The tactics are not complicated, though. U-boat packs, often 15 strong, used to trail a convoy and launch their torpedoes when daylight faded. This became too costly as convoy protection was strengthened. Now the wolf-pack commander tries to get ahead of the convoy and lie in wait for it.

Like all weapons of war, the submarine has its handicaps. It cannot remain submerged very long. Wolf-pack operations require it to work on the surface except during an actual attack, and the game is broken up by forcing the submarine commander to stay down. Convoys move at about eight knots. A submerged U-boat can maintain that pace for only half an hour before surfacing to recharge its batteries. Using Diesel engines on the surface, however, it can make eighteen to twenty knots, which is plenty.

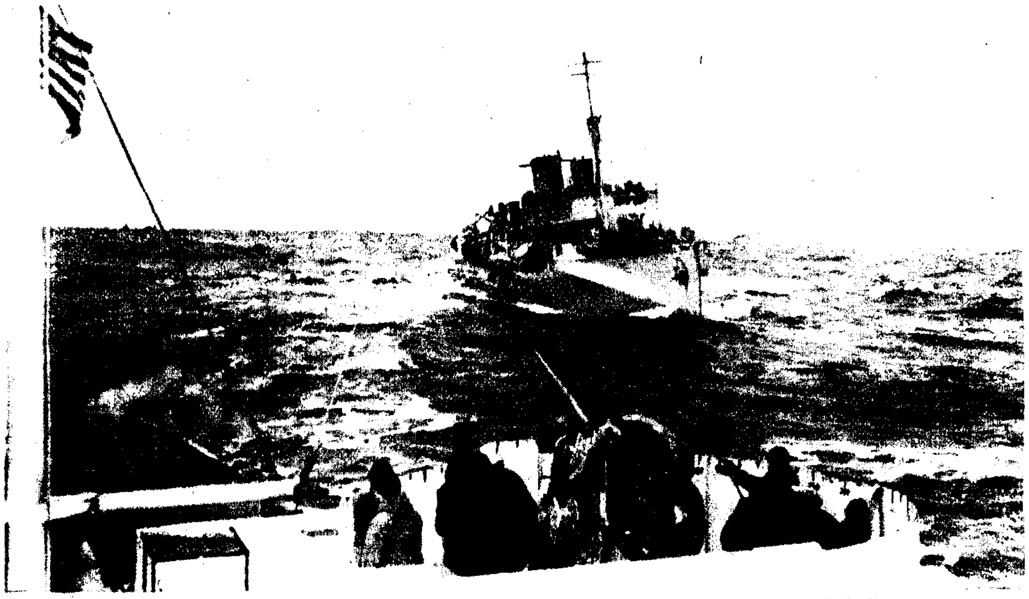
### Coming in for the Kill

But when the submarine is pinned below the surface by aircraft, it is the job of the escort, spread out on all sides of the convoy, to locate it with detection devices and catch it in a pattern of depth charges. The effect of this, paradoxically, is to blow the submarine to the surface where it can be finished off by further depth charges, rammed, or sunk with gunfire.

Until the exploit of the heroic destroyer, U.S.S. Borie, last fall, the Americans had done little ramming, although, in the words of one American Navy spokesman, the British and Canadians are "hot stuff" at it. But American airmen have, as the scoreboard of sinkings shows, developed methods of attack which have contributed a major part toward the winning of the Atlantic battle.

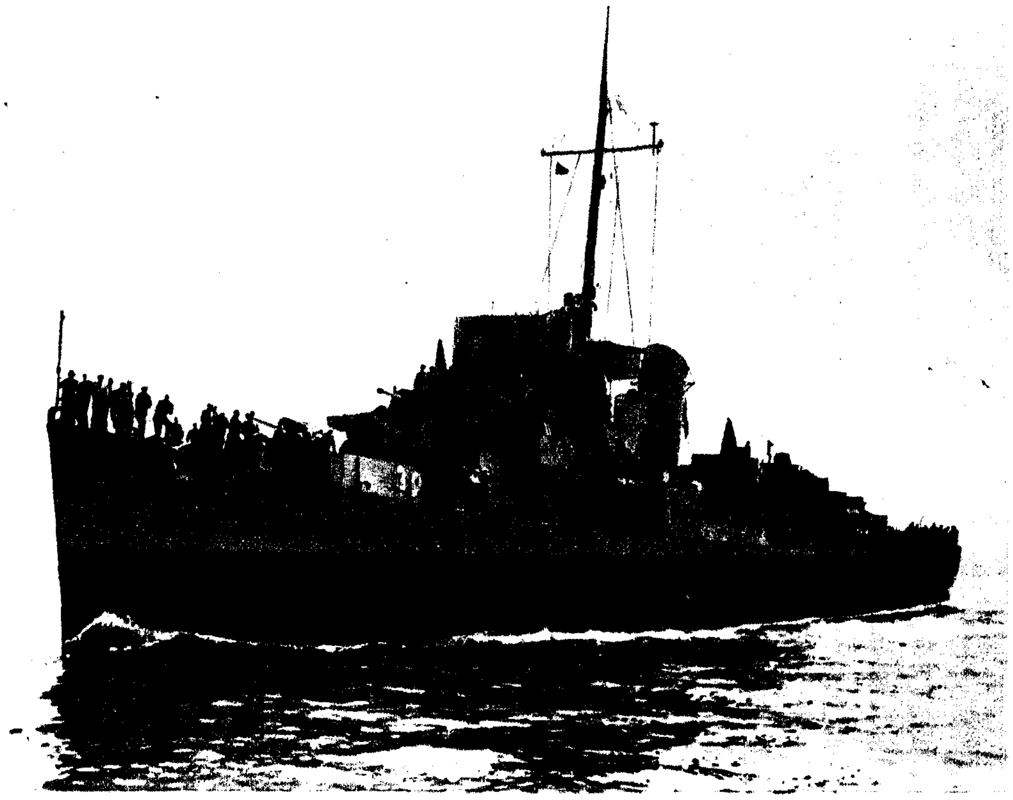
The technique is for a fighter and a bomber to patrol as a pair. Rising from a carrier or a baby flat-top, they team up to search for submarines. Spotting one, possibly ten to fifteen miles away, they try to slip closer, with the protection of a cloud bank. Then the fighter wheels and runs for the target, strafing the decks with

*Continued on page 44)*



U. S. COAST GUARD

A tiny Canadian corvette eases alongside a U. S. Coast Guard cutter to get orders for their mutual job of guarding the convoy barely visible on the horizon

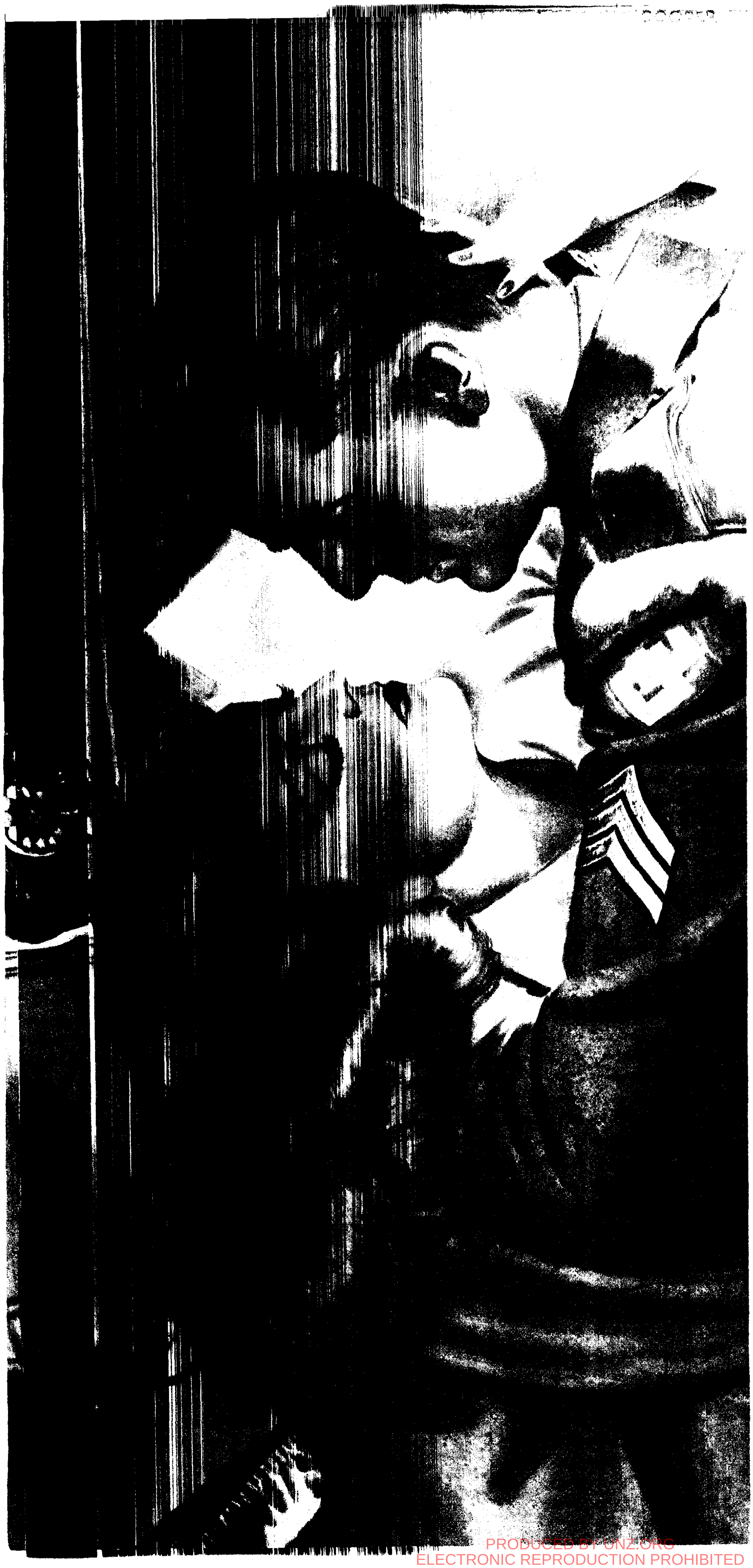


HARRIS & EWING

The destroyer escort, above, is the Navy's champion sub killer. By the end of this year the U. S. plans to have more of these than any other type of craft

Sailing below the deadly Avenger torpedo bomber it carries, a baby flat-top guards the vital bridge of ships the Allies have built across the Atlantic

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH



## S.R.O.

**On the night of last December 8th the curtain went up on a new play. The stars were Margaret Sullavan and Elliott Nugent. The producer was Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Three acts later, hardened Broadway first-nighters were giddy with laughter and prattling with delight. Every Manhattan drama critic laid down his ax to blow fanfares on his best bugle, and since then seats to this fabulous hit have been selling at nylon prices—and not enough seats to go round. Here is the comedy gem of the year, done as a short story by the author of the play. If you can't get to see it, we bring it to you. Collier's presents:**

# The Voice of the TURTLE

### BY JOHN VAN DRUTEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

IT WAS the beginning of April, and still there was no sign of spring. New York was sealed under a leaden sky. Sally sat in her apartment and moped. She had been moping for six weeks—ever since she and Ken had said goodby. Oh, why had she had to go and fall in love with him? Or, if she had, why did she have to show it? Or, worse still, talk about it?

"I believe," said Sally, discussing the whole thing with her girl-friend Olive, "I believe there is nothing men hate so much as talking about it."

"There's nothing they hate so much as *your* talking about it," Olive replied.

Sally did not blame Ken. She had known that he was married, to a woman older than himself, and that he had two boys; obviously, it couldn't be anything serious for him. But he had been so charming. He had walked into the cocktail party, and somehow they had found themselves talking; the most important producer of musical shows on Broadway, talking to a little unknown actress, who had never been in anything but flops. He had asked her to have dinner with him, taking her to that little French restaurant "La Bonne Chanson," one of those simple-looking places that were so expensive that they didn't even have a menu; the waiter just came and "suggested."

It was the first time she had ever been there; the first, but not the last. Within a week, they were referring to it as "our place." Sally was living in a hotel room then, but she learned that another actress friend who was going off on tour had an apartment that she wanted to rent, right next door to the restaurant. It cost a hundred and a quarter a month, and Sally was jobless, but when she went to see it, the radio was playing the Londonderry Air, and that had always been her lucky tune. She thought it meant the apartment would be lucky, so she took it, and at first everything was enchanted. Ken had a show in rehearsal and told her all about it, making her feel proud and important. They would dine together at "our place," and then, after sitting long and late at table, would go back next door and sit longer and later in the apartment, so late sometimes that Sally got breakfast in the morning. She loved having someone to "do for," and for two weeks was idyllically happy playing house with the man she would not let herself realize she was falling deeply in love with.

But he realized it. He talked a lot about keeping it gay, and not bringing love into it, but although Sally tried, she couldn't keep it out, and soon he was

"Sally, I love you," Bill murmured. "No, don't say that," she cried. "You mustn't. We must keep this gay!"

COPYRIGHT, 1944, BY JOHN VAN DRUTEN

gently telling her she must not make scenes, and saying, with all the niceness in the world, that if she couldn't take it lightly, they had better put an end to it, while there was still time, for *her* sake. As far as Sally was concerned, there wasn't time, but she accepted his decision, and now she was miserably alone in the three-room apartment that was the first she had ever had.

But this afternoon Olive was coming in for a drink, and that meant someone to prepare for. Sally spent a happy time at the delicatessen, and fiddling with the apartment so that it would look its best for Olive to see. Olive had been away on tour; some years older than Sally, and many, many years tougher, she shocked her sometimes with her lack of standards, her casual acceptance of any good time that might be going, but she was kind, good-natured and understanding. This afternoon, Sally's confidences came flooding out in an overdelayed torrent.

"Well, I've made a resolution," she announced, when she had finished her recital. "It's not going to happen again. Ever. And if it does," she safeguarded herself, "I'm not going to let it mean a thing. I'm just going to be . . . nonchalant about it."

"You're not the type," Olive answered. "If ever I saw a bit of walking marshmallow, it's you."

This was true. Small and blond and pretty, and with an odd resemblance to Margaret Sullavan, Sally was the kind who couldn't even sew a button on for a man, as Olive had once told her, without thinking it was for life. But Sally countered this now.

"Not any more," she said, stoutly. "And, anyway, it's *not* going to happen again. Not till I'm . . . thirty." At twenty-two that could still seem like middle age. "It ought never to have started in the first place. Father was quite right about the theater."

She paused, and then turned on Olive with what had been troubling her, more than any other aspect of the situation.

"Olive," she said, almost passionately, "tell me something. *Do* ordinary girls? I was raised to think they didn't. Didn't even want to. And what I want to know is—don't they?"

SALLY'S earnestness and distress were so sincere and so apparent that Olive was touched.

"Oh, Sally, darling, you're not thinking you're promiscuous, just because you've had one affair, are you?" she asked.

Sally gazed at her unhappily. "No," she said, reflectively, "I don't think I'm promiscuous . . . *yet*, but . . ."

Her voice trailed away. Olive patted her reassuringly on the shoulder, and then strolled over to the window, looking anxiously down into East 61st Street.

"I asked someone to call for me here," she said. "I left a note at my hotel. Do you mind if I call up and make sure they gave it to him?"

"It's not the commander, is it?" Sally asked, when Olive was seated on the bed, waiting for her number.

The commander was a romance of Olive's past, about whom she had told Sally plenty—maybe too much.

"No. Oh, no. That was just one of those 'lovely things that isn't meant to last.'" Olive mocked the trite phrase. "This is a man called Bill Page."

"An actor?"

"No, darling, just a man. At least he used to be; he's a soldier now. He's got a week-end pass."

"What's he like?" Sally asked.

"He's sweet," said Olive, and then added firmly: "And he's mine."

Sally was about to protest, but Olive was talking to the desk clerk. "Oh, good," she said. "You might just see if there are any messages." She turned back to Sally. "He's on his way here," she said.

"Are you in love with him?" Sally always asked that question, just as Alice in Wonderland always wanted to know what people had to eat. Olive laughed at the idea.

"Not a bit," she declared. "But he's terribly attractive. He used to live in Pittsburgh, and whenever I played there we always had a gay little something."

While Sally was wondering just what this might mean, Olive turned back to the telephone, murmuring, "I see," to the relaying of messages, until suddenly her voice sharpened.

"*Who* called?" she shrilled, and then after a moment hung up, looking dazed and incredulous.

"It's Ned—the commander," she breathed. "He's in town. Oh, wouldn't you know it would happen like this?" she added savagely, as she started dialing.

Sally stared at her.

"You really are crazy about him, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, damn it," Olive answered. "And in the worst way."

"Well, don't let him know it," Sally warned her, speaking from her new-learned wisdom.

**Rise up, my love, my fair one,**
**and come away.**
**For, lo, the winter is past, the rain**
**is over and gone;**
**The flowers appear on the earth;**
**The time of the singing of birds**
**is come,**
**And the voice of the turtle is**
**heard in our land.**

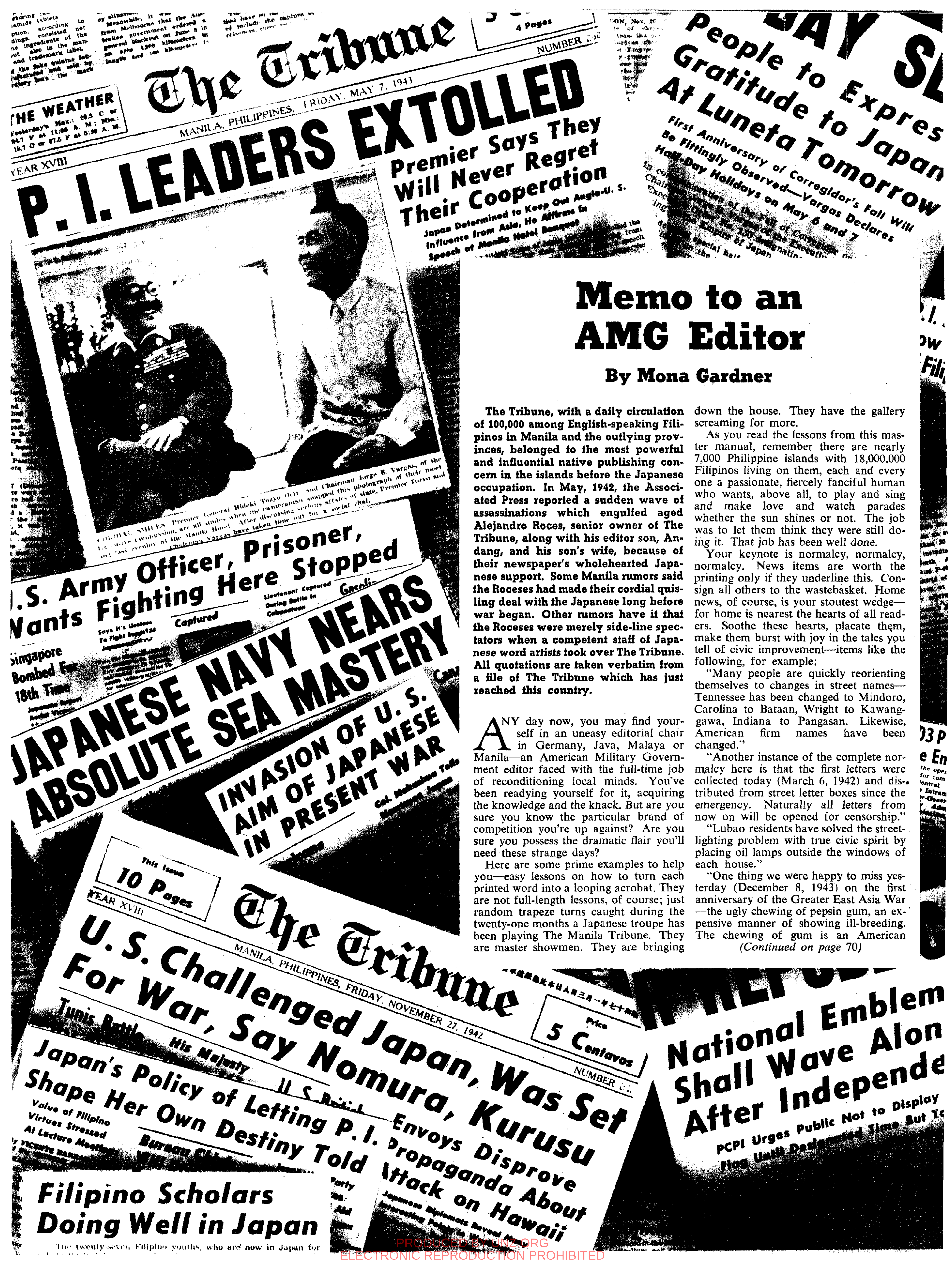
**The Song of Solomon, ii, 10-12**

When the commander answered, Olive's voice became tragic.

"Oh, I can't, Ned," she was saying. "I'm tied up the whole week end. I've got someone to look after." Persuasion appeared to be put on like a thumbscrew at the other end. Olive grew agonized. "I know. Oh, darling, I know," she kept repeating, and then suddenly her resolution collapsed. "Oh, hell, I will," she cried. "Yes, yes, I will. Eight o'clock at my hotel." Her tone grew honeyed now, and she was almost talking baby talk as she hung up, and looked askance at Sally. "There," she said, "is an object lesson in how not to act with a man. What am I going to tell Bill?"

*(Continued on page 46)*

**"Good morning," Bill said. "I hope I'm not calling too early." "Oh, no," Sally smiled. "I brought you these," he said, and as he handed her the flowers he caught sight of Olive**



4 Pages

NUMBER

The Tribune

THE WEATHER
Yesterday's Max.: 29.3 C or 84.7 F at 11:00 A. M.; Min.: 19.7 C or 67.5 F at 5:30 A. M.

MANILA, PHILIPPINES, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1943

YEAR XVIII

P. I. LEADERS EXTOLLED

Premier Says They Will Never Regret Their Cooperation

Japan Determined to Keep Out Anglo-U. S. Influence from Asia, He Affirms in Speech at Manila Hotel Banquet

CORDIAL SMILES. Premier General Hideki Tozyo (left) and Chairman Jorge B. Vargas, of the Executive Commission, are all smiles when the cameraman snapped this photograph of their meeting last evening at the Manila Hotel. After discussing serious affairs of state, Premier Tozyo and Chairman Vargas have taken time out for a social chat.

People to Express Gratitude to Japan At Luneta Tomorrow

First Anniversary of Corregidor's Fall Will Be Fittingly Observed—Vargas Declares Half-Day Holidays on May 6 and 7

U.S. Army Officer, Prisoner, Wants Fighting Here Stopped

Lieutenant Captured During Battle in Cabanatuan

Says It's Useless To Fight Japanese

Captured

Singapore Bombed For 18th Time

JAPANESE NAVY NEARS ABSOLUTE SEA MASTERY

INVASION OF U. S. AIM OF JAPANESE IN PRESENT WAR

This Issue 10 Pages

YEAR XVIII

The Tribune

MANILA, PHILIPPINES, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1942

Price 5 Centavos

NUMBER

U. S. Challenged Japan, Was Set For War, Say Nomura, Kurusu

Tunis Battle

His Majesty

Japan's Policy of Letting P. I. Shape Her Own Destiny Told

Value of Filipino Virtues Stressed At Lecture Meeting

Envoys Disprove Propaganda About Attack on Hawaii

Japanese Diplomats Reveal

Filipino Scholars Doing Well in Japan

The twenty-seven Filipino youths, who are now in Japan for

National Emblem Shall Wave Alone After Independence

PCPI Urges Public Not to Display Flag Until Designated Time But To

# Memo to an AMG Editor

## By Mona Gardner

**The Tribune, with a daily circulation of 100,000 among English-speaking Filipinos in Manila and the outlying provinces, belonged to the most powerful and influential native publishing concern in the islands before the Japanese occupation. In May, 1942, the Associated Press reported a sudden wave of assassinations which engulfed aged Alejandro Roces, senior owner of The Tribune, along with his editor son, Andang, and his son's wife, because of their newspaper's wholehearted Japanese support. Some Manila rumors said the Roceses had made their cordial quisling deal with the Japanese long before war began. Other rumors have it that the Roceses were merely side-line spectators when a competent staff of Japanese word artists took over The Tribune. All quotations are taken verbatim from a file of The Tribune which has just reached this country.**

ANY day now, you may find yourself in an uneasy editorial chair in Germany, Java, Malaya or Manila—an American Military Government editor faced with the full-time job of reconditioning local minds. You've been readying yourself for it, acquiring the knowledge and the knack. But are you sure you know the particular brand of competition you're up against? Are you sure you possess the dramatic flair you'll need these strange days?

Here are some prime examples to help you—easy lessons on how to turn each printed word into a looping acrobat. They are not full-length lessons, of course; just random trapeze turns caught during the twenty-one months a Japanese troupe has been playing The Manila Tribune. They are master showmen. They are bringing down the house. They have the gallery screaming for more.

As you read the lessons from this master manual, remember there are nearly 7,000 Philippine islands with 18,000,000 Filipinos living on them, each and every one a passionate, fiercely fanciful human who wants, above all, to play and sing and make love and watch parades whether the sun shines or not. The job was to let them think they were still doing it. That job has been well done.

Your keynote is normalcy, normalcy, normalcy. News items are worth the printing only if they underline this. Consign all others to the wastebasket. Home news, of course, is your stoutest wedge—for home is nearest the hearts of all readers. Soothe these hearts, placate them, make them burst with joy in the tales you tell of civic improvement—items like the following, for example:

"Many people are quickly reorienting themselves to changes in street names—Tennessee has been changed to Mindoro, Carolina to Bataan, Wright to Kawanggawa, Indiana to Pangasan. Likewise, American firm names have been changed."

"Another instance of the complete normalcy here is that the first letters were collected today (March 6, 1942) and distributed from street letter boxes since the emergency. Naturally all letters from now on will be opened for censorship."

"Lubao residents have solved the street-lighting problem with true civic spirit by placing oil lamps outside the windows of each house."

"One thing we were happy to miss yesterday (December 8, 1943) on the first anniversary of the Greater East Asia War—the ugly chewing of pepsin gum, an expensive manner of showing ill-breeding. The chewing of gum is an American

(Continued on page 70)

# DON'T CALL 'EM HOSS OPRYS

## BY FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

**The top producer of cowboy movies was chagrined when the Western villain had to climb aboard a horse on a ladder, and when Hopalong Cassidy fell off his nag. But he persevered. All he has for his pains is a couple of million, and a snarl when people call his hoss oprys hoss oprys**

HARRY SHERMAN doesn't say "Howdy, pard," when you meet him. He should, because, although he's nudging sixty, he's the epitome of all the square-shootin', rootin'-tootin' film cowboys from the days of Two-gun Bill Hart down through Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson to the current Bill Boyd, alias Hopalong Cassidy. He believes in those characters. He lives the code of the sagebrush in daily life. He likes to emit wild, screeching "Yip-peee-e-es!" and shoot the bulbs out of chandeliers. He even hugs his horses.

Sherman is the white-haired, sun-squinting producer of more cowboy pictures than you can shake a lariat at. They all have the same theme: Fair play always wins in the end. And, for this reason, he has probably injected more inherent honesty into the heads of millions of American youngsters than all the spankings and parental lectures put together. Harry Sherman always makes sure that, just before his hero lopes into the setting sun for the final fadeout, the treacherous, crooked villain has been hanged, shot, dumped over a cliff, or put in jail for life.

The worn theme of cowboy honesty pays Sherman in the end, too, for he turns out Hollywood's most consistently profitable product; and, despite his august position as producer, he likes to play bit parts in his own pictures.

When Richard Dix was performing in his first epic of the Wild West for Harry Sherman Productions, Inc., he was jogging along on his nag with his profile at exactly the right angle for the camera on the car beside him. It looked like a take, all right, and Dix was thanking his lucky stars when a citizen with white whiskers and hair to match galloped up beside him and ruined the scene.

The business of a $5.50-per-day extra showing up the star as a horseman and wasting film, to boot, irked Dix. He said nothing until the old boy in the whiskers had messed the scene three times running. "Tell that white-haired old ham to slow up and stay out of the shot," Dix suggested to the assistant director.

"No-o-o," said the assistant.

"Why?" demanded Dix.

"The old party you're talking about," said the a.d., "is Pop Sherman, himself. He owns the joint. He pays the wages. He's got you under contract. *You* tell him."

As for his troubles with cowboy stars who are scared of horses, movie producers who are suspicious of scenery, and cash customers who are allergic to crooning cowhands, they are legion. Pop had to teach most of his actors how to ride.

Then he had to do their shooting for them, write up a code of rules to govern their private lives, and put his foot down on all suggestions that good old Hopalong Cassidy ought to sing songs of love.

Sherman left Boston in his youth, set up shop as a movie operator in Minneapolis, and soon discovered that a monopoly on film distribution kept his theaters dark too much of the time. He decided he'd come West, see if he couldn't make his own movies and keep his houses open. That was in 1914.

D. W. Griffith had a film called The Birth of a Nation about three quarters finished. It was either get an extra $100,000, or junk it. Sherman gave him $10,000 (all he had) in exchange for the distribution rights in Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska. Sherman also got an option on most of the rest of the country for the additional $90,000, which he promised to raise. He begged it and he borrowed it, but he got it, and he turned himself into a millionaire on the profits.

That accomplished, Sherman was traveling east and wondering what next to do when the train pulled into Albuquerque. At the newsstand, he bought a Zane Grey novel, The Light of Western Stars, to while away the time into New York.

The book opened with a description of

*(Continued on page 73)*

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Hopalong Cassidy's leading ladies with Impresario Sherman. Eleanor Steward, left, and Frances Woodward

MUKY

**William Boyd, alias Hopalong Cassidy, idol of the nation's small fry, now rests securely in the saddle astride Topper**

# My Cousin Louie, the Explorer

## By Albert Halper

**ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF**

**You probably would have thought it was just a little boy flying a kite, but Uncle Harry knew better, because he knew a pioneer when he saw one**

I WAS working in the parlor on my great big yellow kite which I hoped was going to make me the champion kite flier of the world, when my father came gloomily into the room from the kitchen.

"Dave," he said, "it's almost ten o'clock, and the electric company doesn't furnish free electricity in this house. It's time to go to bed."

"Pa," I said, "isn't she a beauty? Look how good I stretched the paper over the frame." I had worked alone for three hours and now I was so excited I couldn't keep from talking. "Isn't she a beauty?"

My old man stood short and heavy. A little while ago he had been going over bills with my mother in the kitchen.

"What's beautiful about it? It's just a couple of sticks and a few sheets of paper, ain't it?"

The rest of the family came into the living room; my older brothers had been drinking beer on the back porch. My mother, together with my sisters and older brothers, stood looking at the kite. I had spilled a little glue on the dining-room table but my mother made a point of not noticing it.

"It's a beautiful kite," my mother said warmly, because all the others stood silently.

"Where will you fly it?" my father asked. "You know what I'll do to you if you go up on the roof, don't you?"

"I was going to fly it in the alley or in the back yard," I said quickly. "That's where I planned—"

The phone started ringing. My mother, who was closest to it, picked up the receiver. "Hello," she said. "Yes?"

The boisterous voice which answered her was so loud all of us could hear it coming from the receiver. Uncle Harry was on the wire.

"Commodore Harry speaking! I called up to make a date for this Sunday with your husband. Ask him if he wants to play some rummy. I want to win back that dollar and forty cents that he took from me last time! Tell him I'm out for blood!"

My mother relayed the message, though all of us had heard it issuing plainly enough from the receiver. My father, who was not especially fond of his brother-in-law, stood stolidly. After a while he said, thinking of his past winnings, "All right, tell him to drop up on Sunday. If it's blood he wants he won't get it from me."

My mother turned back to the phone. "Why certainly, drop over Sunday," she said warmly and cheerfully. "Saul will be delighted to play with you, Harry."

"He will?" roared Uncle Harry, openheartedly and gladly. "Good! It does my heart good to hear it. Goodby."

AFTER my mother hung up, my old man suddenly turned to me. "Remember!" he shouted. "No roofs! It's too dangerous up there!"

"Why—why, of course not, Pa," I said hurriedly. "Why, who ever thought of such a thing?" I pretended I was hurt, but I wasn't. Grumbling, my father went down the hall to his room.

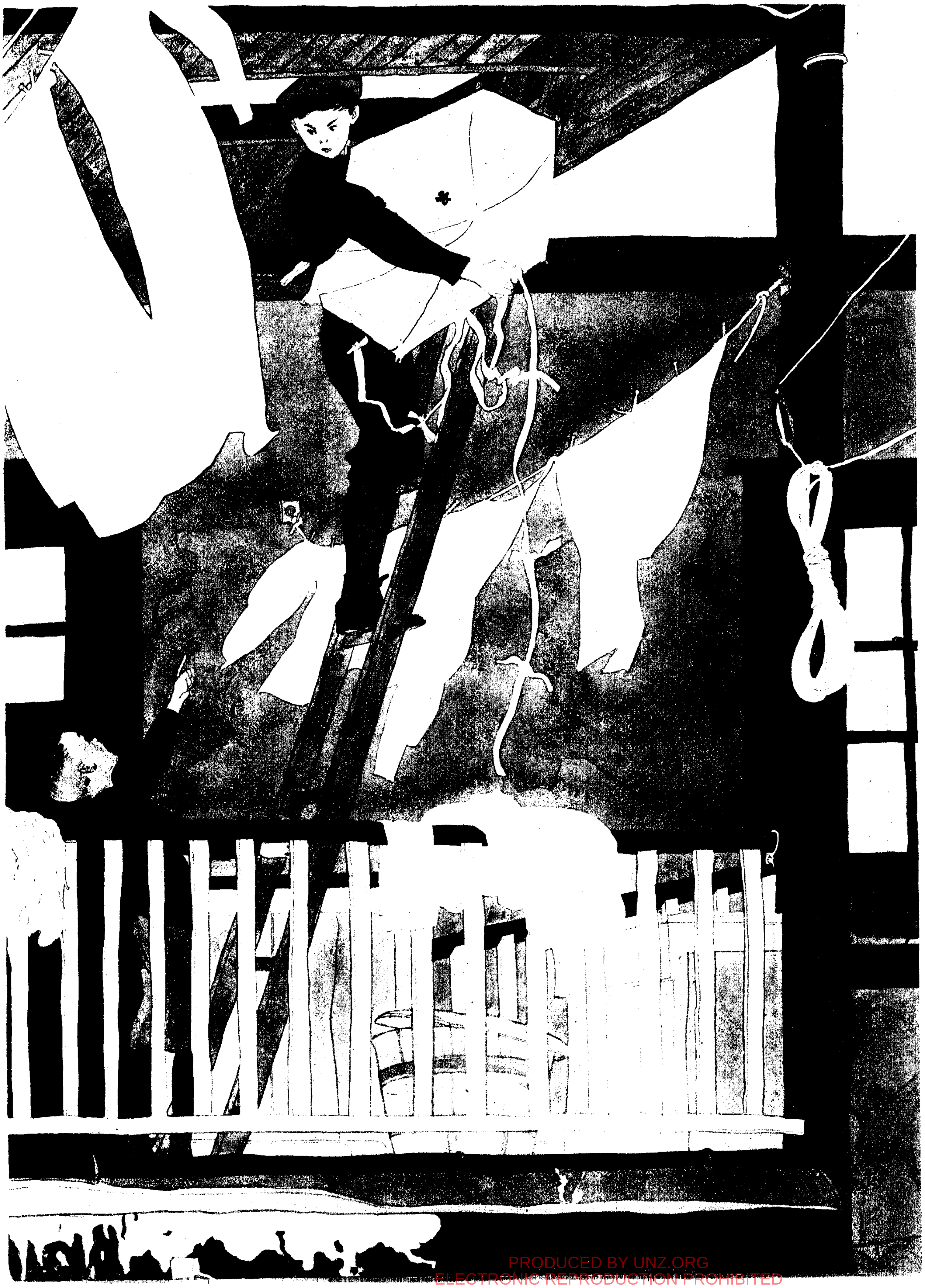
A little later I went to bed, dreaming of my yellow kite.

The next morning on my way to school I became anxious. The day was cloudy and there was no wind. How would I get my kite up in the air? I looked at the sky again. It was leaden.

All day from my classroom windows I glanced outside. The trees near the building weren't stirring. I *had* to fly the kite today. My hands were itching to feel the tug of the string.

When I came home I got the kite from the basement and tried to fly it in the alley. It was useless. I then tried the yard. The yard was useless, too. There was insufficient wind on the ground and the buildings cut off any stray breeze instantly.

*(Continued on page 64)*



"Dave," my cousin Louie called, "what have you got there?" "Beat it," I told him. "Go play with your choo-choo train"

# BARNUM AND BRADY

ICTURES FROM THE COLLECTION OF FREDERICK HILL MESERVE

THESE photographs of some of the side-show artists who appeared at Phineas T. Barnum's celebrated American Museum in New York about he middle of the last century are part of batch of 20,000 glass portrait negatives aken during the middle 1860's by Mathew B. Brady. They were acquired about 1900 y Frederick Hill Meserve, the well-nown authority on and collector of early American photography, and since that time have been stored in a dust-covered box in a downtown New York warehouse. No prints made from these negatives have been reproduced for at least fifty years, and some of them are here published for he first time.

Mr. Meserve bought the plates from E. & H. T. Anthony & Company, a photographic supply house and successors to Brady. The exact history of the collection s unknown, but it is believed that the Anthony company took the negatives from Brady in part payment of a debt for materials, which Brady was unable to pay, since he had lost everything he owned in following the armies of the Civil War and photographing the memorable scenes and people of the time.

### Portraits Rediscovered

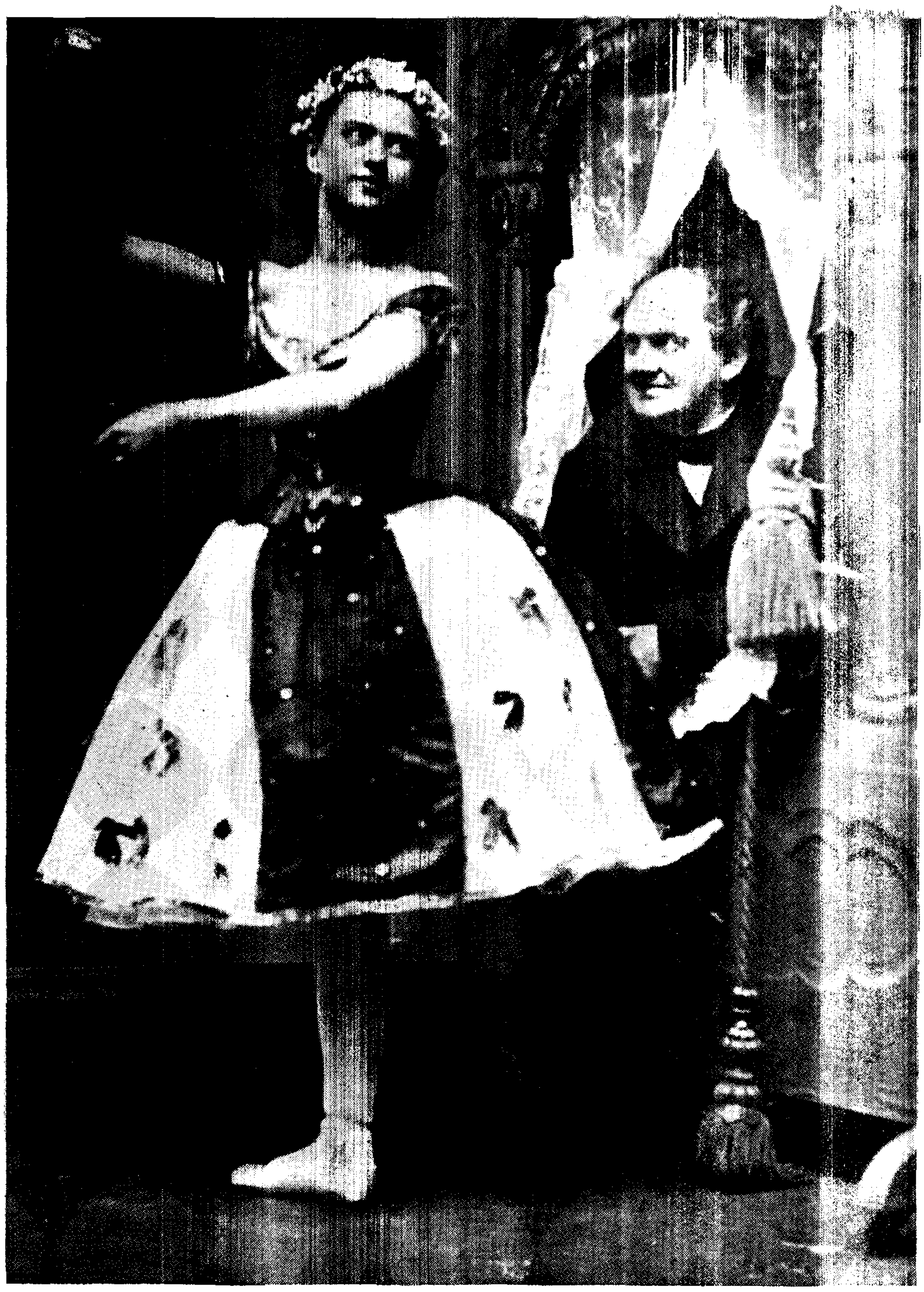
Mr. Meserve knew when he bought the negatives that a large number of them were of Barnum's performers, as they were specifically mentioned in the original bill of sale. But at that time he was most interested in finding portraits of Lincoln, officers of the Northern and Southern Armies, and prominent men and women of the war years. Only recently did he decide to open the Brady boxes and pick out the Barnum negatives.

All these Brady photographs were taken by the wet-plate or collodion negative method. A subject coming to Brady's Gallery was first rendered immobile by the adjustment to his body of the iron back and head rest, a precaution necessary because of the 15- to 20-second exposure during which it was almost impossible not to twitch or wriggle, unless thus restrained. The half-collar iron clamp clutched the back of the neck, a metal bar poked out and steadied the small of the back. A sturdy metal foot was usually visible on the floor beside the subject's own feet.

As soon as the person whose portrait was to be made had been secured, the photographer lifted a plain glass plate out of a dustproof box, retired to his darkroom, and allowed a solution of collodion to flow over the surface of the glass. He watched while it dried to exactly the right point, then dipped it, sticky, into a three- to five-minute bath of silver nitrate. The plate was then brought out into the sudio, put into the camera, and the long exposure made. Development had to take place, again in the darkroom, within ten minutes after the closing of the shutter.

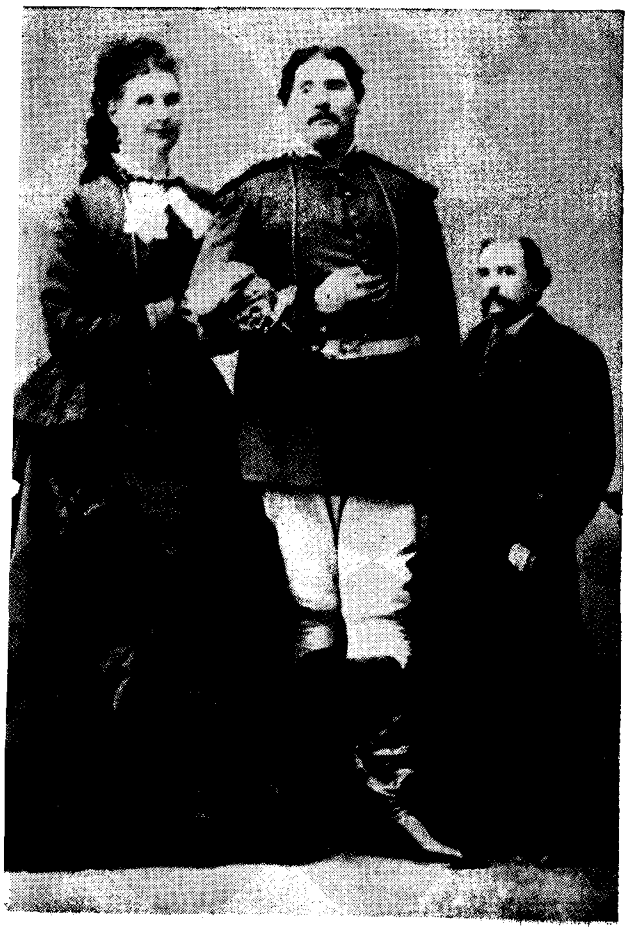
The result of all this was a negative from which any number of paper prints could be made—a vast improvement over the old daguerreotype. The Daguerre process produced one picture on an emulsion-coated metal plate. Daguerreotypes could not be duplicated without re-photographing the picture itself.

DOROTHY MESERVE KUNHARDT

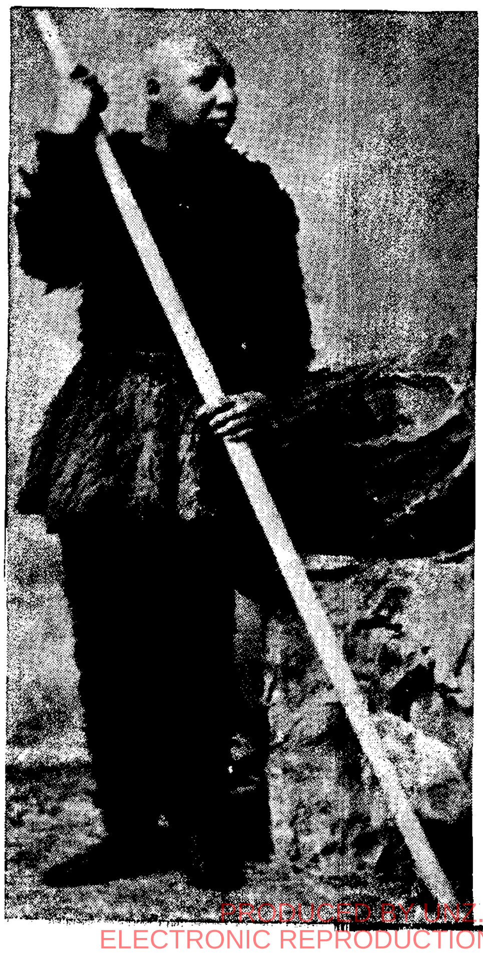


**The great showman himself, entranced by the charming Ernestine de Faiber, a dancer who appeared in the Museum's Moral Lecture Room. Such great moral dramas as The Drunkard and Uncle Tom's Cabin were presented, but they were enlivened by a few songs and dances by Ernestine and other short-skirted lovelies. Barnum had to hold his smile for about 20 seconds; it took that long to make the exposure**

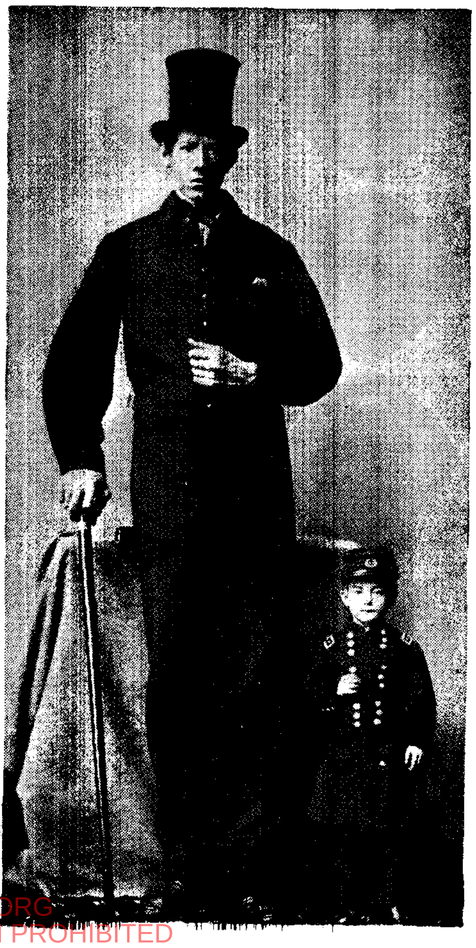
**Captain N. V. Bates and his wife, Anna Swan, billed as "extraordinary specimens of magnified humanity." And they surely were. The captain was 7 feet 11½ inches tall; weight, 478 pounds. His wife was the same height but 65 pounds lighter. The third person is normal-sized; he's in the picture for contrast**



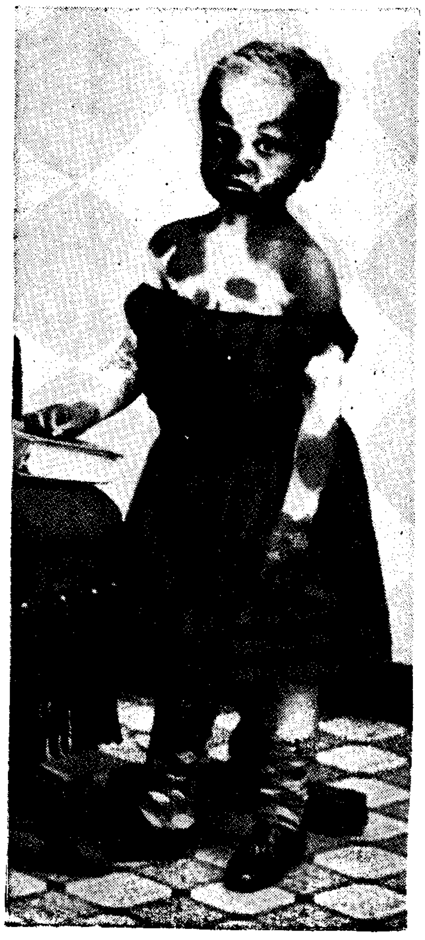
**The original Zip, the What-Is-It, one of the most famous freaks in circus history. Barnum called him "the link between man and monkey, without a language." Actually, Zip was a mentally subnormal Negro who could cuss a blue streak**

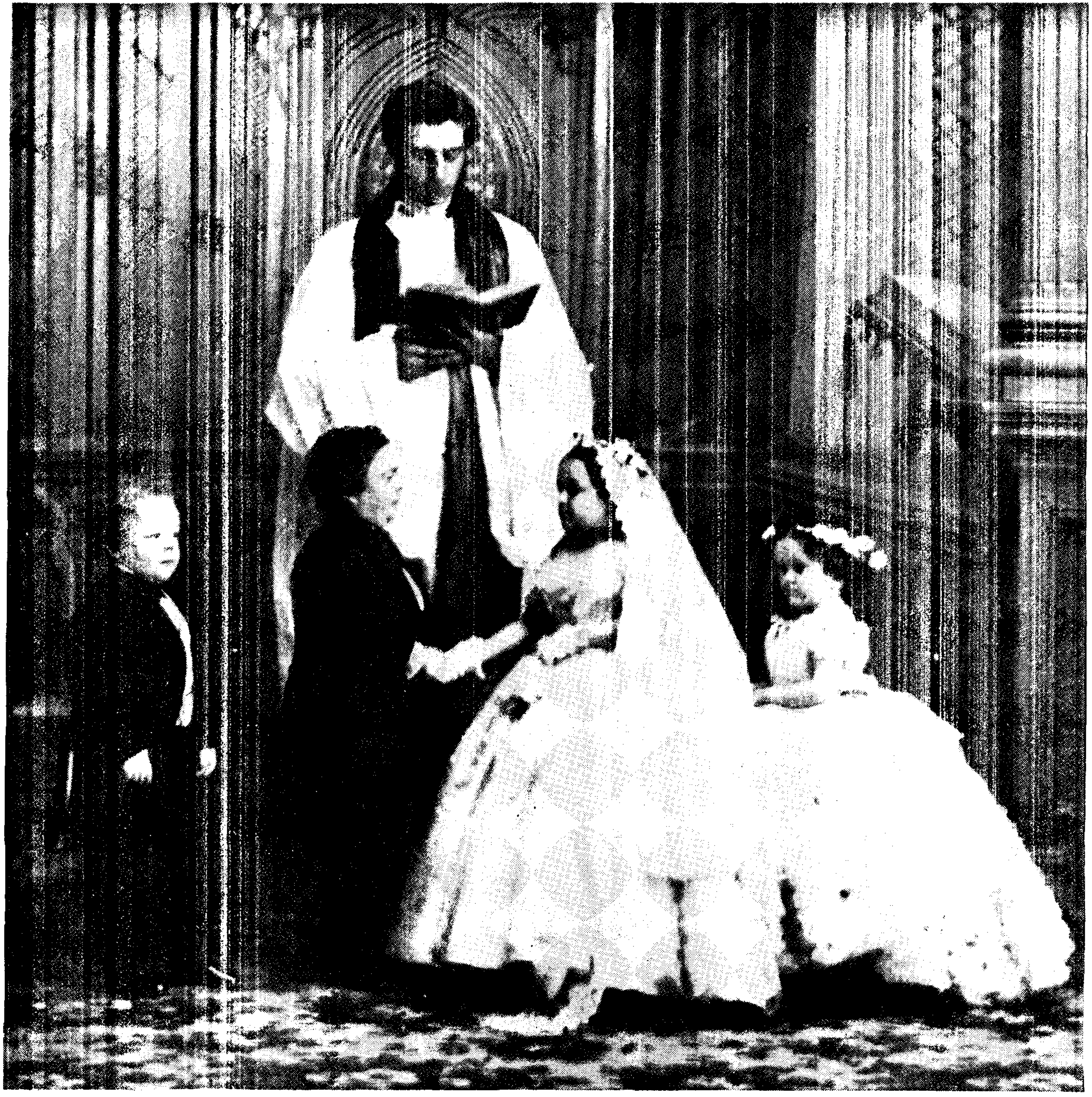


**Murphy, the Irish Giant, and Major Newell. The major married Mrs. Tom Thumb's sister, Minnie Bumpus, who was 2 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 29 pounds. She died giving birth to a five-pound-ten-ounce daughter**

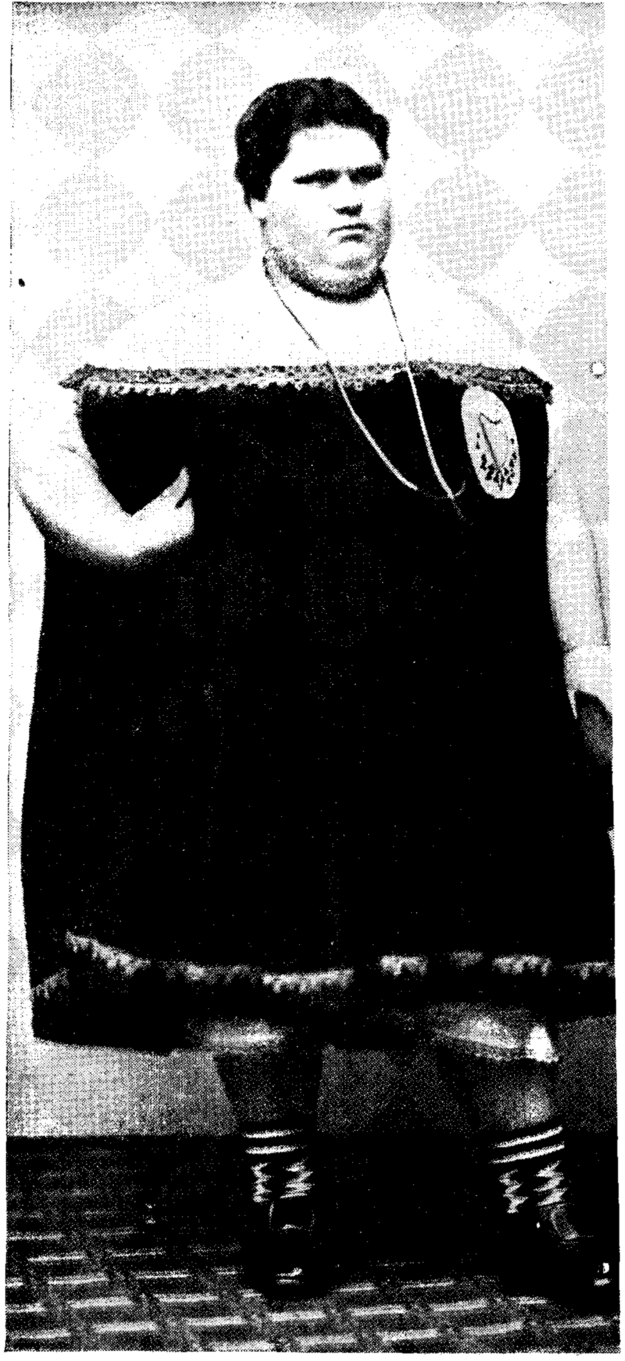


Below, a Negro girl with skin trouble. Barnum called her the Leopard Girl. She never changed her spots, though Barnum advertised a weed the juice of which would "turn black skins white"



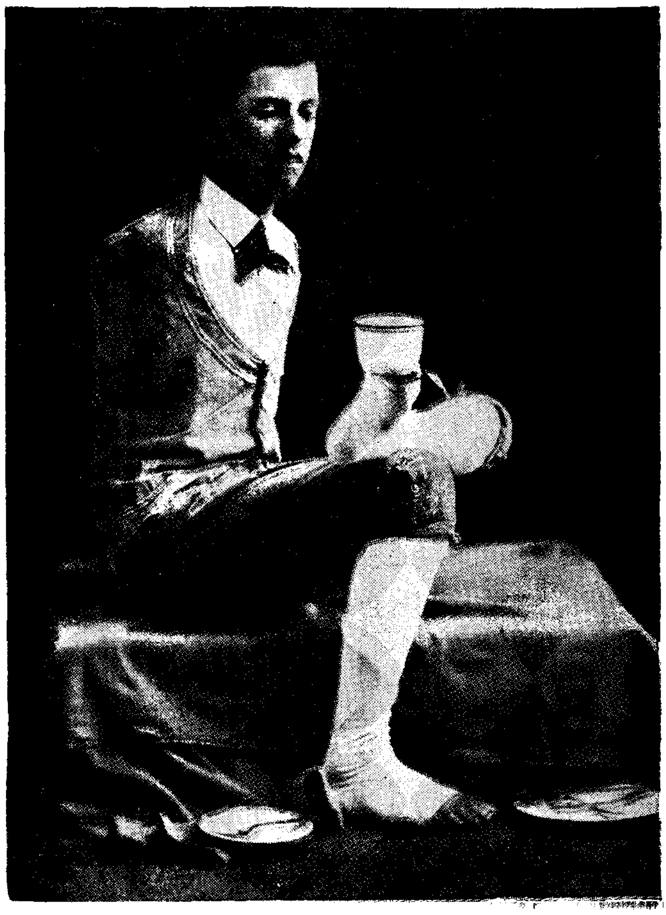


The wedding of General Tom Thumb and Miss Lavinia Warren Bumpus, two of the most famous midgets who ever lived, took place in Grace Church, New York, and was a social event of the first order. The best man was Commodore Nutt, the unsuccessful suitor for Lavinia's hand. Attendance at the marriage ceremony was by Mr. Barnum's invitation only. Later, on their honeymoon, the newlyweds were entertained by President Lincoln at a dinner and reception in the White House. The bride was 20 years old, 32 inches tall and weighed 29 pounds

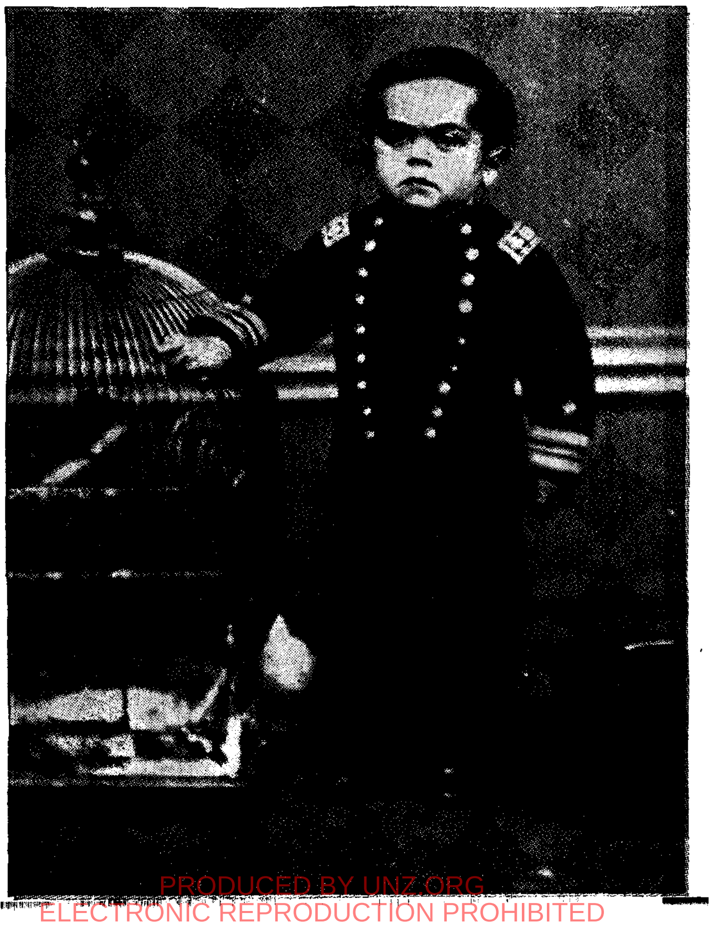


This ample female was supposed to weigh about 60 pounds, but no one but Barnum ever knew what sh weighed. Her dress was a masterpiece, guaranteed no to slenderize. Barnum had a lot of trouble with his fa women, because most of them were helpless and dopey

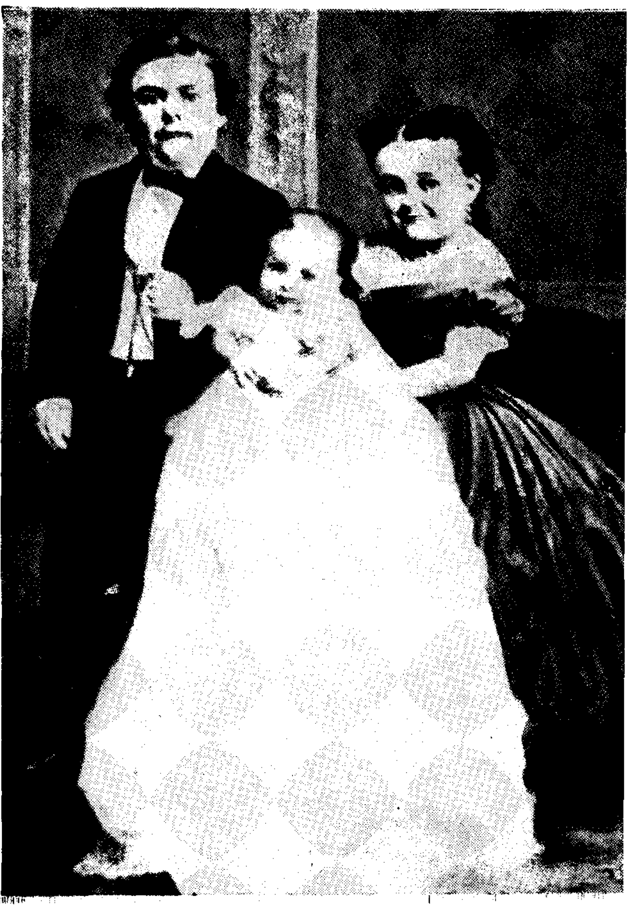
Charlie Trippe, the Armless Wonder—he could eat, drink and be more or less merry by using his educated toes and a few loose joints. Acts of this nature are still fairly common in circuses and side shows. Some are men whose arms have been amputated; others simply have their arms strapped to their sides. In any event, it takes long training

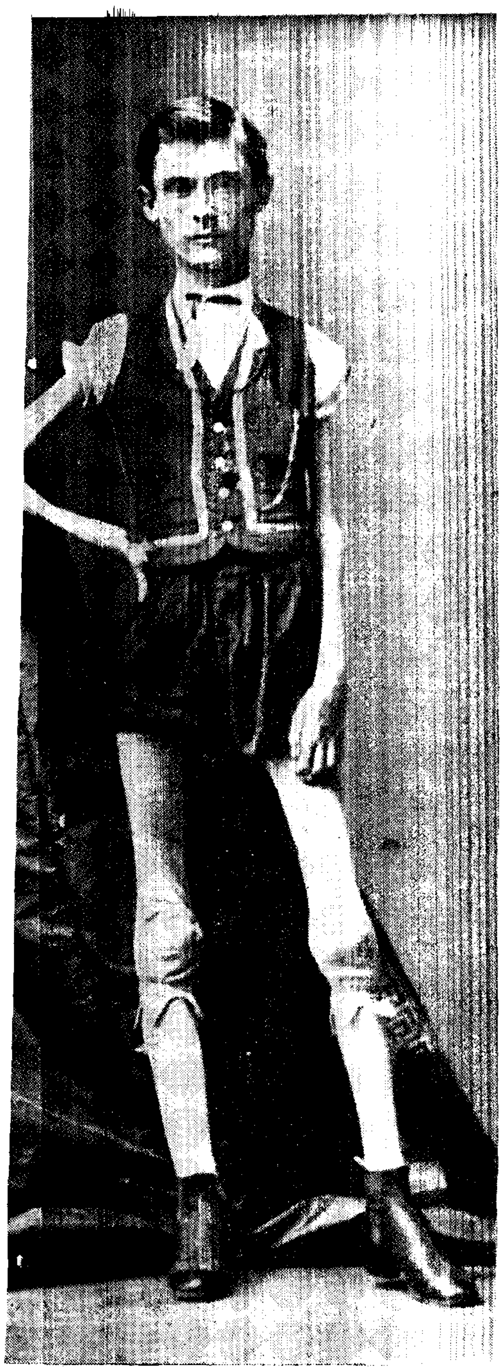


This mean-looking little character was Admiral Dot, the Eldorado Elf, advertised by Barnum as "a little love of a man." The admiral weighed 15 pounds when Barnum discovered him in San Francisco in 1869. He was usually teamed, for exhibition purposes, with Colonel Goshen, the Arabian Giant, and was generally presented sitting in the colonel's huge palm



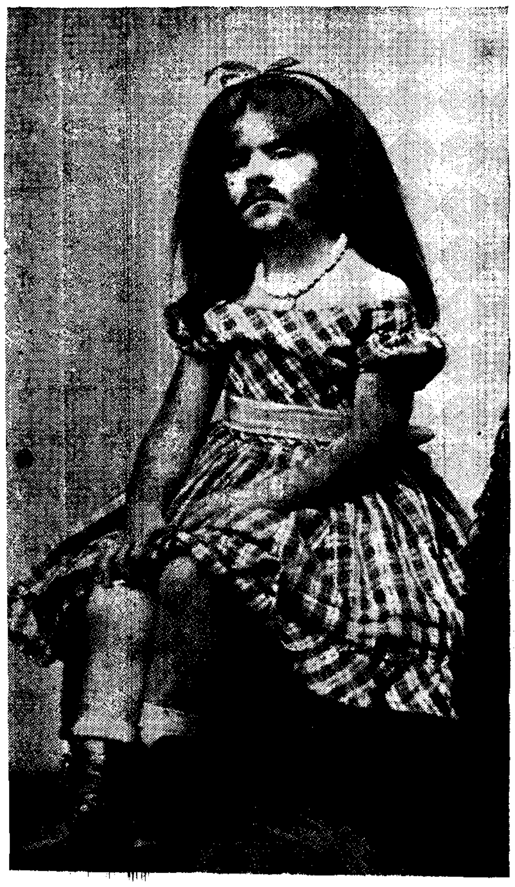
General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, otherwise the Charles S. Strattons, and their daughter, who was born on December 5, 1863. Harper's Weekly called the baby an "interesting Thumbling." The little girl weighed 3 pounds at birth, and only 7¾ pounds at the age of one year, when she was taken on an exhibition tour of Europe. She died in New York City when 2½ years old

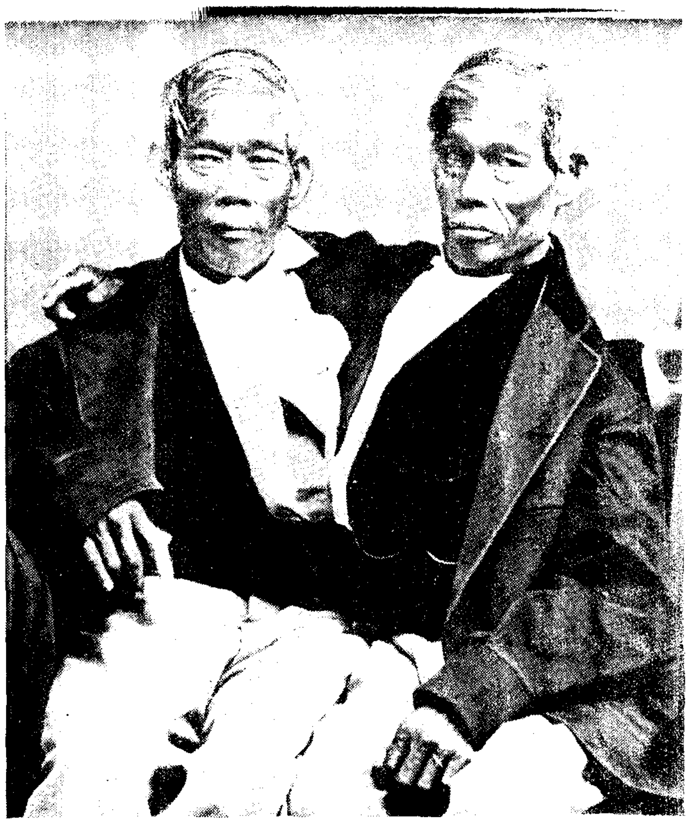




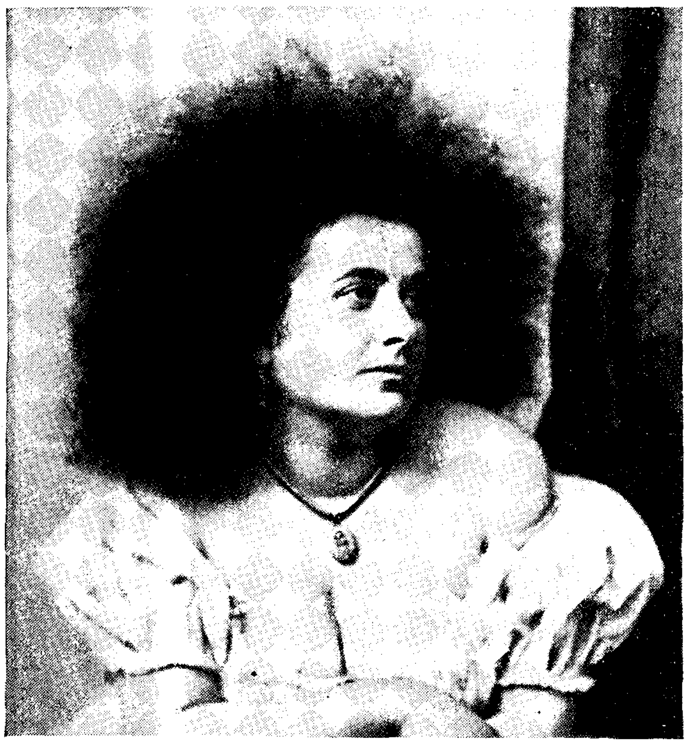
This is the famous Living Skelet
unusually fleshless specimen. He
healthy, and caused no trouble a
as he was right side up. But once do
he couldn't get to his feet without

This supercilious child, a junior mes
in Barnum's hairy female department.
is Annie Jones as a juvenile. According
to Barnum, the whiskers, in patches on
her face, were two inches long. Later
they grew to six inches. As a girl, Annie
possessed great muscular development



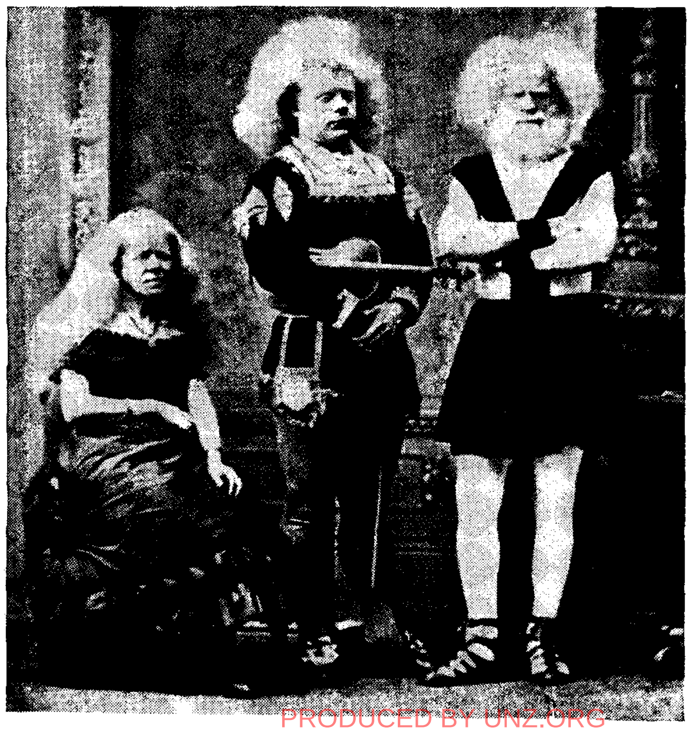


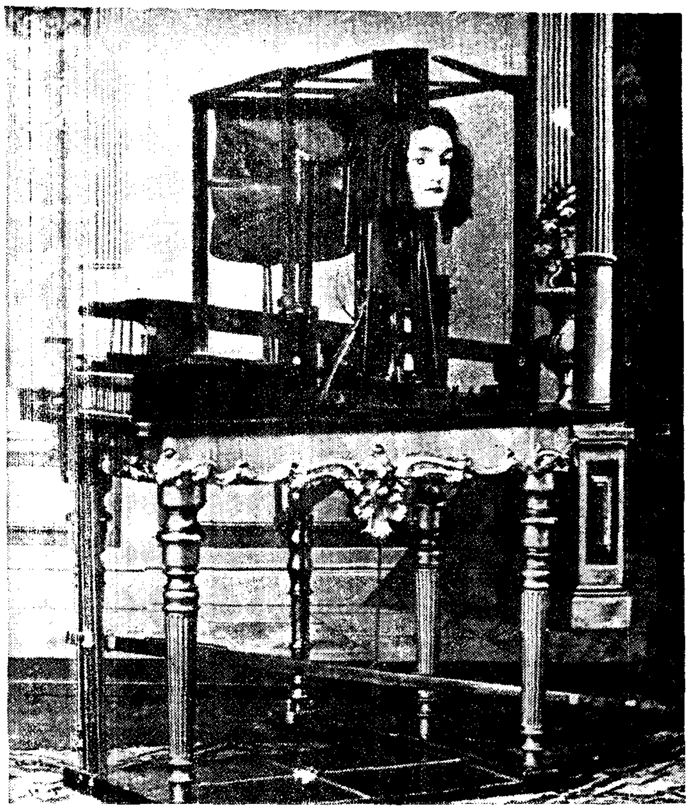
Chang and Eng, the original Siamese Twins, were joined by a ligature growing from their breastbones. In 1842 they married sisters, and begat 21 children, eleven of them Eng's. Chang died in January, 1874, and Eng a few hours later. Eng could have lived a day longer if he hadn't been so badly scared



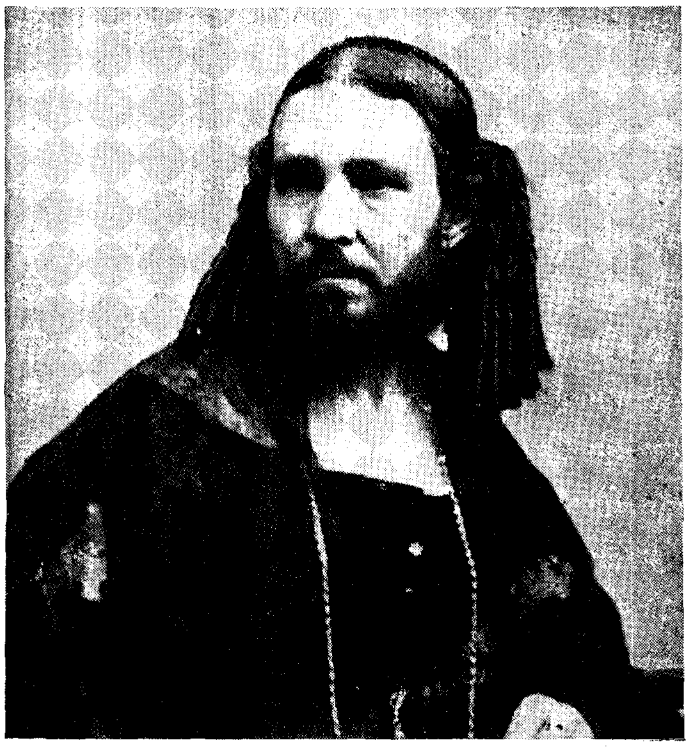
One of Barnum's greatest drawing cards was the Circassian Beauty, a girl with wild, fuzzy, silken hair, "rescued from the slavery of a Turkish harem." Rival showmen said the fuzziness of her hair was due to frequent washings in stale beer

These albinos, members of the Lucasie family, were brought to the U. S. from Holland in 1857. Their hair, skin, eyebrows and eyelashes were pure white, their eyes a startling pink



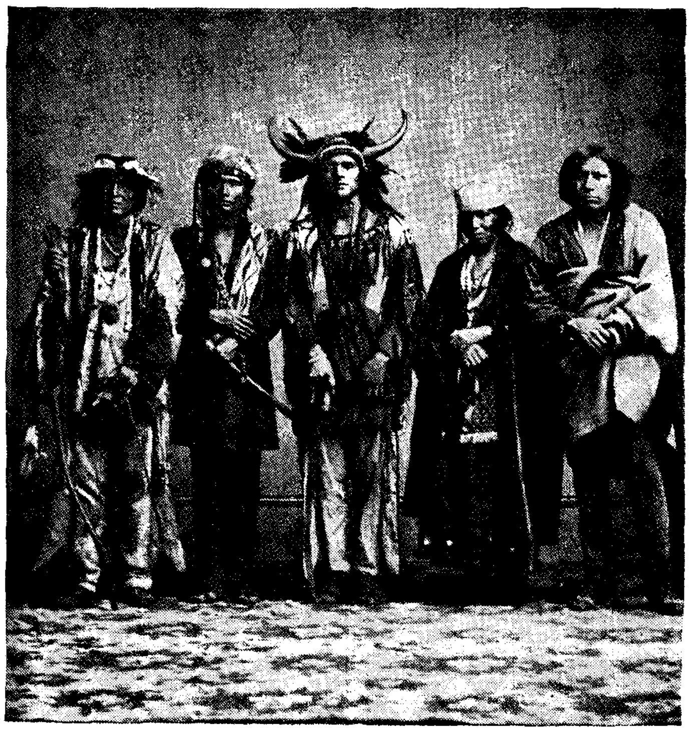


This weird-looking contraption, an early model of Barnum's Talking Machine, was a popular exhibit. When the bellows was squeezed by a treadle, air was forced through a series of flaps, producing squeaky noises roughly resembling the sounds of words. The same principle is used in the talking doll



Annie Jones, one of Barnum's many Bearded Ladies, for whom he had a great fondness. In an arranged lawsuit he was accused of trickery in palming off a man, and the case was tried. Five doctors found the Bearded Lady to be a lady indeed

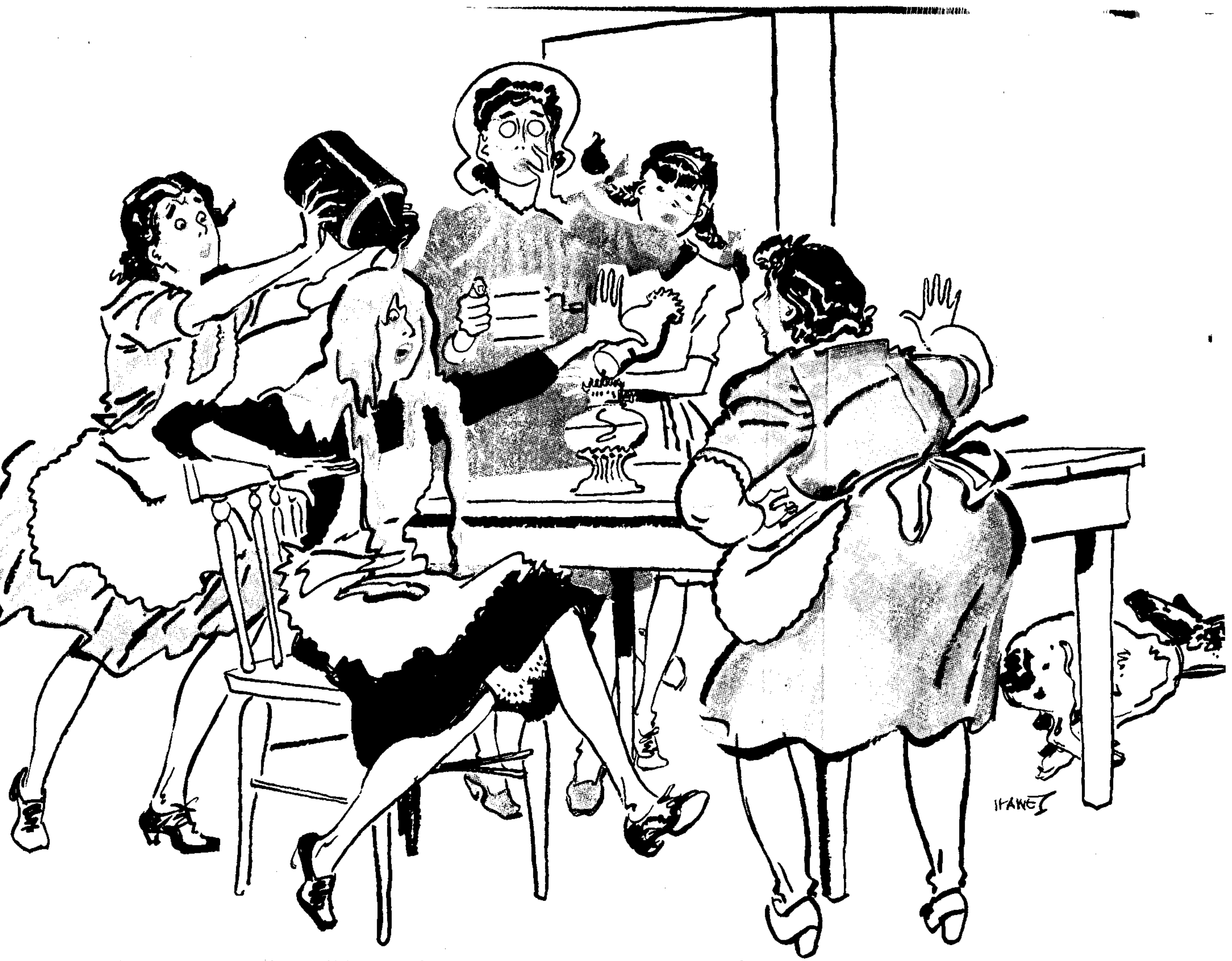
Supposedly, these Indians were "powerful chiefs, savage and bloodthirsty." Actually, they were a group of Barnum's regular performers attired in a conglomeration of Brady's studio props



# The Little Doctor

**By John W. Moran**
**and Herbert Asbury**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



**"I know something my grandmother used to use!" she shouted, and picked up a jug and poured almost a gallon of molasses over the injured woman's head. It didn't help very much**

**He's a one-man solution of the doctor shortage and a heart-warming example of the country practitioner at his ingenious best. Meet Maine's Doc Pritham**

HIS name is Fred J. Pritham, M.D., but everyone calls him Doc and refers to him as the Little Doctor. He has gentle brown eyes, very little hair, a kindly manner tempered by a sharp tongue, stands five feet five inches in his shoes, and wouldn't weigh 140 pounds if you soaked him in water for a month. He neither smokes nor drinks, and if you call upon him at his office, you won't smoke either; above his old-fashioned roll-top desk, with its pigeonholes full of papers, is a three-foot sign which fairly shouts, "NO SMOKING!"

For months after Pearl Harbor, he tried to get into the Army, but the Army only shook its head, clucked its tongue sympathetically, and said, "Sorry, but you're too old."

"Fiddlesticks!" snorted the Little Doctor. "I'm not seventy yet. Why, dammit, I'll outrun, outwalk and outswim any man you've got half my age!"

But the Army continued to say, politely but firmly, "No." So Doctor Pritham finally gave up and went back to his job, which is a great deal tougher than anything he would have had to do in the Army. For the Little Doctor is the only physician in a section of northwestern Maine about the size of the state of Rhode Island.

In the center of this huge area is Moosehead Lake, 220 square miles of tricky, turbulent water. North of the lake, the country is a wilderness, heavily wooded, crisscrossed with trails and narrow old tote roads, and dotted here and there with lumber camps and tiny settlements. On the south shore of Moosehead is more of the same, but the settlements are a little larger—they include Shirley Mills, Abbot Village, Greenville Junction, Monson and Greenville, where the Little Doctor has had his office for some forty years.

Two or three of the south-shore towns each have a little more than a thousand inhabitants, and the population of the whole area served by the Little Doctor is approximately 7,000. Every one of these people is dependent upon Doctor Pritham for medical attention; all the other doctors who once shared the burden with him are in the Army or the Navy, being younger men.

### Not a Job for a Specialist

To handle such a practice properly, a doctor must be a combination general practitioner, surgeon, obstetrician, psychiatrist, pediatrist, and what have you. Moreover, he must be something of a mechanic and considerable of a navigator, and above all, he must know the woods and how to take care of himself in all circumstances.

The Little Doctor uses his knowledge and skills every day, for to reach his patients, he travels by automobile, train, snowshoes, skis, snowmobile, skates, motorboat, rowboat, airplane. And he walks. He walks miles in every sort of weather—and in the winter, Maine has weather the rest of the country has never even imagined—and by preference he walks alone.

"I learned long ago," he said, "never to rely upon anyone else for company. Or for opinions, either," he added thoughtfully.

Only once did the Little Doctor use a guide, and although it happened a long time ago, he still thinks it was a silly business.

"They sent a woodsman out from a lumber camp to meet my motorboat and bring me in," he said, "and he had to holler and holler and holler before he could find his own camp. I could have hollered myself!"

The Little Doctor is up before daybreak, and on the move until long after dark; it is doubtful if he has averaged more than four hours of sleep a night since his colleagues went off to war. He is overworked almost to the point of exhaustion, but his attitude is: So what?

"Hell!" he says. "I haven't heard the boys in the foxholes complaining of overwork. Nor the doctors out there, either. The people around here are entitled to medical service, and it's up to me to give it to them. As long as I can get around, they'll get it."

One day, a few months ago, the Little Doctor performed two amputations before breakfast, flew into the deep woods to perform an autopsy on a murdered man (he's also a county medical examiner), delivered two babies, did an appendectomy, and ministered to the ailments of an office full of patients.

On another day last winter, called to attend a woman at Rockwood, the Little Doctor drove to Lily Bay and from there started in his car across the ice of Moosehead Lake. Eight miles from his destination, the ice gave way and the car plunged into seven feet of water. Clutching his precious medical kit, he climbed out, dripping wet and with ice forming on his clothing, and walked the eight miles into Rockwood, where he delivered twins. Then he returned to Greenville, walking most of the way, and as soon as he had had a bite to eat, performed an emergency operation. Then he put in several hours at his office.

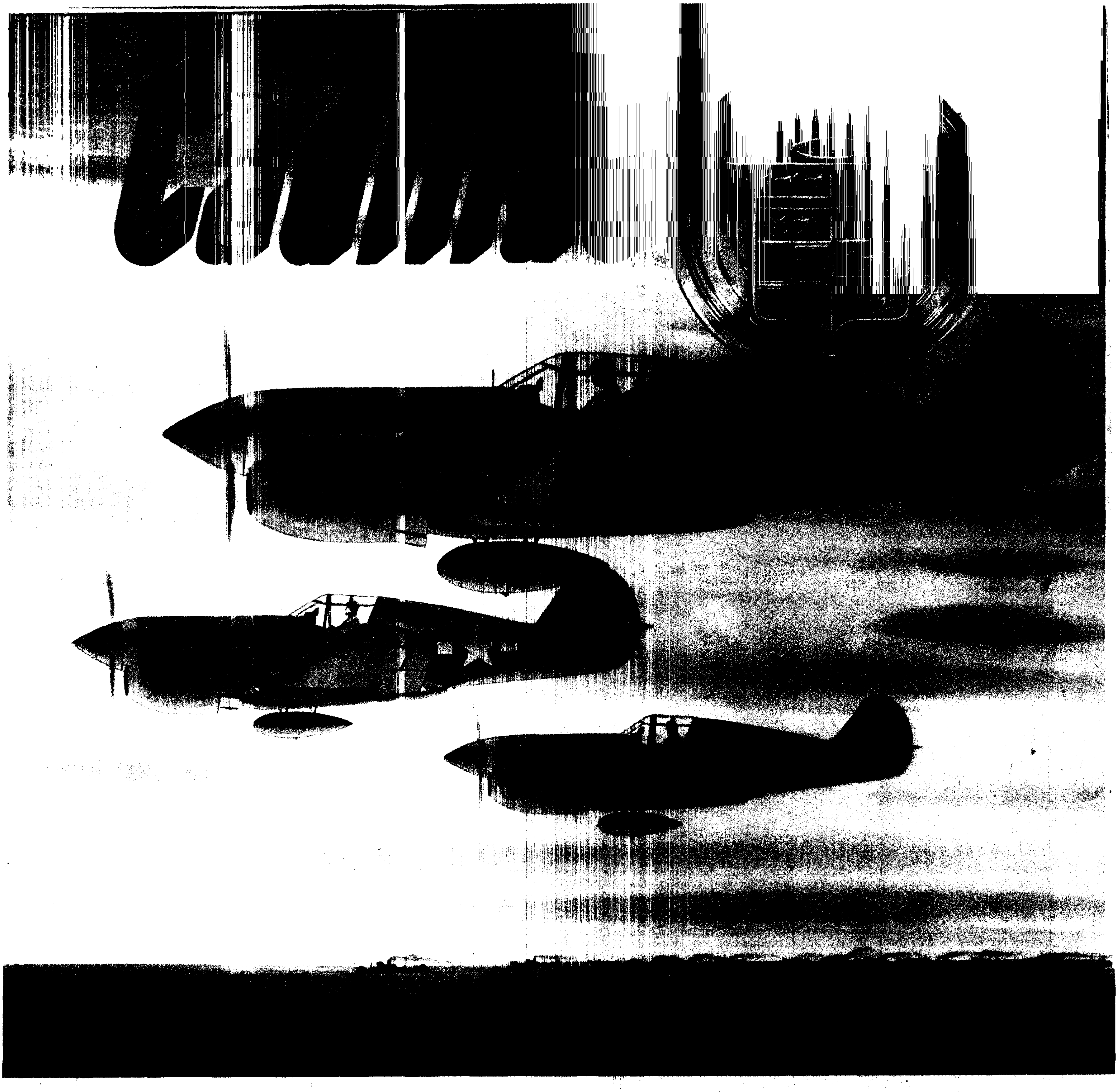
Except for the autopsy and the plunge into the lake (events which occur oftener than you might think) these are fairly typical days in the Little Doctor's life. When he does have a little spare time, usually long after midnight, he reads the newspapers and the medical journals. He especially reads the latter, for he prides himself on keeping informed about what's going on in his profession.

There's a fine thirty-bed hospital at Greenville, the Dean Memorial, which compares favorably with any hospital its size in the country. But the Little Doctor can't take it into the wilderness and he wastes no time worrying over the lack of facilities. As country doctors have done for years, he makes

(Continued on page 61)

**He hoisted himself on one elbow and stared at the doctor. "I ain't that bad off!" he cried. "Gimme a chance!"**

**"He had to holler and holler and holler before he could find his own camp. I could have hollered myself!"**



# Stalkers of Hidden Devilfish

In the vanguard of the fighter craft that track the U-boat down are fighter planes powered by the Allison—America's first and foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine.

To their splendid list of achievements in combat, these stalkers of hidden devilfish have added a gratifying record for dependability—thus demonstrating not only the skill and daring of the combat pilots who fly them, but also the inherent ruggedness of the planes themselves.

Building the vital inner-assemblies for the Allison engine has been a Cadillac manufacturing trust since March of 1939. During the five years that have intervened, *millions* of Allison parts—crankshafts, camshafts, connecting rods, super-charger gears, impellers, and other component units—have "gone to war" bearing the imprint of Cadillac's precision workmanship.

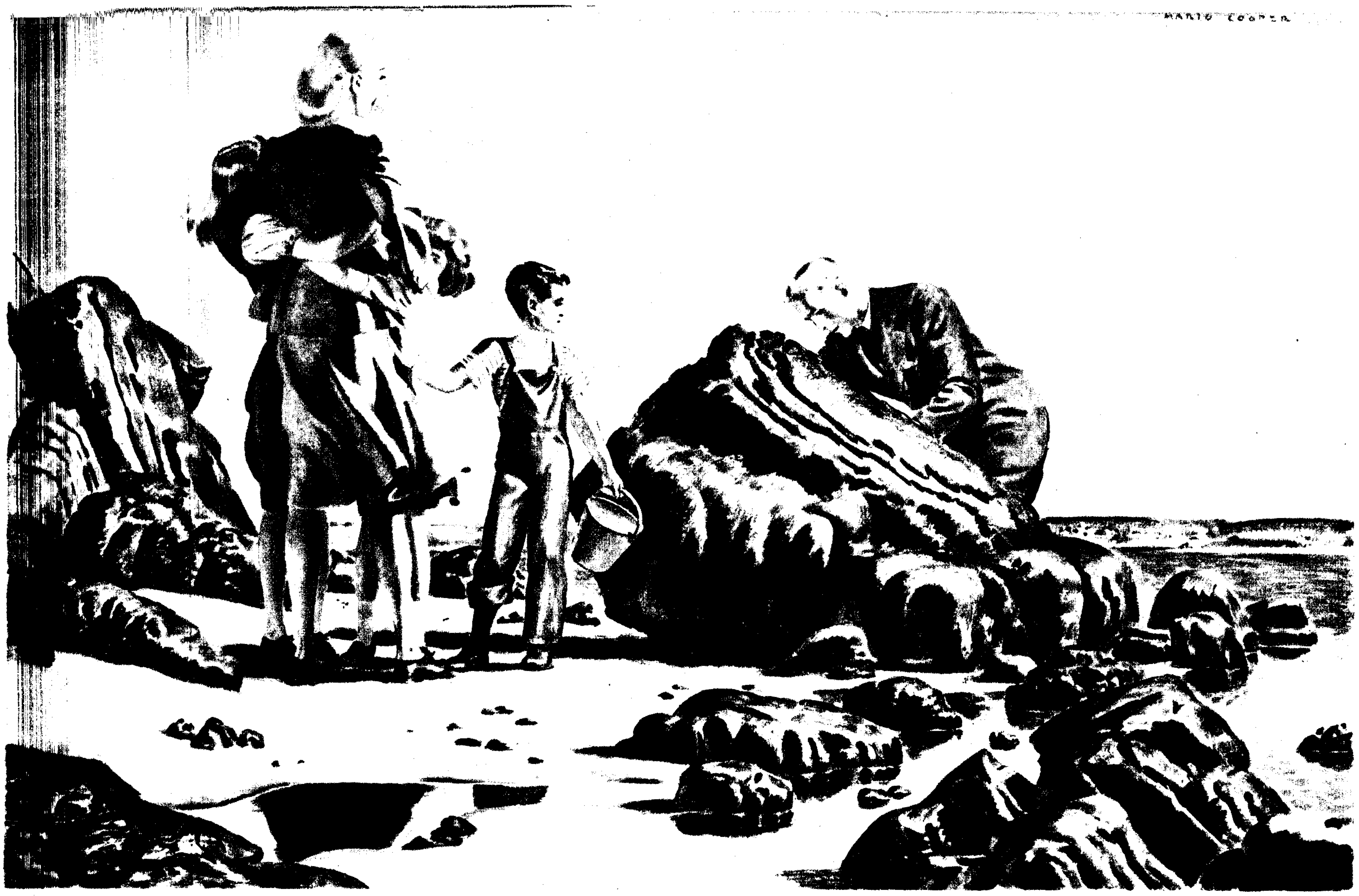
Developed over a period of 40 years of building to the principle, "Craftsmanship a Creed—Accuracy a Law," this mastery of exacting manufacture in volume production is but a wartime projection of the peacetime skill that has so long made Cadillac-built products "The Standard of The World."

*The high-speed M-5 light tank and the M-8 Howitzer Motor Carriage, produced by Cadillac, are equipped with Cadillac V-type engines and Hydra-Matic transmissions.*

*Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY (E) NAVY



"Get the kids back," Alistair told Erin curtly as he bent over the man on the ground

# ESCAPE FROM BEAUTY

### BY PETER PAUL O'MARA

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

THREE beautiful sisters—Moira, Sheila and Erin Hathaway—are raised in the old town of Whitestone, Virginia; they grow up to become internationally famed for their loveliness. Moira marries Jean Desalles, a fabulously wealthy egocentric. Sheila acquires four husbands in succession; her latest is Sir Alistair Bowers, an R.A.F. hero.

Then Erin—on the verge of marriage to a Hollywood magnate—suffers a hideous accident while hunting; her beauty is destroyed. The magnate accepts her verdict that the engagement be broken.

There is a noted facial surgeon, Dr. Greenberg, who may be able to restore her former appearance. Her mother takes Erin to New York, but Greenberg does not operate—Erin runs away, disappears! She has come to welcome her new scarred features as a means of escape from her former shallow social life and the necessity of marrying wealth in order to maintain that life.

The police search for her; they do not find her. When her money gives out she calls on Dr. Dane Johns, a young man who has been brought up as a member of the Hathaway family, and implores him to help her find a job. Johns takes her to Miss Mary, housekeeper of the cottage on Long Island where Moira's three children are living (Desalles, a strange, twisted little man, does not want them in his home). Miss Mary employs her as a maid.

For years Erin has been in love—as have her sisters before her—with a young artist, Stephen Sawyer. Sawyer, an extremely tempestuous man, feels that his experiences on Guadalcanal have deprived him of his ability to paint. Now out of the Army, he believes that if he can only study some of his best work—all of which Desalles has purchased—he may regain his touch. So thinking, he comes from Virginia to ask Desalles (whom he loathes) for the loan of his pictures.

Desalles flatly refuses. Stephen is glad that his masterpiece—a powerful thing showing Moira, Sheila and Erin, in the nude, trampling over their many admirers—has not fallen into the rich man's claws. (An art dealer has the painting and Desalles cannot gain possession—so Stephen thinks.)

By chance Stephen encounters Erin, whom he recognizes, and kisses her brutally. Erin slaps him. Later she discovers his scheme for securing the paintings from Desalles—or have his revenge! *He will elope with Moira!* Perhaps Desalles will be willing to barter the pictures for Moira's return! Erin is horrified, particularly as she is convinced that Moira is mentally deranged as the result of Desalles' cruelties. Summoning Dane Johns for help, she runs to the Desalles mansion. There she finds Sheila and her husband, Desalles, Moira and Stephen. Johns joins them. Erin reveals her disguise, but is too late to prevent Stephen from announcing that he and Moira are going away together.

Suggesting the artist might prefer his paintings to Moira, Desalles leads the way to a vault where he shows them a painting—the very one Sawyer had left with the art dealer! Wild with rage, Stephen grips Desalles by the throat. The other men force them apart.

Then Desalles draws a knife. He does not stab Sawyer—*he stabs the painting!* He stabs it and slashes it until it hangs in tatters in its heavy frame.

## Conclusion

ERIN watched the destruction as though she were seeing a scene in a dream. Stephen gave a sighing groan, like an animal in pain, and made one ineffectual effort to shake himself free of Alistair and Dane. But the picture was ruined; the canvas hung from its frame in long, curling strips. He stared at it stupidly.

"The others?" he said. "The other pictures?"

Jean was still disheveled from Stephen's attack; now he pulled himself together, shrugging his coat down and snapping the knife shut. He turned and swung open the compartment door, so that everyone could see. There were no other pictures.

"Where are they?" Stephen asked, in an odd, empty voice. "What have you done with them?"

"I burned them," Jean's cold voice answered. "They were obscene."

The words did not mean anything for a moment, and Erin stared at Jean with disbelief.

Stephen stood quite still. "Burned?" he said. "Oh, no!"

"I burned each picture as it came into my possession," Jean said, and smiled.

Suddenly, Erin realized what this must mean to Stephen. He could no longer paint, and everything he had painted was gone. Painting was his life, and Jean had slashed the stuff of his life as surely as he had cut the canvas. Stephen shook his head slowly, and his eyes, fixed on the tattered picture, seemed opaque and out of focus; he swayed a little between Dane and Alistair.

Erin touched Dane's hand. "Take him upstairs. Please, Dane!"

"I haven't finished," Jean said.

Dane spoke loudly: "You've done enough for one night." He took Stephen's arm. "Let's get out of here!"

Moira was near the door of the vault, pressed back against the steel wall, her face white and her eyes questioning. As they passed, she reached out a thin hand.

"Stephen!" she whispered. "Stephen—"

He did not look at her; Erin thought he did not even hear his name. His foot caught on the steel frame of the vault door and he almost fell. Erin hurried to take his free arm, and as they left the room she saw Alistair and Sheila move toward her sister.

When they got him upstairs, he went to his bed and stretched out on it, limp and curiously boneless. Dane took off his shoes, and he did not resist. He even swallowed the sedative Dane mixed for him without protest. He did not seem to realize what they were doing or to care who they were. He spoke only once, lying very thin and still with his arms stretched down by his side, his fingers quiet on the coverlet. He looked at Erin with a little frown.

"I never painted anything obscene," he said.

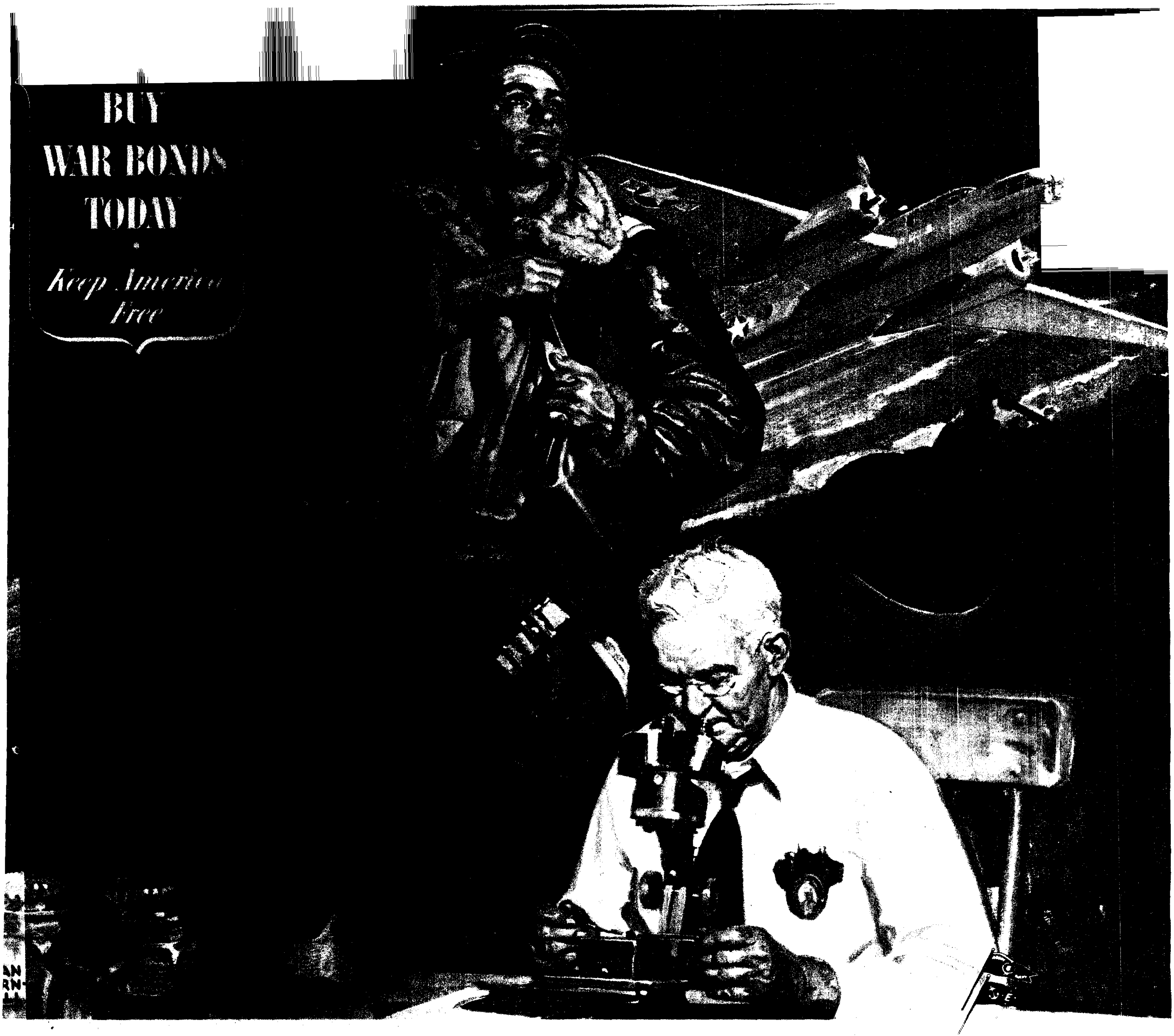
She bent over and caught his hand. "It's all right, Stephen. You'll paint other pictures. Much better ones."

He frowned again, shaking his head. "He buys them, and he burns them."

He looked away from her then, and Erin thought of the old saying about people who turned their faces to the wall and died. This was like that. His eyes were dead, and his hand in hers was cold and somehow lifeless.

"Come, Erin," Dane said. "He's better alone."

His arm was around her and she let him lead her away. But she looked back from the doorway, and her heart was wrenched and her eyes were suddenly full



# Hands across the sky

*The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.*

FROM the skillful hands of our craftsmen to the welcoming hands of airplane pilots, three amazing instruments are now flowing steadily and in volume.

These are the gyro-horizon, the directional gyro, and the remote indicating compass. The first two were designed by Sperry, and are built by Sperry and Fisher Body. The latter was designed by Bendix, and is built by Bendix and Fisher Body.

To meet their specifications, in the volume required, was a challenge to Fisher technicians.

But true craftsmanship knows no limits. And the extreme precision demanded in the manufacture of these instruments was but an extension of notably accurate work done on bombers, gun-breech housings, tanks, anti-aircraft guns, and other armament.

We have learned to bank on craftsmanship — to depend on it. And any time our fighting men need a technical plus to put them in the clear, we'll burn the lights every night till they get it.

. . . .

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

~~BODY~~ *armament* BY Fisher

**DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS**

STAYING POWER
...Today it is EVERYTHING!

Your car *must* hold out. It is a vital unit in essential transportation. Give it every care, every attention, to make sure it sees you through.

Good lubrication is one of the most important steps in protecting your car's staying power. Good lubrication and 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils are one and the same. These fine motor oils are a wise choice always; today they are doubly important because of the thorough, long lasting, trouble-free lubrication which they deliver so dependably.

The basic reason for the quality of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils is the crude oil from which they are refined . . . Pennsylvania Grade Crude. Every oil entitled to use the emblem of this association is made entirely from this crude . . . not a drop of any other.

They have staying power of their own — these oils. They contribute definitely to the staying power of your car.

War takes huge quantities of Pennsylvania Oils, of course. Still there are enough to meet essential needs of civilian cars and trucks. It's good judgment to use them.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

*Care for Your Car*
*for Your Country*

For your protection, fine oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
PERMIT NUMBER..........
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world
COPYRIGHT 1932 U. S. A. BY PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
TRADEMARK REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

BUY WAR BONDS . . . AND BUY AND BUY

of tears. Poor Stephen! He lay so thin and still on the bed. She had known him all her life and had loved him when she was very young, and now there was nothing anyone could do to help him.

AFTER they had closed Stephen's door, Dane took Erin in his arms and held her. She was shivering, and her eyes stung with tears; she wanted to cling to him and weep against his shoulder.

"Easy—" he said. "Take it easy."

She nodded, unable to speak, and drew a deep breath to steady herself. Dane led her to the stairs and on the landing they met Alistair and Sheila coming up. Both were white and strained-looking, and on Alistair's British face there was a look of distaste that was almost comic.

"Foul scene!" he said, in a low voice. "Utterly foul little man!"

Dane said, "I'm taking Erin home."

"Wish we were going with you," Alistair said. "But Sheila won't leave Moira."

"How is Stephen?" Sheila asked quickly.

"I gave him a couple of pills," Dane said. "Call me in the morning, will you, and tell me how things are going?"

Erin wanted to hurry, to get out of this house into the clean night air, and she tightened her fingers on Dane's arm. He glanced at her and led the way down the lovely hanging staircase.

Jean Desalles was standing in the door of the drawing room, watching them, but Erin refused to meet his eyes. She hoped he would not speak, that he would let them go in peace. She could not stand any more tonight, she thought. She simply could not stand another thing. Not even for Moira, sitting quiet and bewildered in the room behind her husband, could she summon up grief or pity or even sympathy.

But Jean stood silent, smiling faintly, and they walked past him silently. Dane opened the big front door, and then at last they were out of the house, out in the cold air.

"It's home and bed for you," Dane said. "I prescribe a glass of hot milk and a long sleep."

In the car, he wrapped a rug around her, and she was grateful for it. When he got in beside her, he put his arm across her shoulders and held her for a moment.

"Never mind, Erin," he said gently.

"It's Stephen," she said. "What a ghastly thing to do to him!"

"He'll recover. You'll see. Human beings have amazing powers of recuperation."

Erin shook her head, and realized with a kind of dull surprise that even Dane did not know what had happened, that quite possibly she was the only one who did—she and Jean Desalles.

"Those pictures," she tried to explain. "They were all Stephen cared for in his past. His hope for the future was in them. Now he has nothing left. It's as if he no longer existed."

"Stop it, darling," he said gently. "Let it go until morning and it won't seem so disastrous."

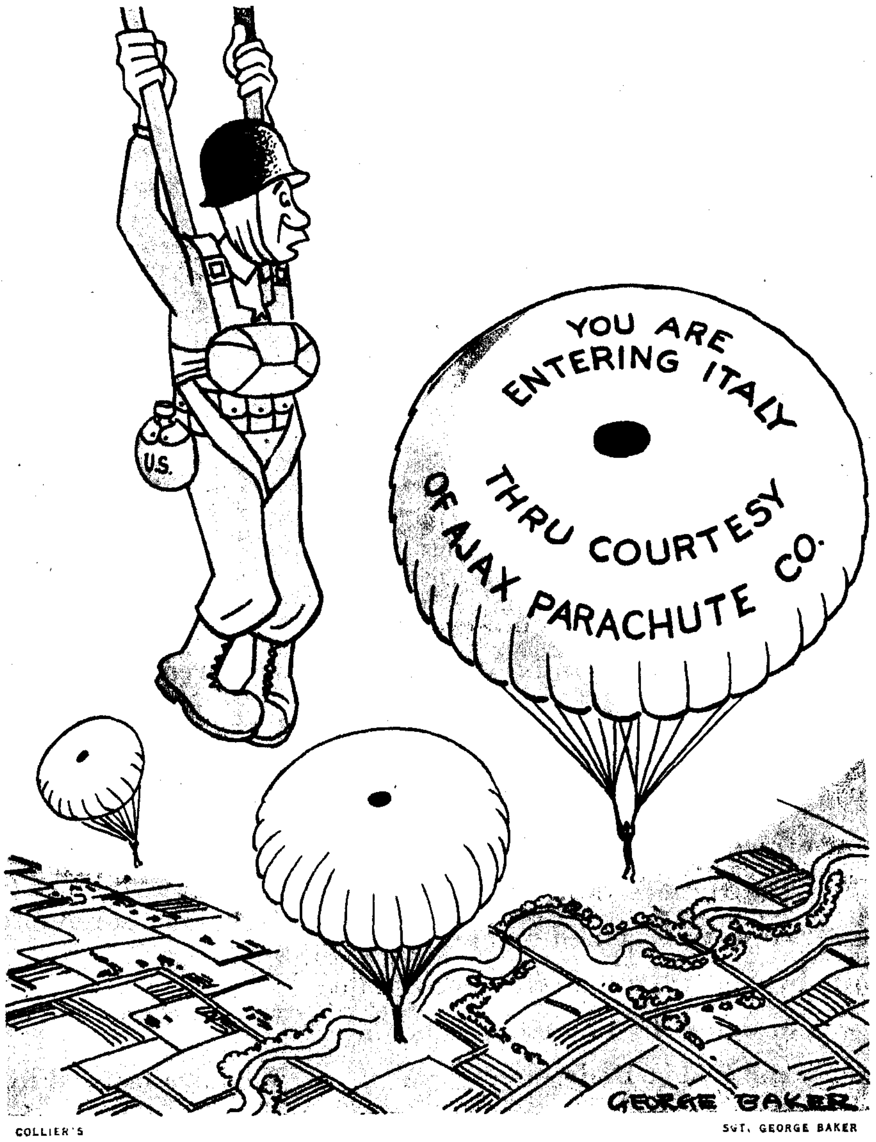
HE RELEASED her then, and they drove through the darkness to the Children's House. She knew very well that nothing would be improved by morning, that the passage of time could not lessen the senseless cruelty of what Jean Desalles had done. Nevertheless, when the car stopped in front of the Children's House, her trembling had ceased, and the tightness across her chest had loosened so that she could breathe.

Dane unwrapped her and led her to the dark little porch. There he took her in his arms and kissed her very gently.

"Forget it!" he said.

"All right," she promised, and realized with surprise that she would try to obey him.

"In the morning when you get up, take the kids and do something violent. Go down to the beach and dig clams."


YOU ARE ENTERING ITALY THRU COURTESY OF AJAX PARACHUTE CO.
U.S.
GEORGE BAKER

COLLIER'S SGT. GEORGE BAKER

"How do you dig clams?" she asked.

He laughed very softly, with his arms still around her. "I don't know a clam from a sea gull. Just do something violent. Exercise is medicinal."

He pushed her roughly into the house, and from a side window she watched him get in his car. She continued to watch until the red taillight disappeared, and then she felt lonely and tired, and wished desperately that he had not gone.

ALISTAIR appeared the next morning as Erin and the children were leaving for the beach. He came strolling up casually, his hands outthrust in the pockets of his tweed jacket—too casually, Erin thought, and felt an immediate anxiety.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

He grinned at her. "Nothing that I know of. Except that beau of yours routed me out of bed and ordered me down here to make sure you were all right."

"Of course, I'm all right," she said a little stiffly. It was odd, hearing Dane called her beau. And oddly pleasant.

"So"—Alistair said, and grinned again, "and what are we up to?"

"We're going hunting clams," Jeanette told him proudly.

"May I come along? What weapon do you use? Rifle? Shotgun?"

The children hooted and displayed their pails and shovels.

"What do you do?" he asked. "Beat them over the head until they surrender?"

They explained to him as they went along the path toward the shore, and Erin was amused and touched to hear him make himself stupid so that they could show off their wisdom. He overcame their initial shyness very easily, but after a while they ran on, and he dropped back to join her.

"Nice youngsters," he said. "Small wonder you're fond of them."

"Have you seen Stephen?" she asked.

He shook his head. "He's still sleeping off Dane's pills, apparently. He wasn't down when I left."

She felt relieved. There was something so healing about the thought of sleep, deep and long, that she could not help hoping that even Stephen would be soothed by it.

The children ran shouting ahead of them through the pine woods until they reached the top of the bluff and stood looking out over the wide blue water under a cloud-flecked sky. As they started down the steep way to the shore, Erin called to them to be careful; the path was slippery and uneven, littered with tumbled rocks. But they paid no attention to her; they ran down recklessly, their pails clattering on the stones, and reached the sand, sliding and tumbling and shrieking with laughter.

"Tractable little savages, aren't they?" she said ironically, as she and Alistair went down after them.

"They're kids," he said. "Can't expect them to be good all the time."

Ahead of them, around the rocky point where the bluff towered into an actual cliff, the yelling of the children ceased. It ended suddenly, cut off in the middle of a sound. Erin frowned and looked at Alistair. His face was still.

"That's queer," he said. "Let's have a look."

Simultaneously they started to run, and when they rounded the bluff, they saw the children standing in a narrow, rocky place where the tide washed almost to the foot of the cliff. They were close together, regarding something at the edge of the water—a floating log or a piece of wreckage. Erin hurried toward them, and saw that it was not a log. It was a man, lying face downward, half in and half out of the water.

"Get the kids back," Alistair told her curtly.

Erin caught the hands of the two girls and pulled them away. They came willingly and stood huddled against her. She called to Pierre, but he did not hear. He stood very still, his eyes full of interest, watching Alistair as he bent over the man on the ground.

Erin felt nothing at all, as Alistair's hands touched the gray-brown skin of the naked shoulders—just a faint curiosity that the man should be wearing only underwear and trousers. The naked feet looked oddly clean and pathetic, moving a little each time a ripple of water passed over them. A sailor, she thought—a sailor, fallen overboard into the dark water from one of the ships that passed up and down the Sound, ghostly in the night.

"Dead," Alistair said. "Been dead for hours."

The little girls moved closer to Erin, and she put her arms around their shoulders protectingly. She was not surprised herself, or shocked. The man had to be dead. No living body could move in the shallow water with that terrible, gentle disjointedness.

Now, carefully, Alistair was turning the body over, and for some reason she could not look. She watched Alistair instead. He must have seen many dead men, she thought with surprise. He must have seen and touched many men who had died abruptly and violently, comrades, friends, men who had eaten and laughed with him and fought by his side.

"Why, look!" Jeanette said, on a rising note of disbelief. "It's Mr. Sawyer!"

Erin waited for herself to feel something, but nothing came, and she knew now that she had known it all along, that she had realized it was Stephen as soon as she had seen the body.

She forced herself to look down. His face was not marked, and his eyes were wide open, staring at the sky through lashes wet with salt water. He looked young and dead. Very young—younger than he had looked in years—and thin; even last night she had not realized how thin he was. A boy, she thought. That was what he was like. A thin, young boy, washed white and cold.

"Take the kids and call Doctor Johns," Alistair said evenly. "I'll wait. Tell him to notify the police."

Her eyes went to his, startled. "Police?"

"It's necessary," he said.

"But it was suicide."

"How do you know?"

"I know Stephen," she said simply. "I should have known last night."

Alistair shrugged. "Probably you're right. But the police like to decide these things for themselves."

Erin started to protest. The idea of strangers, policemen, looking at Stephen's empty body, touching it with careless hands, struck her with irrational disgust. But she knew that Alistair was right.

She hurried the children before her up the cliff path, trying not to think, trying to put from her mind the vision of Stephen, thin and alone, going out into the darkness to escape from the world and Jean Desalles.

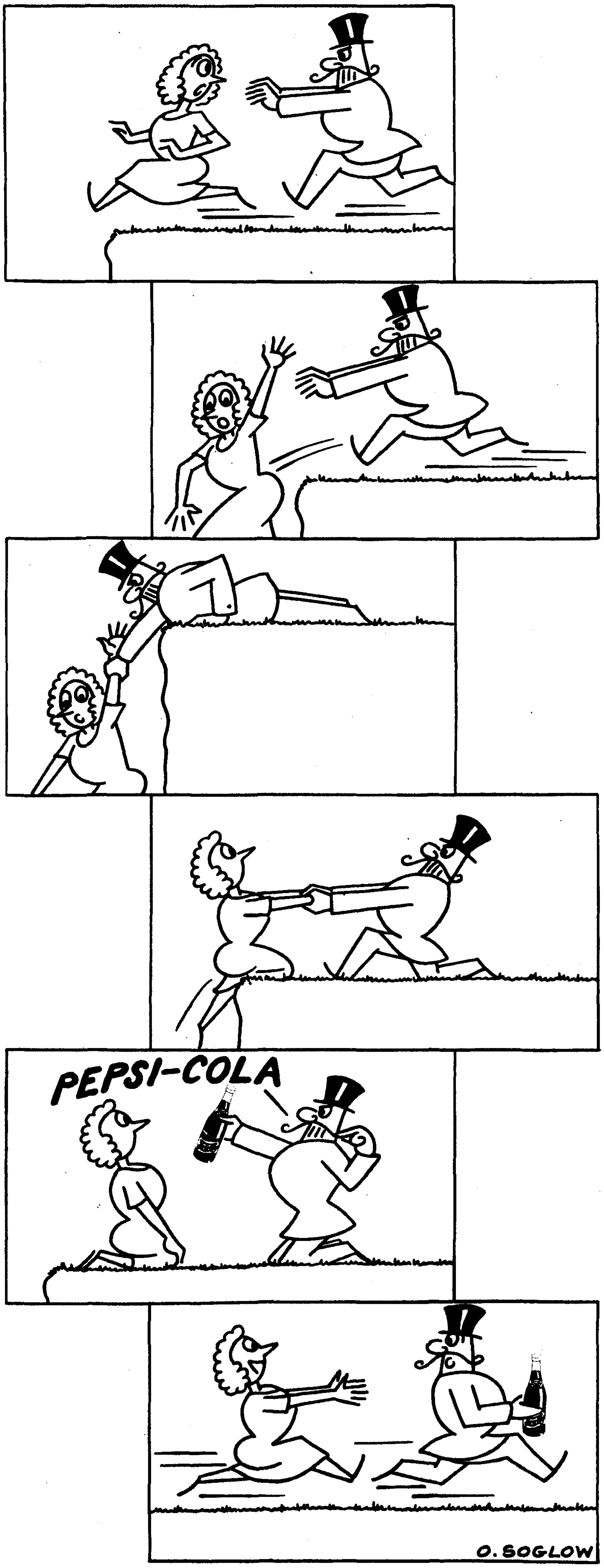
She would call Dane, and then she must telephone her father. She could not let him read of Stephen's death in the newspapers.

DANE watched the men carrying the body work their way up the cliff. Then he started up after them with the police sergeant. At the top, they all rested for a moment to recover their breath.

"Hell of a way to kill yourself," the policeman said.

Dane made a halfhearted protest, because he knew Erin would want him to. "It could have been an accident," he said. "He was under the influence of a heavy sedative. He might have wandered out alone . . ."

The policeman shrugged; it was obvious that he did not care. "He fell or he jumped, as the story goes. We'll know



OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVT.
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
REG. DIST. NO. 19 KY.
Head of the Bourbon Family
OLD GRAND-DAD

● *The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.*

It carries you back—does Old Grand-Dad—to the place where it was born. Because there's the warmth and the mellowness of Kentucky's sunny fields in every drop. But now the supply is limited, as the only available stocks are those laid down before the war. We are trying to keep a regular, steady amount of Old Grand-Dad going to your dealer. It is, necessarily, a smaller amount than he would like to have, or is accustomed to receive. When a bottle comes your way, prize it, guard it—and enjoy it.

*National Distillers Products Corporation, New York* more about it after the autopsy. He might even have drowned."

"He didn't drown," Dane said decidedly. "The back of his head and neck are crushed. He wouldn't have lived long enough to drown."

The men picked up the body again, and they all started for the ambulance parked at the side entrance to the main house. When they arrived they found a little group of people waiting for them in silence, Erin and Sheila with Alistair, and, standing a little apart, Jean Desalles. He looked pale but completely unperturbed. Sheila began to weep softly, and her husband put his arms around her and hid her face against his shoulder. Dane felt proud of Erin, white-faced, but standing steady and alone. After one swift glance at the stretcher, her eyes looked only at Dane, and he went to her.

"How are the kids?" he asked.

"They got over it," she said a little grimly. "As Yvonne said, it isn't every day you find a body."

He was not particularly surprised. "I'm glad of that," he said. "At least, they're not the nervous kind."

There was a small sound behind them, and Dane turned. Moira was at the open door of the house. She stood with one hand on the doorjamb, supporting herself, wearing a white negligee, with her dark hair falling over her shoulders. Her face was quiet and her eyes were remote, staring at the thin shape under the canvas.

Before anybody could stop him, Jean Desalles moved forward to the stretcher. He caught the canvas and pulled it down, and Stephen's face stared up at the sky, his eyes open to the sunlight.

"Poor young man," Jean said softly, and glanced up at his wife. "Poor, headstrong young man!"

Moira looked away, but her expression remained composed. She seemed different, Dane thought, not dazed and afraid as she had been yesterday, but sure of herself and, somehow, serene. After a moment, she turned and went back into the house.

Dane stepped forward and put the canvas back in place. Then he turned on Desalles and said evenly, "One day someone will cut you down to a proper size."

Jean Desalles did not move. He only smiled, but the smile was a threat. Dane stood there for a moment, looking at the little gray man, and knew that his own usefulness at the hospital was done. Erin touched his arm, and he turned to her with relief.

"I'll see if there's anything I can do for Moira," she said.

Dane nodded. "Try to get her to lie down."

ERIN went toward the house, but Jean moved to intercept her. "I'm perfectly capable of taking care of my wife," he said.

"We know," Dane said savagely. "But we'd rather you didn't drive anyone else to suicide today." He nodded to Erin. "Go ahead."

Erin passed her brother-in-law without glancing at him, and the little gray man stood where he was for a minute, looking, for the first time, unsure of himself. Finally he wandered off toward the front of the house.

The ambulance left with the policeman following, and Dane climbed wearily into his own car. Alistair left Sheila's side to lounge over toward him and lean against the door.

"Nasty doing—suicide," he said casually.

Dane shrugged. "The poor guy was fit for it last night. My fault for not realizing."

"Man wants to kill himself, very difficult business to stop him," Alistair said philosophically. "Scandal coming up?"

"I suppose we'll have to try to stop it. For Erin's and Sheila's sake, and for the kids." Dane looked after Desalles, bitterly. "Personally I'd like to see that cold fish plastered over every newspaper in the country."

"Hate to see him get away with it," Alistair agreed. "However, the story is, keep our mouths shut tight, I take it?"

"I suppose so," Dane said, and started the car. "Tell Erin I'll call her later, will you?"

Alistair grinned slightly and waved him off. Dane drove toward the gates, feeling stupid and morose. He should have known better than to leave Sawyer alone last night; if he had been half a doctor, the man might have lived to do greater pictures than any he had painted before.

But maybe not. Each human had to pick his own way through life, and maybe Stephen had known best which way his path led. Maybe that bitter, unhappy soul was better gone, both for its own sake and for the sake of the other lives it touched and twisted.

Who knew, Dane asked himself; who could know?

THERE was silence in the glowing pink shell that was Moira's boudoir, a silence that had not been broken for a long time. Moira sat in a big chair where the windows looked out over the gardens, and the sun streamed in upon her. She was quiet; her eyes and her mouth were quiet, and her hands lay still on the arms of her chair. Erin, across the room, watched her uneasily and tried to be quiet herself, but the inaction tore at her nerves and made her jumpy.

"Isn't there something I could get you?" she said. "A cup of tea?"

Moira smiled very faintly. "No, thank you."

Erin leaned back and tried to relax, ashamed of herself for a fussy old woman, irritated with Moira for being so unmoved. She had sat in that chair for minutes now without stirring, without changing expression. Yesterday had been bad enough, but this new tranquillity, this aloof courtesy, was infinitely worse, because it was unfathomable. You could not tell if it hid sorrow and anger, or if it was only a defensive shell, lovely and hard and vacant.

"I hope you're not brooding over Stephen," Erin said, with an effort, making herself ignore a sense of disloyalty. "He wasn't worth much, you know. He was ruthless and selfish and vindictive. And he didn't love you."

Moira looked at her in faint surprise. "Why should he have loved me?" There was scorn in her shadowy voice.

"But, darling," Erin said, bewildered. "You were going away with him?"

"Because I loved him," Moira said.

Erin suppressed a little shiver. There was something inhuman about Moira's calmness in the face of Stephen's death. She had loved him and she had looked at him dead, and she accepted the fact without any of the rebellion most human beings felt when tragedy struck. It was depressing, but, in a way, it was infuriating, too. It had a kind of nobility that made Erin feel small and wretched and only too human herself.

There was a knock on the door, and Sheila came in, her eyes still red, her nose pink and shiny. Erin glanced at her, and resolved never to weep more than five minutes; any longer made the most beautiful woman look like an orphan with a cold.

"I'll sit here for a while, Erin darling," Sheila said. And then, abashed by the noise she made in the silent room, she asked a little more quietly, "Is she all right?"

"Obviously," Erin said, in a normal voice. "She hasn't done any screaming or carpet-biting yet."

Sheila glanced apprehensively at the still figure in the window. "Erin!" she warned.

"I'm tired of all this pussyfooting," Erin said hotly. "A little plain talk won't do any harm. If someone had told Jean off years ago, we'd never have got into this state."

She stopped and turned, and there was Desalles standing in the door, smiling without amusement.

"Thank you, my dear," he said with a little bow. "Now will you be kind enough to leave me alone with my wife?"

Erin looked at him with loathing and contempt. There was something treacherous about him, something unpredictable and not to be trusted.

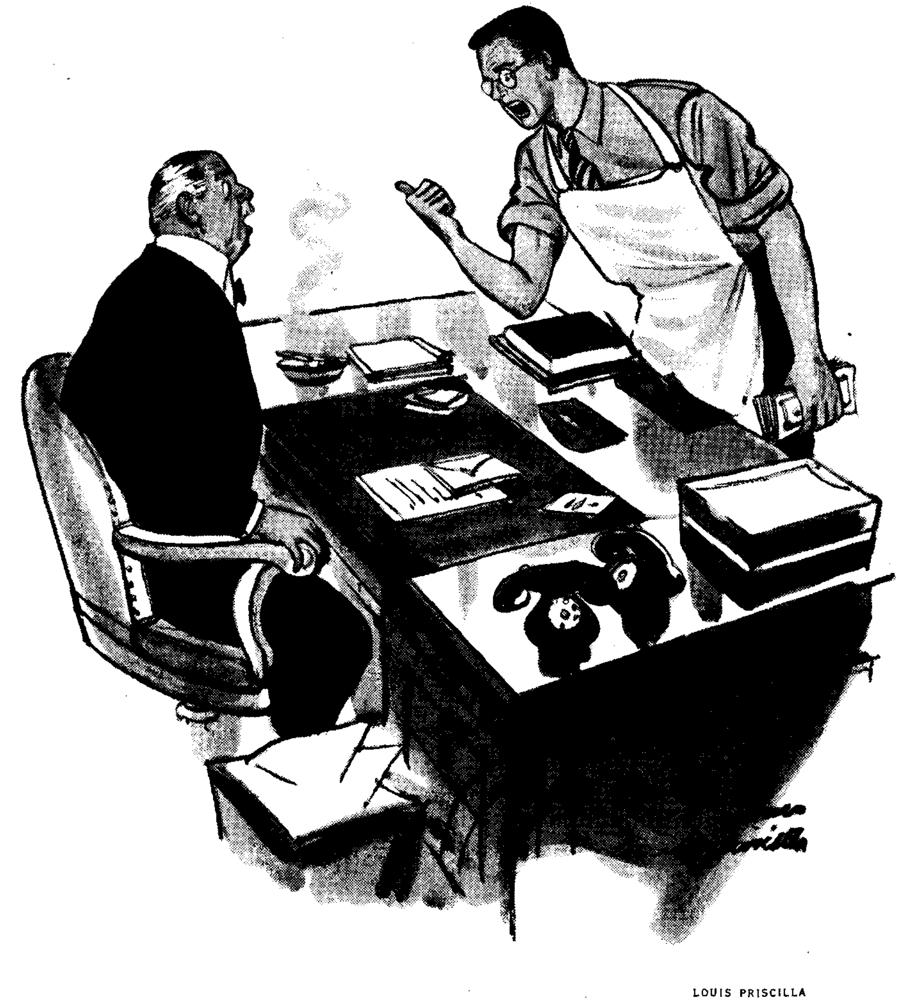
"I'll go if Moira wants me to," she said.

But Moira continued to look out of the window.

"I want to speak to you, Moira," Jean said with a kind of soft sharpness "Alone."

Moira glanced up then, raising h brows with complete indiffere stared at her, baffled and a turned and started for th hear Sheila behind h alone with Jean was on the k stopped her:

"You will unde have a young won



LOUIS PRISCILLA

# THE GO-TO-HELL SYSTEM

ONE of America's biggest and most profitable chemical concerns is a smooth-working outfit because, years ago, the wife of its president invented something she called a Go-to-Hell Fund. She invented this for her husband.

He was a young chemist on his first job, and the salary was small but very necessary. The boss of the concern was a mean, overbearing tyrant, and night after night the young husband came home, threatening to quit.

"Quit on what, Jack?" asked his wife. "We have to live, and jobs are scarce. But if you really want to thumb your nose at that old so-and-so, I've an idea. Every year, from now on, we will save a third of our salary. It'll be tough, I know, but in three years, we'll have a year's income in the bank—and then you can really tell your boss what to do with his old job."

Jack thought it over and agreed: "Okay, Mary. I'd like more than anything to tell that son of a sea cook where to head in. Living on two thirds of my pay won't be easy, but I'll walk into his office one day and tell him to go to hell. And thinking about that day will help."

So, for three years, Jack and Mary scraped along, building up their Go-to-Hell Fund. And one day Jack did walk into the boss' office and told him to take his job and jump in the lake.

Then, backed by the security of the fund, he went out and got himself a job with his present concern. That was twenty years ago, he's boss himself, now.

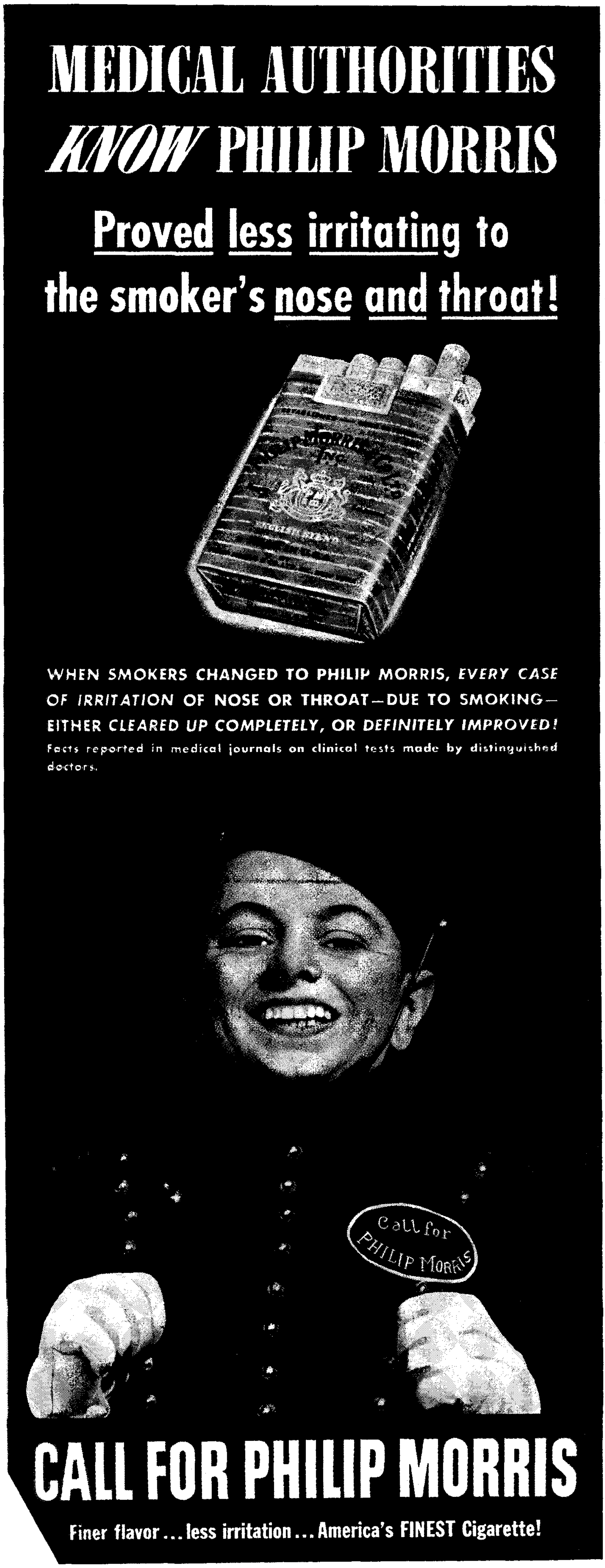
But every man who works for him has a Go-to-Hell Fund—on the advice of the president. Each newcomer, as he's hired, listens to the Old Man tell him the story and usually takes the advice.

"It has two good effects," says the Old Man. "First, it makes everyone here feel free and independent, because he knows he can tell me where to head in at any time.

"Second, it keeps me on my toes giving everyone a square deal and trying to be human. I know darned well if I don't, any of these bright boys can walk in here and tell me what I told my boss a score of years ago—and maybe spit in my eye while he's telling me."

Ironically enough, although scores of men in the plant can walk in any time and give the Old Man the Go-to-Hell treatment, no one ever has.

JIM MARSHALL


MEDICAL AUTHORITIES *KNOW* PHILIP MORRIS

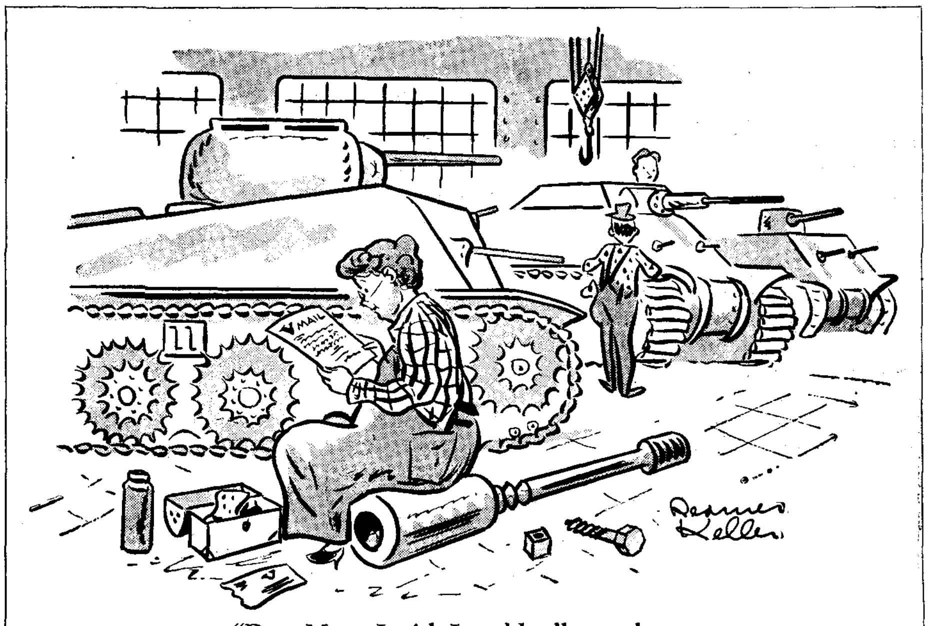
Proved less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor ... less irritation ... America's FINEST Cigarette!



"Dear Mom: I wish I could tell you about our new tanks, but it's a military secret"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

children who gained admission to my house by deception. I'll send you a check tonight."

Erin stood there a moment, frozen, and then, without answering, opened the door and went out. She was at the foot of the stairs half sick with fury, when Sheila caught up and threw her arms around her.

"Erin, darling Erin, what a horrible thing for him to say!"

"I don't care!" Erin said, and shook herself free. "Let him have his kids."

She left Sheila staring after her and ran out of the front door. She walked fast through the woods, trying not to think of leaving the children, of not seeing them any more, of not knowing what he might be doing to them in revenge for their having loved her. It was unbearable, but it would have to be borne, because there was no way for her to stay if Jean Desalles said she must go.

She strode through the woods toward the Children's House. The lovely morning had flown away; the sky was gray now with heavy clouds driven in from the east under a chill wet wind. There was a storm coming, and she felt that it was good. A storm was what she needed, she thought grimly. A storm, or a chance to fight.

THE storm broke in the early afternoon. Rain beat upon the roof and drove heavily against the windows, keeping everyone cooped up in the house, and by teatime Erin's nerves were frayed. The children were fretful and restless and she had never been so close to lashing out at them as she was now that she knew she must lose them. Her love for them had got mixed up with a sort of accusing irritation, because loving them had made her vulnerable.

She tried to laugh at herself, but as the day dripped on, she found self-restraint increasingly difficult. No matter how she tried to steer them away, the children returned invariably to their discovery of Stephen's body, and their conversation grew more and more fantastic until, by late afternoon, it had acquired a tinge of prideful boasting.

"Such a tragedy!" Yvonne said in a ladylike tone. "I wept and wept. Simply buckets."

Jeanette was skeptical. "When?"

"In my room. While I was taking my nap."

Jeanette was still doubtful. "I didn't hear you."

"Ladies don't make noises when they weep. And they don't weep in public."

That avenue was blocked, so Jeanette quickly took the opposite one. "I didn't cry at all," she said proudly. "And I didn't feel a bit sick either. I was quite brave, wasn't I, Erin?"

"Oh, quite!" Erin agreed ironically. "Very rugged characters, the lot of you."

"Why wasn't there any blood?" Pierre asked, and then brightened. "Maybe it got washed off in the water. Did it, Erin?"

"Maybe," she said.

He nodded seriously. "Tomorrow, I'll look."

A horn sounded outside, and Erin went to the front door. It was Dane, and she was pleased to have an adult object for her bad temper.

Dane sat in the car with the door open and beckoned her. She had been waiting all day for him to telephone, and now he seemed to expect her to run through the rain to him while he kept dry.

"I want to talk to you," he called.

"Then learn enough manners to get out of that car," she told him. "Come and ring the bell like a gentleman."

She went back into the house and slammed the door behind her. That would fix him, she thought with satisfaction. She was not one of his nurses whom he could boss around whenever he thought fit. And then she was afraid that perhaps the doorbell would not ring, that Dane might go away and not come back. She was moving toward the window when she heard his footsteps on the porch, and the bell gave a short, angry buzz.

She opened the door. Quickly, he reached in and took her wrist and pulled her out on the porch and down the steps and through the rain to the car.

"When I tell you to come out, I mean it!" he said. "I don't talk to hear myself talking."

He slammed the door behind her and walked around to the driver's seat. When he got in under the wheel, she had recovered enough breath to release her anger.

"Dane Johns—"

"Shut up!" he said. "I've had all the Hathaway temperament I can stomach. For twenty years, I've put up with drama and hysterics and bad temper from the lot of you. For twenty years, I've got you out of trouble, or kept you out of it. For—"

"But Dane—"

"I know. If it hadn't been for your father, I'd have grown up in an orphan asylum. Well, a nice well-run asylum might have had its advantages. No two orphans could get into as much trouble as one Hathaway. And don't argue."

She did not argue. She did not want to. She knew he was right. Now, suddenly, she realized that he had always been their balance wheel, that they had leaned on him and called for him in their dilemmas. And always he had been generous of his time and his thought and his effort.

"I'm sorry," she said at last, and then, when he did not answer, she spoke again:

"What's bothering you now, Dane? Is it something about Stephen?"

"I've been trying to persuade the cops to call it an accident."

"But it was suicide."

"Of course," he said. "But the police don't know as much as we do; they weren't at Desalles' house last night. From the physical evidence, it might have been accident, murder or suicide. Because of Jean, I think they'll call it an accident."

"Dane, did he die quickly?"

"He died when his head struck the rocks."

She leaned back and closed her eyes, thinking of Stephen walking alone out into the darkness and flinging himself over the cliff. Suicide—yes. But there was something evil behind it. Jean Desalles had killed Stephen as surely as though he had led him out by the hand and pushed him over.

She could hear the children shouting in some game, and pain touched her. Tomorrow, she would have to leave them. In the long years before they were grown, Jean Desalles would be able to do anything he wanted to them, to warp and ruin them, and she could do nothing to help them.

She wished with sudden passion that Jean had actually killed Stephen with his own hands, so that the police could take him away and destroy him.

Then a thought struck her, a thought so stupefying that for a moment it frightened her. She examined it disbelievingly, but there was no flaw that she could find. The plan appeared beautiful and whole, born complete in her mind. She sat up slowly.

"Dane, you said it might even have been murder?"

He looked at her curiously. "There's no reason to think that it was. Except morally."

She went on slowly, looking for loopholes. "Could they prove it wasn't murder?"

He looked puzzled. "No one can prove anything."

Some of her excitement seeped into her voice. "The sedative you gave him—would it have dazed him enough so that he might have left the house with someone? Someone who might have led him to the cliff and pushed him over?"

"Possibly," Dane said. "But you know nothing like that happened. You know—"

She interrupted him. "We don't know anything. We can only guess. Dane, I've got a plot. A lovely little plot to save the children. Will you help me?"

"What is it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you."

He did not speak for a moment, and when he did his words came slowly. "I won't lie, Erin. Not even for you."

"You won't have to," she said urgently. "Tell the truth. Just come with me and tell the truth."

He still looked worried. "I don't like it; I mistrust you Hathaways." He hesitated and then capitulated with a shrug. "Somehow I've got a feeling we'll end up in jail."

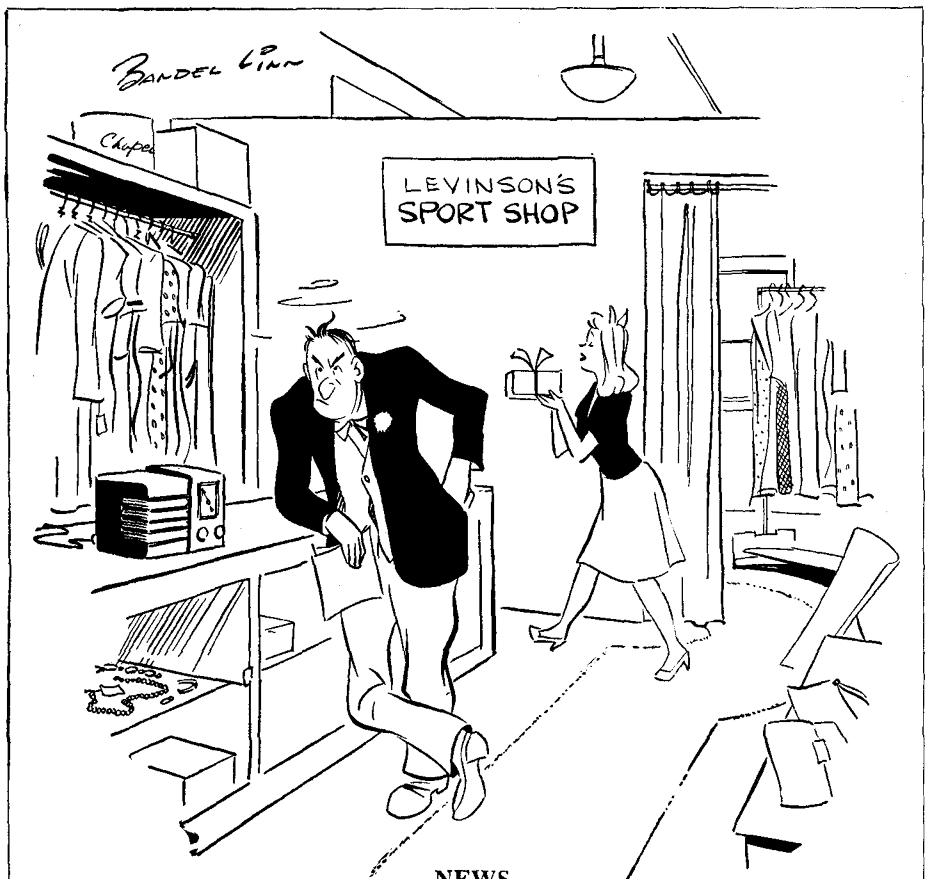
Erin had thought of that. Her plan was risky, but it might work, and it was her only chance. There was nothing to do but try it.

"Where do we go?" Dane asked.

"To the main house," she said. "I want to see Jean."

THEY opened Jean's heavy door without knocking, and Erin led the way into the hall. They stood there for a moment, listening. From the open door of the drawing room came the sound of music, abstracted and irregular, and Erin went toward it. She was not nervous now; it was time to fight back, and the prospect gave her resolution and strength.

They were all in the big, handsome room, and Erin was sorry for that; she would rather have met Jean alone. Moira was sitting on a wide divan in front of the fire, wrapped in the same aloofness she



NEWS

"... it is interesting to note that any violation of these price ceilings may bring penalties of all sorts—including suit for treble damages as outlined in the E.P.C. Act of 1942. The OPA regulations say: 'If during the base period you delivered garments of any other category number which has been purchased at the same cost as the garment you are pricing, your ceiling price is the same as the Rule 1 ceiling price for garments of that other category number which has the same cost. However, if the cost price listed for that other category number on your pricing chart is preceded by an (S), you use subparagraph (3) for the garment you are pricing.' Furthermore ..."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

A QUICK ACTION DENTIFRICE for BUSY PEOPLE

Listerine Tooth Powder contains special high-speed ingredients ... gives "whirlpool" cleansing ... makes every brush stroke count!

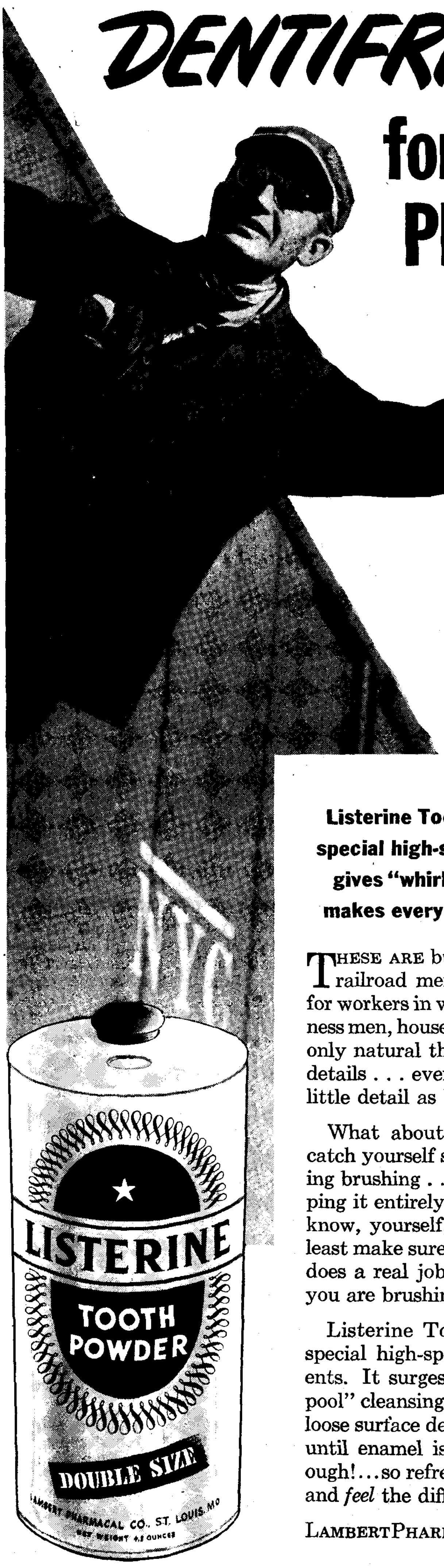
THESE ARE busy times for America's railroad men . . . busy times, too, for workers in war plants, and for business men, housewives, *everybody!* So it's only natural that there's less time for details . . . even for such an *important* little detail as brushing one's teeth.

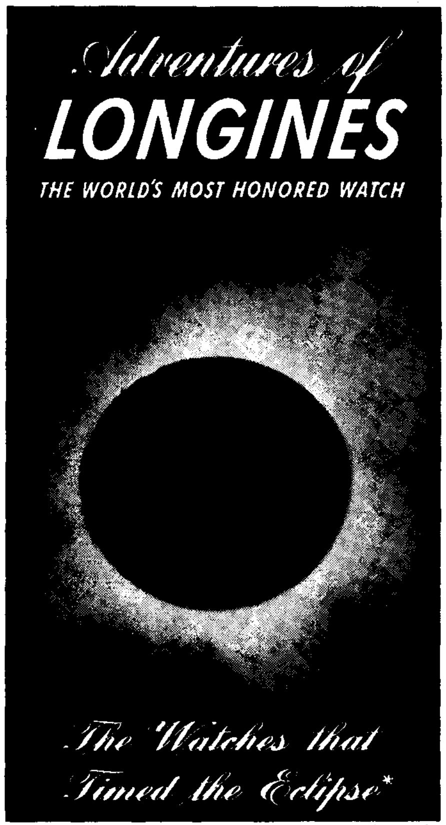
What about *you?* Don't you ever catch yourself skimping on that morning brushing . . . sometimes even skipping it entirely? If you do . . . and you know, yourself, you shouldn't . . . at least make sure to use a dentifrice that does a real job every precious second you are brushing.

Listerine Tooth Powder contains special high-speed energizing ingredients. It surges instantly into "whirlpool" cleansing action . . . sluices away loose surface debris . . . gently polishes until enamel is really clean. So thorough! . . . so refreshing! Get a can today and *feel* the difference!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER



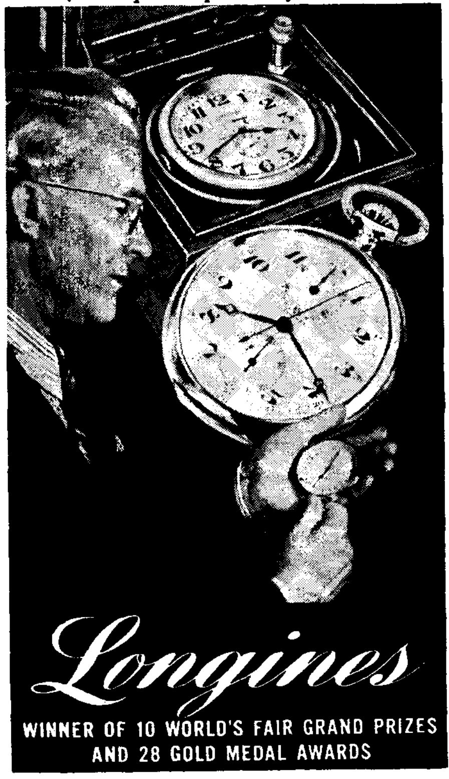


*Photograph by William H. Barton, Jr.*

THE longest eclipse of the sun in 1200 years occurred in 1937. In ancient days, this celestial spectacle was viewed with terror. To scientists, it is an opportunity to study the ghost-like envelope of the sun—the mysterious corona, visible only during the eclipse. ¶ The Hayden Planetarium-Grace Eclipse Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History went to Peru equipped to make "timing calculations of greater precision than ever before attempted on any eclipse", according to Clyde Fisher, leader. The timing equipment, exclusively Longines, consisted of chronometers, chronographs, and Longines 100th Second Timing Watches. ¶ In 1940, these Longines watches were used by the Hayden Planetarium Eclipse Expedition headed by William H. Barton, Jr. ¶ Rigid scientific standards control the choice of equipment for such expeditions. It is a great honor that Longines watches were selected for these and other scientific expeditions.

*From documents in our files

*Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.*


Longines
WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

had worn since morning. Alistair and Sheila, obviously strained and defensive, sat across from her. They looked up to greet Dane and Erin with relief as they came into the room, but she turned directly to Desalles.

Jean was sitting in his favorite place on the piano bench, his fingers light and haphazard on the keyboard. He returned her stare without surprise, smiling his enigmatic smile.

"You have come for your check?" he said. "I told you I would send it down later."

"It won't be necessary," Erin said. "I've decided not to leave."

His eyebrows lifted delicately. "My dear Erin, the alternative would be most unpleasant for us all. Surely you'd prefer to leave with the marshal and Sheila tomorrow—than be evicted?"

"No one is leaving," Erin said calmly, "unless it's you."

The mask of his imperturbability slipped very slightly. "I hadn't planned to leave," he said, "and I rarely do anything I have not planned."

His hands moved over the keyboard like white five-legged insects advancing on each other and then retreating in some dissonant dance of courtship. Erin watched them for a second and then looked up to catch his eyes.

"You hadn't planned on being arrested for Stephen's murder, either," she said clearly. "Had you?"

That shook him. In the gray depths of his eyes she thought she could see the beginnings of bewilderment and fear. Even the hands paused as if they were listening, and there was no sound in the room. Then Jean laughed lightly and his fingers took up their dance.

"Preposterous!" he said.

"I saw it," Erin told him, and was astonished at how calmly she could speak, how calm she felt. "I came up to make sure Stephen was all right. I saw you lead him like a sleepwalker up the path to the cliff top. I saw you push him over."

Jean stared at her momentarily, his glance bright with shrewd speculation, and then he smiled.

"Sawyer came along without protest?" he asked.

Erin looked at Dane and willed him to speak. This was where he must help her; this was where her whole plan would fall down without him. There was a long silence, and she felt her assurance seeping away.

THEN Dane's voice came, level and decisive. "Sawyer was heavily drugged," he said.

Jean's nostrils flickered, but his eyes held to Erin's. "You did nothing. You merely stood by—in silence—and let me murder Stephen Sawyer?"

Erin met his eyes: "I was afraid."

He inclined his head in a half nod, and his fingers struck three ascending chords. Then he turned slowly on the piano bench and faced his wife.

"Moira, perhaps you'd like to tell your sister that she is making a dangerous mistake. All night long I was with you."

Moira's face remained serene and distant. She did not look at him, and for a moment she did not answer. Then, quietly, she got to her feet and walked to the door. She stopped there, turned back to the room and spoke.

"I was asleep," she said quietly. "I slept quite heavily. I had taken sleeping pills. I don't know where you were or what you may have done."

She left then, as though she had no further interest in what went on. Erin, watching Jean, saw his eyes tighten to cold pinpoints of hatred, and elation rose within her. This was victory. She had gambled, and she had won.

Then Jean's eyes came back to her, and the hate was gone, leaving only a mild mockery. "Pretty!" he said. "Pretty!" His voice was almost playful with amusement. "Am I supposed to be frightened by this nonsense? You think the police will listen to it?"

"I'm sure they will." She spoke steadily, though now it was an effort.

"Try them. Tell them to arrest Jean Desalles," he said, his tone mounting. "Then tell them his accuser—his only accuser—is a neurotic girl, half mad with grief for her ruined face. Tell them she was Stephen Sawyer's mistress. Tell them she wormed her way into my house, in disguise, to be near him, so she could carry on her affair under the eyes of my children. Tell the police that!"

Jean brought both hands down on the keys in a crashing discord that hung on the air with the reverberation of a gunshot.

For a second, Erin was sustained by a flame of anger inside her, and then it died. She had lost and she felt stupid and incompetent and very young. She should have known Jean was too shrewd, too strong for her. Standing before him, seeing her defeat in his eyes, she felt infinitely weary. She had done her best, and it had not been enough. There was nothing more she could do.

"And now get out of my house," Jean said briskly. "Take Doctor Johns and get out of my house. And be grateful that I don't have you both thrown into jail."

As she turned away, Dane caught her fingers, and she felt a faint stirring of wonder and gratitude that he was still beside her. Hand in hand, they walked toward the door, and then Alistair spoke.

"Really now, Desalles," he said lightly. "Aren't you being just a bit foolhardy?"

Erin turned in astonishment. Alistair was leaning back on the couch with one arm around Sheila. His expression matched his words—casual and a little sly.

Jean's voice was suddenly harsh. "What do you mean?"

Alistair looked apologetic. "You see, old man, Erin wasn't the only one. I was standing at our bedroom window, and I—well, damn it, I saw you push Sawyer, too!"

For the first time since Erin had known him, Jean Desalles lost his control. He ranted and screamed and cursed them all for liars and blackmailers. But Alistair stood steady as a rock, looking embarrassed, looking even a little frightened, but never wavering. And at last Jean quieted enough to inspect the trap and to see that there was no escape. The word of a vice-marshal of the Royal Air Force would carry weight; in wartime the prestige of an international hero would outweigh the prestige of an international financier.

"Stay then!" he said abruptly. "Stay until you rot, all of you. But this isn't the end. Don't think this is the end!"

He went through the door of his library, slamming it behind him with a noise that echoed through the house.

THEY looked at one another with relief but without triumph, and Erin realized that they were all exhausted, that the last quarter of an hour had not been easy to endure. Sheila was still frightened and bewildered as a child, and Alistair's face had gone so haggard that for the first time Erin remembered that he was convalescing from a terrible wound. Dane seemed distracted, but when he caught her looking at him, he managed to smile.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

Willingly, she got up and went with him, but in the hall she remembered something.

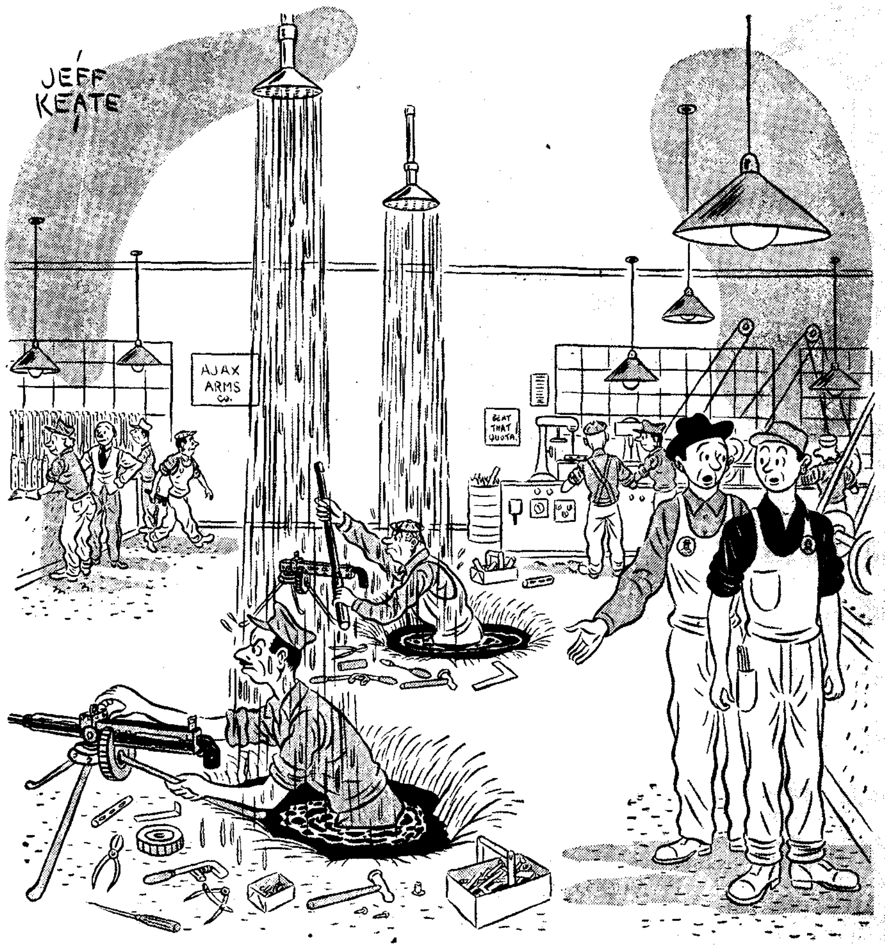
"Will you wait for me in the car, Dane? I must tell Moira."

He assented without enthusiasm. "All right, but don't be long."

She touched his arm and ran up the stairs. Without knocking, she entered Moira's room. Her sister was back in her chair at the window, looking as though she had never moved. Her hands lay still on the chair arms, and her eyes were quiet in her still face as they looked out over the darkening garden.

Erin closed the door and crossed directly to her. She sat down on a little footstool, and took one of the thin hands in hers. It was cold between her own warm palms.

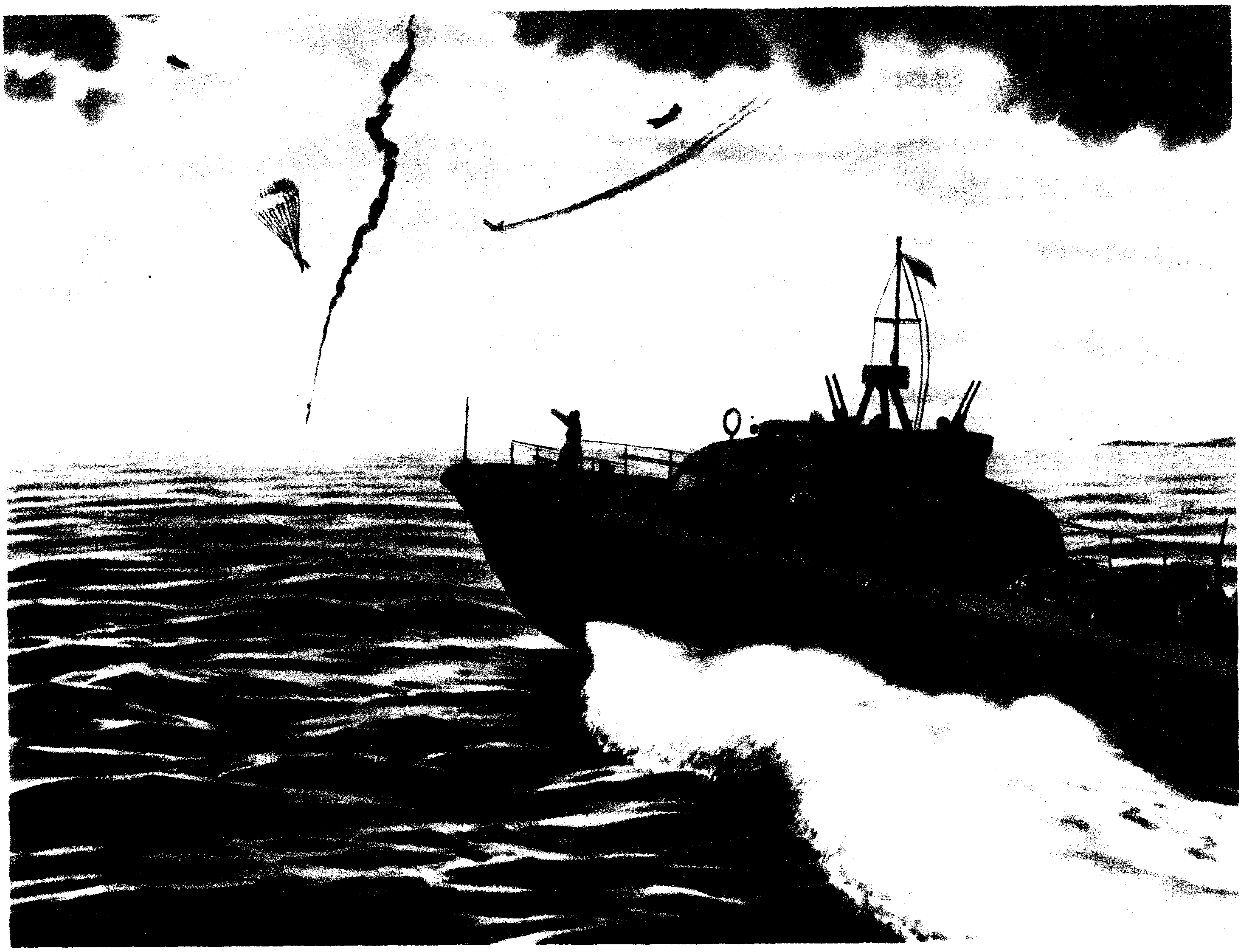
"Moira, we won! Alistair and Dane



COLLIER'S

"It's the boss' way of dealing with grumblers—he makes 'em work under those conditions!"

JEFF KEATE



# The split second that brings 'em back alive

An american pilot bobs on the sea waves, forced down miles from shore.

It's easy to guess the thoughts that flash through his mind—even the mind of an airman used to staking his life on every combat mission.

But then he hears a welcome roar—the roar of an Air Forces rescue boat under full throttle. For a split second it slows down, hauls him aboard, and speeds for home.

From start to finish, rescue work calls for *speed:*

> ***Speed*** handled with such skill that in one area our losses of pilots downed over water were cut 70% in a single month;
>
> ***Speed*** provided by two Packard marine engines, twins of those that drive the Navy's deadly PT boats, precision mates of the engines that power the planes pictured at the right.

The Emergency Rescue Branch of the Army Air Forces was born in August, 1943, but its files already hold some of the war's most dramatic reports. Each boat carries an expert crew, specially trained in rescue work. Their results are reflected in even higher morale among the fliers—and among the folks back home.

Some day, the full story of the Emergency rescue boats can be told. It will add a thrilling chapter to the annals of a fighting service that safeguards its fighting men.

★ ★ ★

If you could visit the Packard aircraft or marine engine plants, you would see many new manufacturing methods that will bring you better, finer Packard cars after the war.

Today, we can spot flaws in metal that used to escape the closest inspection. That's why high-speed parts in your future Packard can be made lighter, but stronger and safer. And they will last longer, too—thanks to other new processes like "nitriding" for hardening metal *surfaces.*

Right now, these new developments are hastening war production. After Victory, they will help to produce the finest Packards ever built.

**ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE**

MUSTANG
fighter

WARHAWK
fighter

HURRICANE
fighter

**PACKARD**

**Precision-built power**

LANCASTER
bomber

MOSQUITO
fighter-bomber

NAVY
PT boats

ONE QUART
SUNSHINE
FARMS INC
APPROVED
MILK
PASTEURIZED
SWAN

# What good is a $10.00 raise ...if it then costs you $12.00 more to live?

SURE WE ALL want a raise . . . but raises today are bad medicine. Bad medicine for you. Bad medicine for everybody else. And here's why . . .

Suppose you do get a raise . . . and a lot of others get one, too. What happens? The cost of manufacturing goes up. Naturally your boss has to add this increase in cost to the price he asks the retailer. And the retailer, in turn, raises his price to the consumer . . . that's YOU.

Multiply these hundreds of items that everybody has to *pay more for* by the thousands of other workers who want raises . . . and by the thousands of business men and farmers who want more money for their products . . . result . . . you and all the others need another raise to make ends meet.

And so it goes . . . wages and prices chase each other up and up . . . until prices get so high that your dollar isn't worth a dollar any more.

So what good is a raise if your living costs go up even faster? And there's so little you can buy today anyway . . . with most factories in war production.

Of course it's hard to give up the luxuries of life . . . and even harder to give up some of the necessities. But this is War! And when you think of the sacrifices our fighting men are making . . . many of them giving up their lives for us . . . no sacrifice we can make should be too great.

So if you want to be able to enjoy the good things of life in the peaceful days to come . . . if you want to speed victory and thus save the lives of thousands of fighting men . . . start doing these seven things now . . .

1. **Buy only what you need.** Take care of what you have. Avoid waste.

2. **Don't try to profit from the war.** Don't ask more than you absolutely *must* for what you have to sell . . . whether it's *goods* or your own *labor* you're selling.

3. **Pay no more than ceiling prices.** Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. Otherwise, you're helping the black-market criminals, hurting yourself and all other good Americans.

4. **Pay taxes willingly.** They're the cheapest way of paying for the war.

5. **Pay off your old debts**—all of them. Don't make new ones.

6. **If you haven't a savings account,** start one. If you have an account, put money in it—regularly. Put money in life insurance, too.

7. **Buy and hold** War Bonds. Don't stop at 10%. Remember—Hitler stops at nothing!

**Use it up . . . Wear it out.**
**Make it do . . . Or do without.**

**HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN**

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America.

and I—we beat him. You needn't worry any more."

The dark eyes left the garden and rested on Erin's face, incurious and unsurprised. "No, Erin?"

"I'm staying with the children. And Sheila will stay on for a while with you."

"No," Moira said quietly. "You must go away. Jean won't stay beaten." A shadow crossed the lovely face, fleeting, almost invisible. "Stephen thought he had beaten him, and Stephen is dead."

Erin repressed a shudder, remembering Jean's words in the drawing room, but she held tight to Moira's hand and spoke confidently.

"But I'm not dead, and neither is Alistair, and we're not going to die. Jean has no weapon against us. Listen, Moira darling, this is your chance. Why don't we take the children and leave? We could take them home—back to Virginia."

There was something hopeless in Moira's faint smile. "Do you think he'd let me go? Or the children? He would rather die himself than give up anything that he has ever owned."

"But there's nothing he could do to stop us."

Moira shook her head slightly; already her attention seemed to be drifting away. "Perhaps," she said, with indifferent disbelief.

"Moira, please listen!" Erin said desperately. "There's something else. I called Daddy to tell him about Stephen, and he said he was coming up."

MOIRA made an effort to concentrate. "Daddy?"

"He'll be here tomorrow, or the day after. He'll want to see you. He'll want to take you away from here."

"No." Moira frowned faintly, as though trying to remember something. "It's no use," she said at last, wearily, and turned back to her window.

Erin felt a surge of pain for her, for the years of pain that it must have taken to do this. She pressed her sister's cold hand between hers and got to her feet. Then, on impulse, she bent over and kissed the white forehead. She was halfway to the door when Moira spoke again, stopping her.

"Erin, what are the children like?"

Erin turned slowly. "They're nice," she said, after a moment. "They're lively, and honest—and nice."

Again Moira's forehead wrinkled with that look of trying to reach back for something. "Yvonne was a pretty baby," she said slowly. "I used to play with her."

Erin thought with a kind of academic surprise that this must be what people meant by the word "heartbreaking." She could feel her own heart so full of pity inside her that it was cracking like fragile china.

"They're all fun, Moira," she said. "You'll find out. You'll learn to play with them. I promise!"

And again that gentle ghost of a smile flickered across Moira's mouth, shadowing it with faint mockery. "Take care of them, Erin. Keep them happy."

"I will," Erin said.

She left then, running down the stairs and out to Dane, still waiting in the rain. She sat beside him, as they drove away, unable to speak, unable to explain, promising herself over and over again that Moira's children would be spared Jean's cruelty. She would take care of them. Come hell or high water, she would take care of them!

When Dane pulled up before the Children's House, she realized that he had been watching her, waiting for her to speak. She looked sideways at him apprehensively.

"At least, you didn't have to lie," she said. "I hope you aren't angry."

"Such a barefaced frame-up." He looked at her and grinned dubiously. "I always knew you were an unscrupulous woman, but Alistair—I never expected him to fall in with you."

"He hates Jean as much—"

"As I do." Dane touched her hand gently. "It's all right—I'm not angry. Just tired. People may die all over Long Island tonight, but they'll have to do it without help from me."

She felt a rush of penitence, and leaned over to kiss him lightly. "Dear Dane!" she said.

"Thank you, kind lady." He smiled wanly. "Another one or two of those might cure me."

"Curing isn't what you need. Go home to bed. I'll call you in the morning."

"But not before noon," he said. "Damned if I'm going to get up before then."

Dear Dane, she thought again, as he drove away. He did not get enough sleep, and people were working him to death because he did not look after himself properly. Something ought to be done about it.

ERIN did not sleep well that night. She was so tired that her eyelids felt as though sand had found its way beneath them, and each time she started to slide into sleep, she would wake with a little jerk, as though something—a noise or a movement—had frightened her. Several times she got up to look at the children and found them quiet and peaceful in their dreams, unworried by anything that had happened that day.

She slept finally, and woke to the insistent sound of a bell ringing. She dragged herself out of sleep, reaching blindly for her alarm clock. It took her several moments to realize that it was the telephone, and by then the children were awake, calling to her anxiously. Rather brusquely, she told them to be quiet and she stumbled downstairs to shut off the awful din.

Dane's voice answered her cross hello. "Erin! Your father and mother just got in from Virginia. They're here with me, right now. We're coming over."

Abruptly, she came awake. "Daddy? How did he get here so soon?"

"They flew. You can get the details when we get there. We're leaving right away."

The sound of the children's voices floating down the stairs made her remember them. "Give me time to get the kids dressed, please, Dane," she said. "Make it a half-hour."

When she had hung up, she looked at her watch and found that it was only five-thirty. She glanced out of the window and found the sky still black and windy. She felt groggy and stupid and excited, and she had to take a cold shower before she felt capable of dealing with the children.

It was more than an hour before their usual time for getting up, but now they were wide awake and full of curiosity and complaints.

"My goodness, it isn't even light yet!" Yvonne exclaimed, in startled horror.

"It's the middle of the night," Jeanette said, looking at the dark windows. "I'll bet the ghosts are still walking."

"With clanking chains," Pierre said sleepily, but with satisfaction, from the bathroom.

ERIN got them downstairs finally, and was giving them breakfast when the doorbell rang. The children were paralyzed with surprise, but Erin went flying to the door and threw it open. Dane was standing there, grinning at her in the light from the open door, and behind him were two shadowy figures.

In her father's arms, she clung fiercely, pressing her face against his weathered cheek and trying not to cry. "Little Erin," he said. "Little Erin, it's good to see you."

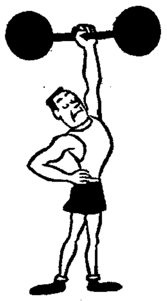
When she finally let him go and stood back to look at him, she realized that her mother had not spoken. Nervously, she turned to face her.

"Hello, Mother," she said quietly. "I'm glad you could come up."

Her mother did not answer, and Erin

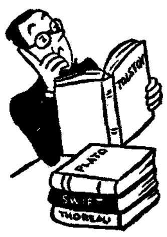
# MAN OF TOMORROW

After the war I'm going to—
Build that pit for barbecue,
Learn to play a hot guitar,
Attend a history seminar,
Spend at least an hour a day
In gyms to keep a paunch away,
Take a trip to Mexico,
Read Tolstoy, Plato, Swift, Thoreau,
Organize my neighborhood
To meet each week for civic good,
Really study up on science,
Make with art a strong alliance,
Make an effort, too, to fatten
My far too slender grasp of Latin
(Always good for *tuum et meum*),
Visit weekly some museum,
Begin a stamp-collecting splurge—
My long-deferred collector's urge—
Study, learn and exercise,
Build and plan and organize—

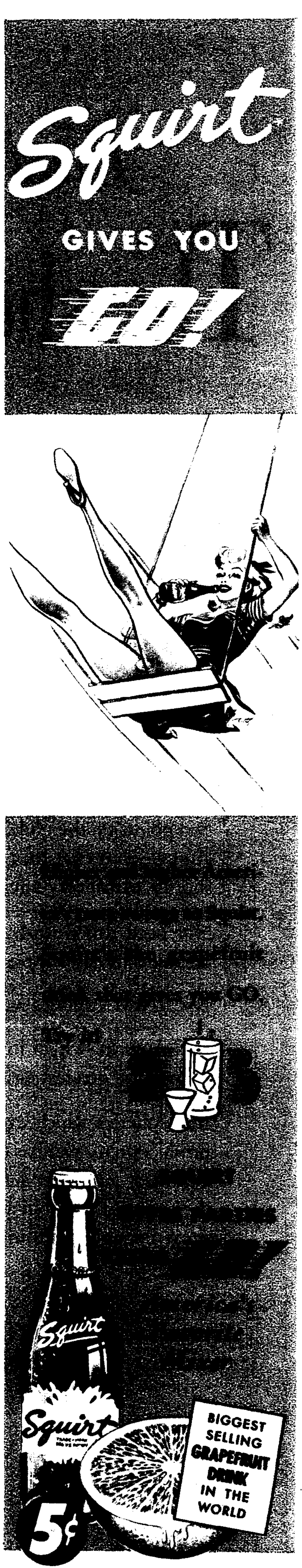


A voice within me mutters, "Tripe!
I know you, buddy! After the war
You'll instantly revert to type
And do just what you did before."

Discouraging, isn't it?



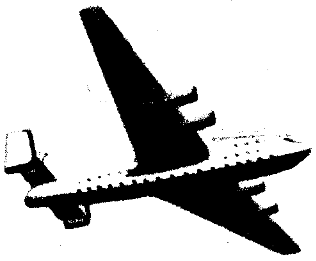
Pfc. Scott Corbett



*Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company • Copyright 1944, The Squirt Company

*War's textbook teaches —*

# The shortest distance between two points is a CURVE!



In *plane geometry* old Euclid's definition of a straight line as the shortest path between two points still holds good.

But in *airplane geography* the hard lessons of war teach us not only that the shortest distance between two points on the globe is the curve of an airplane's flight — but that this distance, time-wise, grows shorter with every advance in aircraft engineering.

Nor need this disturb us, if we remember its full meaning in the happier years beyond victory.

For it was America which invented the airplane.

It is America which in a brief span of months has trained the greatest air force in history.

It is America which, right now, in its huge aircraft production for war has the strength to maintain both a military air power sufficient to prevent any future threat to our freedom and a commercial air industry great enough to insure opportunity and progress for air-minded America as well as to supply a necessary military air reserve.

Yes, America can remain first in air power.

As we at Goodyear Aircraft work the good work of war production — building airplanes and airships for the Navy, supplying needed air parts for both Army and Navy — we see ever-increasing proof of this.

America's aircraft industry, in which we are proud to take a far from small place, can supply both the weapons of defense and the tools of a new and mighty enterprise in the peace our fighting men are winning.

And if we are to be true to them who now make high sacrifice to keep death and desolation from the homeland of the free, America must make full use of this great strength for future good — America must remain first in air power.

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

Akron, Ohio — Litchfield Park, Arizona

GOOD YEAR

GOODYEAR

AIRCRAFT

BENEFITED

Goodyear produ
by Goodyear's e
facilities — by
developments ir
allurgy and ki
tion to being
tires, tubes, v
merous othe
year is one
builders
lighter-th

GOODYEAR RESEARCH

e benefited
.ve research
rous scientific
dynamics, met-
fields. In addi-
:most supplier of
s, brakes and nu-
ation needs, Good-
e nation's principal
oth heavier- and
craft.

good morning! Is supper ready?

*Pop's life is topsy-turvy. He starts work at midnight, grabs a sandwich at four A.M. — eats supper in the morning.*

*Upset living sometimes brings upset stomach. If it happens to you, take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!*

***Never Upset an Upset Stomach!***
*Don't add to the upset* of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

***Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!***
This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating over irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping ing to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. *Get a bottle today!* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

*Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.*

Pepto Bismol

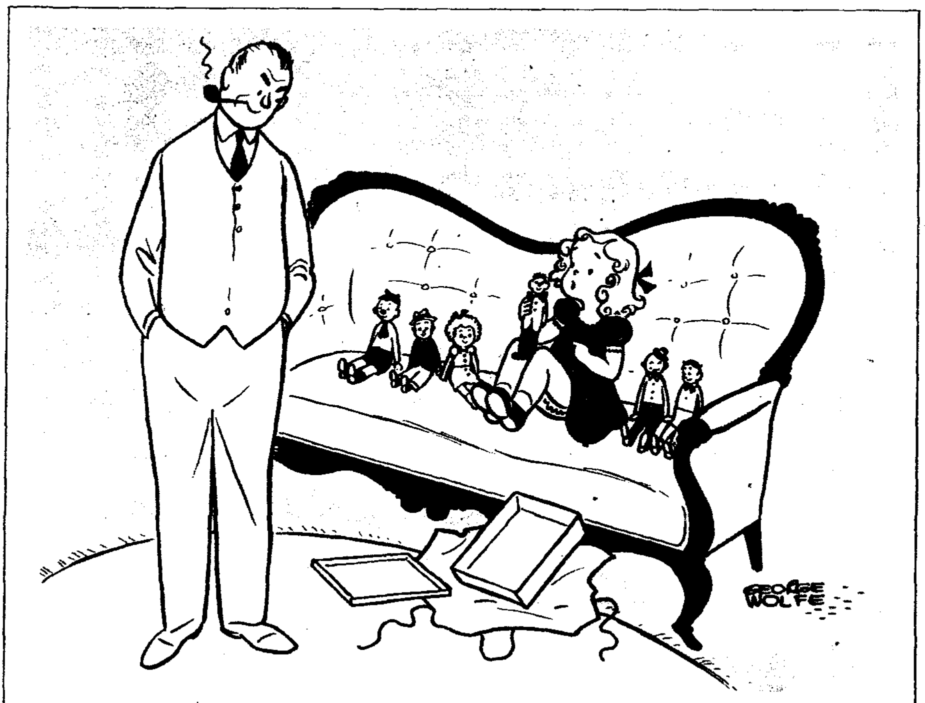
Makers of Unguentine*

Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.



"It must be the war—I'm getting many more boys than girls!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

realized, with sudden shock, that she looked haggard and old and untidy, her eyes red-rimmed and tired. After a moment, she put out her hands toward her daughter in a gesture that was oddly hesitant.

Erin kissed her, shocked and touched. Never in her life had she seen her mother like this. All the force seemed to have gone out of her; the arrogant will that had decided all their problems, that had ordered their lives and dictated their behavior had been shaken. Overnight, she had grown old, Erin thought; old and uncertain.

"Mother," she whispered. "Please, it's all right. Really, it's all right."

Shakily they smiled at each other, and Erin slipped her arm through her mother's.

"Come on," she said. "We were having breakfast. I'll make you all coffee and toast."

THE children were shy at first, but not for long; the arrival of anyone new was an adventure. In a little while, they were climbing over their grandfather, and Pierre was sitting on his grandmother's black satin lap with placid pleasure. Miss Mary appeared finally, prim and disapproving, and took them away.

Then there was a sudden, difficult pause, and Erin waited for someone to speak. She had given her father only the bare fact of Stephen's death over the telephone, and she did not know what Dane might have told them.

It was her father who finally broke the silence, and he spoke heavily and sadly. "You've had a terrible time, my child. We should have come to you. We should have known."

"I did know," her mother said quietly.

"No, Caroline. You mustn't say that." Erin felt the pain under her father's gentleness. "You couldn't have known. Nobody could have known."

"I knew. Almost from the first, I knew that Jean Desalles was vicious. Moira was afraid of him. I should have taken her away."

"But, Mother," Erin asked, "how could you? She was married to him. They had children. There was nothing you could do."

"I failed her. I failed you all. My whole life has been a failure."

Erin saw her father's face constrict; he caught his wife's hand. "Please, please, Mother—let's not go into that again. It's no use."

"I told myself a mother had obligations to her children," the older woman's voice went on, harsh and self-accusing. "I thought it was my duty to see that each of you married well. I did what I thought was right—and I was wrong."

There was anguish in her husband's voice. "Stop it, Caroline—that's all over and done with now."

"No," she said, and the lines of her face seemed to gather together, to regain character and a sort of dignity. "I must make my peace with my children, Warwick. I have wrecked their lives. I must ask their forgiveness."

"Forgiveness for what?" Erin asked, feeling embarrassed and trying to make her voice brisk. "We are reasonably intelligent. We knew what we were doing. If we've botched our lives, it's no fault of yours."

"You see, Caroline?" her father urged.

"You never had a chance," her mother said. "I never let you go your own ways. I never—"

"Oh, Mother!" Erin said sharply. "Stop playing Lady Macbeth. If Moira weren't weak, she'd never have got herself in this mess. Sheila is perfectly happy and so—"

"Poor Sheila!" her mother sighed.

"She's had some very nice husbands," Erin said wryly. "She's had clothes and gewgaws, and she's been everywhere. Everyone loves her—everyone! She has everything she wants to make her happy. And as for me—"

"Yes?"

"I—" Erin looked about the room for a moment, trying to think what she had, and suddenly she heard herself saying, "I have Dane."

"Dane?" Her father stared at her in astonishment. His face lighted up slowly. "You and Dane?"

"We are going to be married," Erin said.

THE words came out quite casually, and she heard them fall into the quiet room with a sense of amazement and incredulity. She had never thought of marrying Dane, not consciously, and now that the words were spoken and echoing about from wall to wall, she was filled with apprehension. Dane knew the Hathaways so well, knew her impulsiveness and her quick tempers. Perhaps he did not want to marry her. She found that she had barely enough courage to turn her head and look at him.

He was smiling at her mother. "Of course," he said gently, "marrying me is not exactly what anyone would wish for her daughter. But I assure you I'll be good to her."

Erin heard the delight in her father's voice, "Dane! Dane, my boy—I am pleased, so pleased!"

UNCLE NED'S
Home Repair
HINTS

RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

**BROKEN PLASTER**

It's easy to repair cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix Rutland with water . . . wet the old plaster . . . and apply with knife or trowel. Rutland is the *original* ready-to-use patching plaster. Extra fine and white. Does not shrink or crack when it sets. Makes a patch as smooth and lasting as the wall itself.

Rutland CONCRETE PATCHER

**HOLES IN CONCRETE**

Never neglect small breaks in cement floors, walks, walls, etc. Mend them promptly with Rutland Concrete Patcher. Just mix with water and apply with trowel.

RUTLAND
No. 4 BLACK ROOFING CEMENT
RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.
RUTLAND, VT. CHICAGO

**LEAKING ROOFS**

Leaks in roofs frequently develop around flashings, chimneys, gutters, etc. Plug them up with Rutland Black Roof Cement. Easily applied with knife or trowel.

**RUTLAND**
**REPAIR PRODUCTS**
Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt.

She turned to her mother. "Are you pleased?"

"Yes." Her mother nodded slowly. "If it is what you want, I am pleased."

"And you, Dane?" Erin looked into his eyes. "Are you—"

"Pleased?" He grinned at her. "Well, moderately."

"Dane!" She felt suddenly timid and vulnerable.

"You see, Mrs. Hathaway," he said lightly, "your daughter inherits your temperament. I had hoped to ask her to marry me—one day—but she has taken the matter out of my hands. If I declined to marry her, my life would be made miserable. So I accept her proposal." He got up and came around the breakfast table to place his hands on Erin's shoulders. "From now on," he laughed, "I won't be able to call my soul my own."

"I won't boss you," Erin said, putting her hands over his. "I swear I won't."

"You will," he said, leaning down to kiss her, "and I'll enjoy it."

With his lips on hers, she felt a wave of affection for him that was almost suffocating. This is what I've been waiting for, she told herself; this is what I've always known was important. This sense of ease, of security, of belonging. And abruptly, in her happiness, she was a little sad. Poor Sheila, she thought, poor dear Sheila, wandering from man to man, never belonging.

"I'm glad for you both," her mother said. "I used to be afraid of this once. I could see it coming and I did my best to prevent it. But now I'm glad."

Erin scarcely had time to wonder at that improbable statement before her mother went on firmly.

"And now there's Moira," she said. "I've made up my mind. Moira is leaving that house this very morning. She cannot stay with Jean Desalles."

Erin shook her head. "She won't go, Mother. I talked to her. She hasn't enough will power left to defy him in anything."

Her mother sniffed, and her eyes took on their old fire. "*I* have will power," she said. "She'll come with me."

"Caroline, I don't know what you intend to do," her husband said worriedly. "You can't just kidnap her if she doesn't want to come. The law—"

"Warwick," she told him tartly, "Moira is my daughter, and I'm quite sure the law isn't going to interfere. That man is wicked. He's insane. I'll not let him hurt Moira any more than she's been hurt already."

"But, Mother, what can you do?" Erin asked.

Her mother got to her feet and now, untidy and haggard though she was, she carried herself with all of her old majesty.

"We're going to get Moira and leave this place. We're going to get her now. Dane, please drive us to the main house."

She started for the door. Behind her back, Erin and Dane and Doctor Hathaway looked at one another helplessly, each of them knowing quite well that there was no stopping her. If they did not go with her, she would go alone, and heaven only knew what might happen. Heaven only knew what might happen anyway, Erin thought grimly, as they got their coats from the hall closet. Her mother did not realize what manner of man Jean Desalles really was.

Suppose they got Moira away from him? And Moira's children? He would never let them go in peace. Sooner or later, he would get them back, by power or persuasion, within the law or without it. And if Moira's life was a hell now, what would it be then?

THEY found Alistair alone at breakfast in the dining room of the big house. He got to his feet and rushed to greet them, but Mrs. Hathaway cut him short.

"I've come for Moira," she said. "Where is she?"

"In bed, I suppose. I'm the only one down yet. Sheila was sleeping like a kitten when I left her."

One of the servants came in then with a pot of coffee, and Mrs. Hathaway motioned him toward her imperiously. Erin suppressed a smile; she had seen that gesture used all over the world, and if it had not made her mother popular, it had never failed to get attention.

"Please tell Mrs. Desalles that her

"Someone in this house is insane!"

The absorbing story of the two wives of Nevile Strange together in a fear-haunted household begins in next week's Collier's

Come and Be Hanged!

by Agatha Christie

WITH Social Security ALONE

CAN YOU HOLD YOUR HOME AFTER 65?

Long before you reach 65, your home can be free from debt . . . but never free from expenses.

To keep it, you'll need money for repairs and taxes. And with all your other living costs, you may find your $40 to $60 monthly Social Security benefits inadequate for your needs.

Yet, you can retire securely at 65 with Social Security and still enjoy your own home . . . the Mutual Life way. Let the friendly Mutual Life man in your community show you, free and without obligation, how Social Security benefits, coordinated with a dependable income from moderate amounts of Mutual Life Insurance, can bring happiness and security to you and yours.

Our 2nd Century of Service

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America" Lewis W. Douglas, President

34 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK CITY

IMPORTANT SOCIAL SECURITY AND LIFE INSURANCE DATA

AN ESTIMATE OF YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS

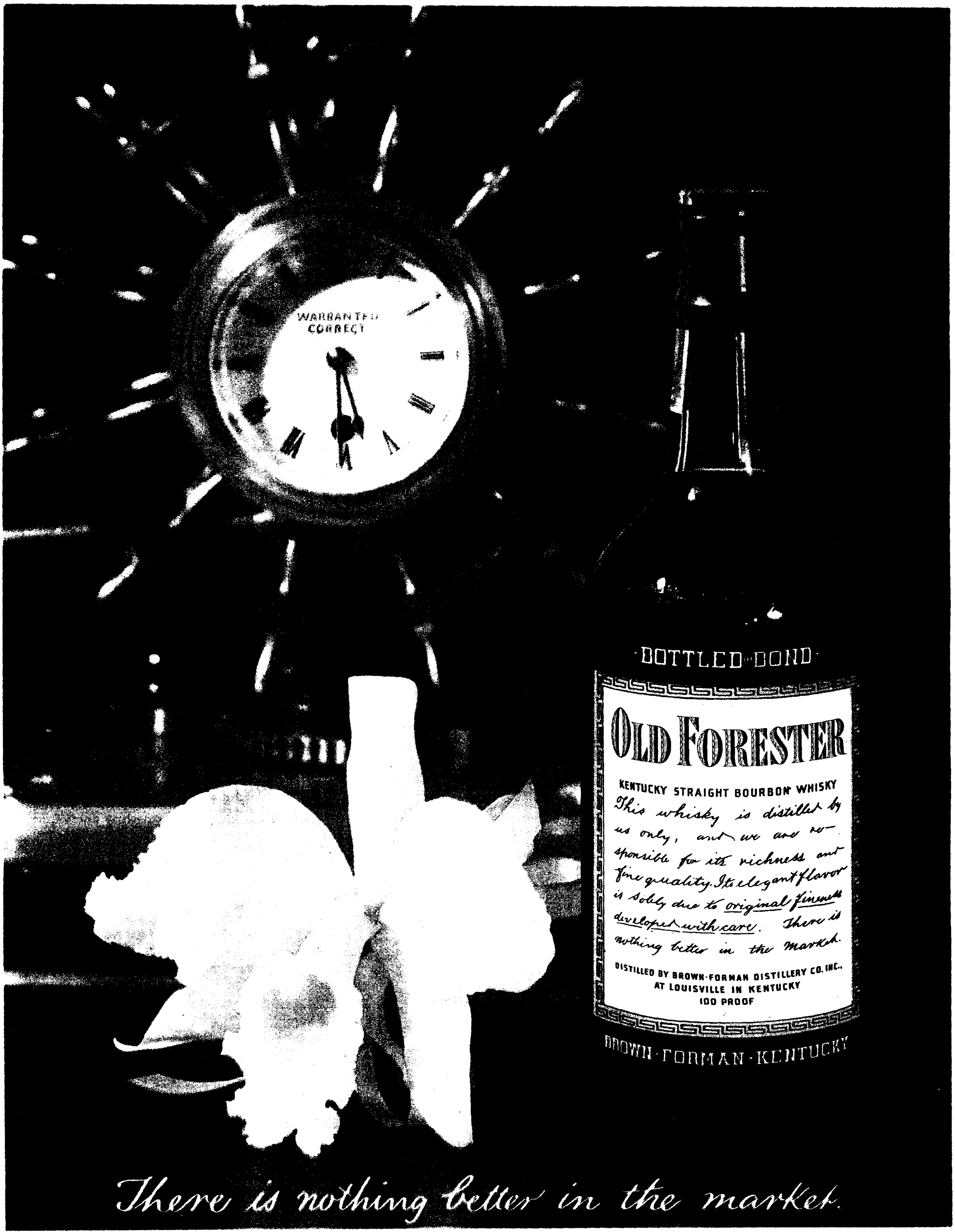
FREE Social Security HELPS

*1. This special* FILE *lists the 7 types of official records required to collect Social Security benefits and also provides a place for their safe keeping. 2. This handy* FOLDER *gives help in estimating your future benefits from Social Security and your life insurance policies. To have both, just mail this coupon today to department CS-10.*

NAME........................................AGE..........

ADDRESS........................................................

OCCUPATION.....................................................


WARRANTED CORRECT
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY mother and father are waiting to see her," the old lady ordered.

The servant put down the coffee. "But if they are asleep, Madam?"

"Wake them!" Mrs. Hathaway said.

The man departed dubiously, and it seemed minutes to Erin before he returned. He looked puzzled. He hesitated in the doorway, his eyes going from one of them to the other.

Doctor Hathaway spoke to him sharply. "Well, man? Are they coming?"

"I got no answer," the man said.

Dane spoke softly. "Did you knock?"

"I knocked twice. No one answered."

Erin felt fear spring up inside her, felt it flicker and grow bright like a lighted lamp. Where was Moira? Where was Jean? Perhaps he had foreseen this and taken her away. Perhaps even now he was gathering up the children into one of his cars, to disappear somewhere across the country. She turned to Alistair.

"Last night—"

"They went to bed very early—"

"This morning? Have you heard them?"

"Not a peep."

Dane started toward the hall. "In that case, we'd better take a look. Come along, Alistair." He stopped in the doorway and smiled back at Erin and her parents. "No need of your bothering. Why don't you wait here?"

"No," Erin said, and was startled by her own vehemence.

Her mother spoke in a flat, tight voice, "Come, Warwick."

ERIN took her father's arm and knew instinctively that he was also afraid. They went out into the hall, a small, silent procession, and began to ascend the stairs. Step by step they went up, and when they came to the door of Moira's bedroom they stopped in silence. Dane reached out a hand and rapped his knuckles on the door. He waited and rapped again.

Behind them the servant said, "I told you."

Dane dropped his hand to the doorknob and twisted it. He stared at it for a moment and then looked up at Alistair. "Locked."

Mrs. Hathaway took one step forward. "Moira!" she called, and then her voice went up a note. "Moira—answer me!"

Silence came back to the hallway, louder than any sound, and Erin felt as if her blood had grown sluggish in her veins. She could not speak. She could not think. She stood and stared at the locked door and clung to her father's arm.

"Break it down," he said softly.

"No," the servant protested.

Alistair gave him a glance and said, "Go away." Then he and Dane put their shoulders against the heavy wood and pushed. It did not budge. They leaned back together and swung hard against it, and under their weight the lock snapped with a high metallic report. The door swung slowly open on the pale pink room.

The wind had blown away the clouds, and now the sunlight was almost blinding as it streamed through the enormous windows. Erin saw Dane and Alistair step inside, and felt an impulse to run away, but then she was inside, too, blinking against the sun's glare. She did not want to look. She felt that she could not look, but she could not close her eyes.

Jean Desalles was sprawled on the great bed, his eyes wide, staring at the ceiling. And in the comfortable chair by the window Moira sat. Her eyes were open, too, and her mouth wore a faint, stiff smile. She looked no different from the way she had looked yesterday, except perhaps a little happier—now that she was dead. Erin knew she was dead before she crossed the room and laid her hand on the cold forehead.

"Oh, dear God!" she heard her mother whisper. "Oh, my dear God!"

She went back and took her mother's hand while Dane made his examinations. Both her mother and father seemed dazed and unbelieving, and Erin felt as if time had almost stopped for them all. Everything Dane did appeared ridiculously slow—as deliberate and stilted as the action in a slow-motion picture.

"Here's a note," Alistair said, and his voice seemed both very loud and a long way off. "It's for you, Erin."

She took it and read it mechanically, using sheer will power to force the words to stop crawling on the page.

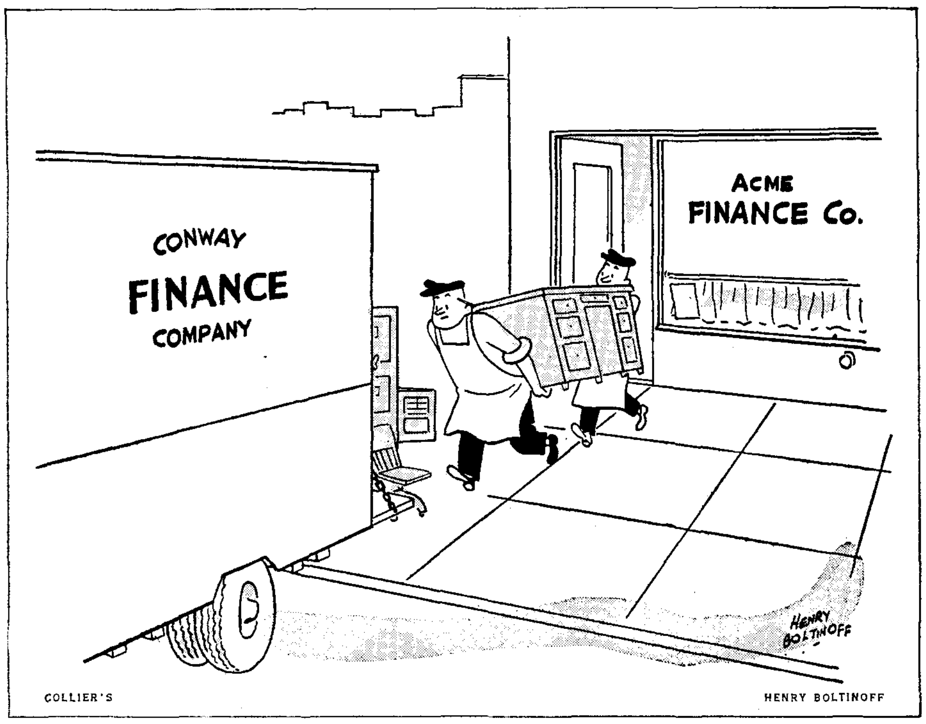
"Dear Erin," it said. "This is the best and easiest way. Take care of the children, and teach them to play. . . . Moira."

She stared at it, feeling only a hollowness, like hunger.

"An opiate," Dane said suddenly, and his voice too was irritatingly loud and booming. He held up an empty brown bottle. "Apparently, they both drank milk before going to bed. It must have been mixed in with that."

Nobody said anything for a moment, and then Alistair spoke, jerkily and apologetically. "Might easily have been another accident—if it weren't for the note, of course. Talk, naturally. People always talk. But they couldn't prove anything."

Erin wished irritably that he would stop mumbling; he was just making matters worse by propounding riddles. She held the note in her hands, frowning at it, and Dane walked across the room and took it from her and put it in his pocket.



COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

"What note?" he asked.

Erin wrinkled her forehead, trying to make her brain work. She could not think or feel or understand anything at all, and Alistair and Dane were deliberately making things worse.

ALL of them—Dane and Alistair and her father and mother—were like figures in an irritating dream, doing and saying preposterous, meaningless things. Even the tears rolling down her mother's ravaged face seemed senseless, and so did her father's hands knotted together on his chest. The bodies, the ridiculous little body on the bed and the lovely body in the rain-washed blazing sunlight of the window, were without pity or terror, without meaning of any kind at all.

The door opened, and Sheila came in. She stood with her hand on the knob, blinking around the room, and her face went ashen. She swayed, and Erin moved forward without volition to catch her as she slipped to the floor.

She looked up at Dane, standing motionless with surprise. "Dane—you're a doctor!" she pleaded wearily. "Get us out of this—this shambles!"

It was three months later, and already summer was here, with the sun blazing down on the green hills and on the Sound, and the fresh, clean winds of June playing around the closed Children's House and walking freely through the open windows and doors of the house Jean Desalles had built for himself and his wife.

Many things had changed in that house. It was no longer silent and forlorn as the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Its halls echoed to the shouting of the children, and long scratches were left on its shining floor by the claws of three cocker spaniels.

THIS afternoon, Erin lay under the pine trees on top of the bluff, watching the children at play and feeling exalted. There was no other way to describe the sense of profound well-being that was within her, the deep physical and mental contentment. It was not merely that the world was good, she thought, and was amused at her own complacency, but that she herself was good in the world.

Jeanette tumbled up, puffing, her red head ablaze in the sun, and then suddenly dark and mysteriously lighted as she came into the shadows to sit beside Erin.

"That Yvonne!" she said, between puffs. "She does think she's something! Now, she's Helen of Troy, launching a thousand ships. And they're only matches!"

Erin grinned lazily. "What did you do?"

"I gave her a good push and told her to grow up," Jeanette confessed freely. "I do think adolescent girls are *so* silly!"

"Well, it's a stage we all go through," Erin said.

"Not me!" Jeanette said vigorously. "If I ever start being adolescent, I hope somebody kicks me in the pants."

"I'll kick you in the pants right now if you don't watch your language," Erin said amiably. "What will Grandma say when she comes up and hears you talk like that?"

"Is she coming back?" Jeanette asked eagerly.

"In August, for a couple of weeks. Would you like it if we went down to Whitestone with her afterward, until school opens?"

Jeanette considered. "Can Dane come, too?" she asked finally.

"You know him. Always busy."

"Then let's stay here. You're a miserable poor creature when he's not around."

Erin rolled over and aimed a hard slap at the thin cotton panties, but the little girl rolled away easily and ran off, laughing. Erin lay on the grass, face downward, and one of the dogs came and licked her ear. She pushed him away twice. The third time she pushed, he felt different and she opened her eyes and sat up quickly and found that he had turned into Dane. He kissed her and sat down beside her.

"Through for the day?" she asked hopefully.

He looked amused. "What do you think?"

"I think the woman who knowingly marries a doctor must be out of her mind."

"Well, you have a nice mind to be out of. Or have you forgotten you were going to be a doctor, too?"

Erin felt a touch of sudden and unexpected and almost unbearable nostalgia for that other Erin—the rebellious, unhappy Erin who had wanted to be a doctor or almost anything else except what she was.

"Maybe later," she said. "When the children are all raised, and I have time on my hands."

Yvonne came up, looking dreamy and bony and quite extraordinarily beautiful. She had daisies twisted into her pale, lovely hair. She greeted Dane absently and then sat down cross-legged in front of Erin and examined her thoroughly.

After a minute or two, Erin began to feel uncomfortable. "If you told me what you were looking for, I might be able to help you find it," she said.

"I was just thinking," Yvonne said kindly. "You know, if it weren't for your mouth, you'd be quite pretty—if it weren't for your nose, of course."

"Is that so!" Erin said, nettled. "I'll have you know I was quite a siren in my day. I could have made you look like a witch."

Yvonne seemed tolerantly amused, but did not answer.

"I could be beautiful again if I wanted, too!" Erin said hotly.

"Then why don't you?" Yvonne asked reasonably.

"I like myself better this way."

YVONNE lifted her eyebrows with ladylike incredulity and was about to say something cutting, when Dane shooed her away. They sat in silence for a few minutes, and Erin fumed quietly to herself. Yvonne could be infuriating when she wanted to be.

"You really should, you know," Dane said at last.

"Should what?"

"Get your face fixed."

"For heaven's sake, are you going to start now?" She tried not to sound irritable, but, inside her, she was disturbed. She wanted things to stay as they were; she did not want to tamper with their happiness.

He caught her hand between the two of his and spoke gently. "Darling, look at me! You're afraid, aren't you?"

"Let Sheila be beautiful," she said.

"But, darling, no matter how your face looked, you'd be the same person. I wouldn't love you any more or any less. You might as well look like yourself."

He was right, and she knew it. Both for the children, and for Dane, she should try to look like herself again. She should try if only because she was afraid, and it was a poor thing to submit to fear. But not yet, she thought. Not yet awhile. Let her have a little space in which to feel safe.

Perhaps later, she thought, and then said aloud, "When I have time."

Dane did not press her. They sat side by side, watching the children pummel one another. It was odd, Erin thought, how Yvonne could change in ten seconds from an almost unbearably poised woman of the world to a child as wild and as winning as any other.

"They're wonderful brats," Dane said, his voice a little wistful. "But I was just thinking. The only trouble with having a ready-made family is, it doesn't leave you much time for starting one of your own."

Erin did not look at him. "That's what *you* think," she said lazily.

THE END

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA

for hyperacid indigestion

RELIEF

when a physician prescribes bicarbonate of soda for hyperacid types of indigestion .. or for any other condition .. our baking soda can be used with complete confidence.

ARM & HAMMER or COW BRAND

PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

ARM & HAMMER CHURCH & CO'S BICARBONATE OF SODA BAKING SODA

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
10 Cedar Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOK, describing uses of Baking Soda, also a set of Colored Bird Cards. (PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

J-60

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY OR TOWN

STATE

BUY WAR BONDS

# Why Our Ships Go Through

Continued from page 15

machine-gun fire if the U-boat is surfaced, thereby cutting down the antiaircraft defense. The bomber follows closely behind and drops its bombs as squarely on the pigboat as possible. Then the planes hover over the scene, looking for survivors and dropping life rafts if they are spied.

But it is a fairly safe bet that they are more interested in taking photographs of the sinking submarine than in humanitarian deeds. For a submarine is not tallied as lost unless there is direct evidence that it has been sunk.

The changes have been momentous since January, 1942. The once-bold undersea marauders are now being tracked down by "killer groups" consisting of carriers, baby flat-tops, destroyer escorts and corvettes, all working together under the direction of Admiral King's 10th Fleet. Three antisubmarine headquarters in Washington, Halifax and Liverpool are in constant communication. Busy little Wrens and Waves hover near huge, secret wall maps, moving pins which show the location of convoys. It is all somewhat like a grim and cosmic football game—with the convoy, like the ball, being passed from air protection to surface protection and then back again.

"But there is this important difference from football," said Rear Admiral Murray in Halifax, "we never kick on third down."

Germany's undersea strength is still great. The 1944 edition of Marinkalendern, Sweden's version of Jane's Fighting Ships, estimates that about 400 U-boats are in operation, and it seems fairly certain that they are equipped with new torpedoes, which explode through magnetic and acoustic devices.

### Learning from the Enemy

American naval authorities do not seem to be unduly disturbed about the new weapons, though. Obviously, they are saying little about how they are being overcome. The United States, it must be remembered, is using submarines to fight an offensive war in the Pacific, at the same time it is scotching U-boats in the Atlantic. New weapons which the Germans —or anybody else—develop may be valuable against the Japanese.

Germany nearly won the last war with the submarine. It is no secret that Doenitz has made great improvements. The modern U-boat is bigger, tougher, faster. It can crash-dive in thirty seconds. Its armament is powerful and its antiaircraft equipment terrific. American naval experts were pondering means of thwarting it long before Pearl Harbor. One development was the fast PT boat, which was expended so heroically in the Pacific. Destroyers and other American naval vessels were equipped so that they could use high-pressure, high-temperature steam which materially increased their range. Sound-detection apparatus was more sensitive and more accurate.

A historic date in the war against the submarine—a date for the superstitious Hitler to note—was Friday, September 13, 1940. On that day Rear Admiral Edward L. Cochrane, chief of the Bureau of Ships, left an American port on a fast liner for England. Unescorted, it made the run at high speed, zigzagging through the debris of ships half sunk by submarines and mines. Admiral Cochrane admits that sailing on a Friday the 13th was not wholly absent from his thoughts during the hazardous voyage, that it made it a touch easier to concentrate on the purpose of his mission. This was to develop, in consultation with the British, some vessel particularly adapted for antisubmarine warfare.

Traditional destroyers were costly. They range between $5,000,000 and $7,000,000 apiece. More important, it takes months to build one. Admiral Cochrane returned to the United States in January, 1941, after another unescorted voyage, with plans for the destroyer escort. It was to cost about half the price of a destroyer. It was to be a speedy, tough, defensive weapon. The yards were jammed, but in November, 1941, fifty of the new craft were ordered for the British under Lend-Lease.

In due course, they were being built by the dozen. One was launched four days after its keel was laid and was commissioned in 25 days. Forty-five were delivered last October and more than 300 were built by the close of last year. Due to mass production, the estimated numbers of man-hours required to build them—1,200,000—has been cut in half. The cost has been slashed from $4,000,000 to less than $3,500,000.

Meanwhile, England was replacing her somewhat slow corvettes with the larger, faster frigates, so named in memory of the ships used by Admiral Horatio Nelson. Canada, whose prewar navy had numbered only 1,700 men—less than the personnel of one battle wagon—was building ships and recruiting men. The Canadian navy now has upward of 70,000 men.

"Can you tolerate my moving over another one ten-thousandth of an inch?"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

Equally important is the building of airpower to the point where that unprotected circle of high danger, in the middle of the Atlantic, no longer exists. The umbrella now covers the entire Atlantic; no convoy lacks its coverage from the moment it sails until it reaches port. The mid-Atlantic gap was closed last May or June by Liberator bombers. They are flown by Royal Canadian Air Force pilots, and can get there with a load of depth charges and return to base. The situation was simplified on the southern life lines by the acquisition of the Azores base.

But air coverage of an entire ocean is a gigantic task. It means never-ending relays of bombers flying out and flying back, as the convoy crawls across the sea, for no aircraft has fuel enough to remain in mid-ocean long. It means split-second timing, an abundance of airplanes and pilots. This is warfare on an unbelievably far-flung stage. In the immense, impersonal distances of sky and air, the patrolling fliers may find and sink a submarine and never see the convoy they are protecting. So with the escort vessels. Ships may be blowing up and depth charges shaking the ocean on one side of a convoy, and the skipper of a DE, far ahead or far on the other side, may know nothing about it, save what little he gets on his radio telephone.

The aircraft are good and so are the ships. But wars are not won merely with machines, however efficient. They are won by men, highly trained in their difficult, dangerous and bloody trade. Both officers and men of the American Navy are given special instruction at schools in Miami and Norfolk. The Canadians give an intensive ten-week command course at Halifax for the antisubmarine officers. The climax is a test in the famous Halifax Action Room, often called the Chamber of Horrors. This realistic training device is soon to be reproduced in the American schools. By means of it, officers and men are put through battle conditions in a laboratory.

The commanding-officer-to-be is ushered onto a pitch-dark circular stage in the center of which is the exact replica of a corvette's bridge, with all its instruments. From it, as his eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, he makes out the faint glimmer which is the horizon of the sea at night. Star shells illumine the shapes of vessels "out there." A tanker burns with a red glare.

The officer gives orders over a ship's communication system, and his own crew, in the wireless room, at the sounding apparatus, at their gun stations—set up in other parts of the elaborate stage—carry them out. When the perspiring victim gives the command "Fire," there is a blinding flash and crash under his nose.

### Test of the Training

Through all this, his right or wrong orders are methodically noted by Wrens in an outer room. Later, he is given problems to work out on the tactical table, where games are played with submarines and ships on a map that covers the floor. According to his handling of his imaginary ship, he gets his command, or goes back for more training.

American naval officers do their postgraduate work at Miami, after sea duty or advanced naval training. About 200 begin an eight-week course every two weeks. On completing it, they are sent to Norfolk for work with their crews or to the yards building their new commands, and then for a shakedown cruise at sea.

Under their care and command, the convoys are getting through. The most spectacular among these, naturally, are the great invasion fleets. The lives of tens of thousands of American soldiers depend on the safety of each convoy. For each one carries a treasure in tanks, aircraft, ordnance, ammunition, food and other necessities of war. Extremely heavy naval forces are used for their protection; aircraft carriers, baby flat-tops, cruisers and sometimes battleships. But the commanding officer is in constant touch with his far-flung armada. Radio communication is rarely possible because the enemy would pick it up. Other means of communication have been evolved which spell safety for men and munitions.

Last Navy Day, October 27th, General George C. Marshall praised "the superb protective convoying of the Navy." He pointed out that more than 2,000,000 American soldiers were now in far-off combat zones. He extended the grateful appreciation of the Army and of their 2,000,000 families. The Anglo-Saxon military leadership, at which Admiral Doenitz had sneered in August, 1942, had safely convoyed them to war.

THE END

Official U. S. Navy photograph

*On a U. S. Navy submarine on active duty*

## When you think what they face every day . . . to keep us safe . . . it seems little enough to give them this one pleasure

From the way they laugh and kid each other about their job—you'd never know they had a homesick moment.

It's mail day that tells the real story. The look in their faces when they get snapshots from home. The way they study them . . . pass them around . . . as if they were something wonderful.

Film is still scarce, the Army and Navy need so much. So make the most of every roll you can get. Snap the people and places you know he longs to see. Make your letter a real "snapshot visit from home" . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

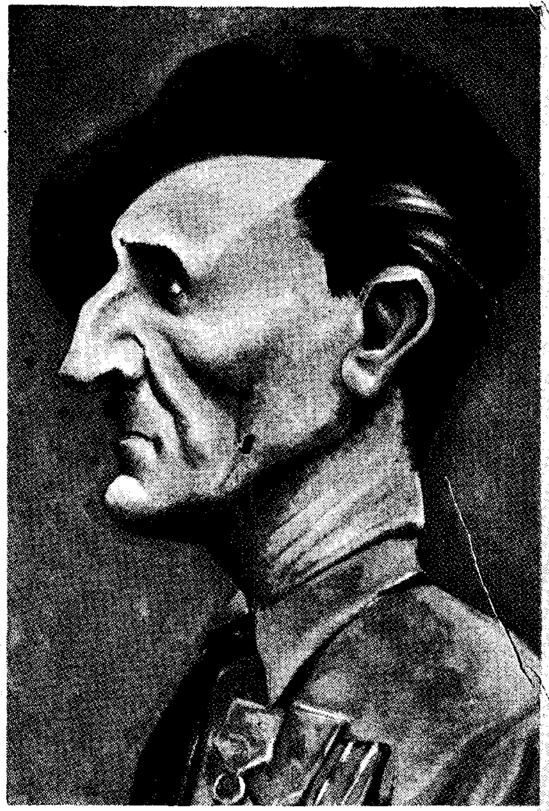
REMEMBER "TAKE HER DOWN"? . . . how the wounded submarine skipper, Commander Howard W. Gilmore, U.S.N., ordered his men to "Take her down"—leaving him wounded outside the conning tower? His was a stern example to us at home.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

# Visit him in SNAPSHOTS

Kodak

# THE Guilty



## JOSEPH DARNAND

### XXXIX

UNHAPPY France! Indomitable France! Unconquerable France! By way of proof, here are some figures, all written in blood and travail; 150,000 French soldiers died in hopeless battle, and an equal number of civilians met death when German planes bombed unprotected towns and villages, and strafed highways packed with fleeing men, women and children; a million Frenchmen are still held as prisoners of war in Germany; 1,500,000 deportees slave in the fields and factories of the Reich, and 700,000 workers toil under guard in labor camps in France, driven by German masters; 85,000 hostages have been shot during four years of terrorism, and 100,000 lives, at a conservative estimate, is the toll taken by murder, torture and street fighting.

Never was a country stripped more effectively of its youth and strength, and yet France fights on, defying German might and rejecting the frantic plea of Vichy for "collaboration." To crush out this stubborn resistance—to beat the French into submission—a new and more merciless campaign has been launched under the direction of one Joseph Darnand.

If all other proof of infamy were lacking, the selection of this man would damn Pierre Laval, for the creature came up into the light out of the mud and grime of the underworld. Although strutting about as head of an organization of ex-soldiers, Darnand's money and political influence came from the bagnios that he owned in Nice. Of all the party leaders, only Laval was ever shameless enough to use him.

Bitter necessities forced the selection. With sabotage and guerrilla warfare increasing, and Hitler hysterically demanding the "restoration of law and order," Laval's desperate need was for a Himmler type, a tool who could be counted on to massacre without regard for the humanities. Joseph Darnand—cunning, ferocious and hate-filled—met his specifications in every detail and, overnight, the brothel landlord was raised from the gutter to be Chief of Security for the whole of France, master of the national militia, the police and the gendarmerie, and supreme power over a prostrate people.

Well indeed has Joseph Darnand justified the faith placed in him by Pierre Laval. Men of the Fighting French, now in this country on secret missions, turn sick as they tell of his atrocities. A brutal sort to begin with, the sight and smell of blood has developed a veritable madness in Darnand, so that he has become more bestial than human.

His "mobile courts-martial," doing away with all pretense of trial, have turned the public squares of France into slaughter pens. Copying Nazi techniques employed in Poland, he has set up "torture chambers" where men and women, suspected of affiliation with the underground, have their nails torn out, their eyeballs seared and their organs mutilated.

Scholars and cultural leaders, as might be expected from Darnand's background, are favorite victims. Not long since, he raided the university town of Grenoble and butchered eighteen professors without the shadow of a pretext. Professor Gosse, eminent mathematician and dean of the faculty of science, was stabbed to death, likewise the young son who tried to save his father. Priests, stigmatized by Darnand as "maggots of unrest," are arrested by wholesale and subjected to every obscene humiliation that his vulgar mind can suggest.

Many of Darnand's strategies and tactics have excited even Himmler's admiration. For example, his men slip into a village under cover of darkness and set fire to a home or shoot some civic leader through the window. Straightway, Darnand brands the "outrage" as the work of underground fiends and, rushing to the scene, arrests and executes ten, fifteen or twenty innocent people.

Another of his tricks is to have secret agents solicit food and money for some well-known charitable purpose and then shoot the donors for having been caught "giving to the underground."

Although head of the police and gendarmerie as well, it is in the so-called national militia that Darnand reposes chief reliance. About 40,000 strong today, and recruited largely from the slums and prisons, this body of criminals has been supplied with arms by the Germans, and even uniformed in black shirts and a Swastika arm band. Senile Marshal Pétain, who created the militia at the insistence of Laval, praised it as a "barrier against evil forces," but it has been, from the very first, a gate through which every desperado in France has marched to kill and burn and plunder.

The end? There is none in sight except the victory of the United Nations that will free France both from the Germans and the collaborationists. Attempts on Darnand's life have failed, due to the closeness with which he is guarded, and Laval does not dare to call a halt on his operations. Hitler demands the "pacification" of the country, and if Laval can't do the job, then he will be kicked out in favor of a more efficient murderer. Knowing that, the Master Traitor must and does urge Darnand to new and greater excesses. And Darnand knows that *his* head will pay the penalty of failure. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

# The Voice of the Turtle

**Continued from page 17**

But Sally, suddenly, was shocked. If you made a date, you kept it. You certainly did not stand up a soldier. She would have no part in helping Olive think up a lie.

But Olive was equal to that, on her own. Within a very few minutes she had roughed out a story about how she had been married some time since she had last seen Bill, how the marriage hadn't taken, but her husband had turned up unexpectedly that afternoon on his last leave. . . .

The front doorbell rang, while she was embroidering it.

"Let him in," she said, bravely, and stretched her face into a bright smile of welcome, as Sally opened the door to the sergeant standing outside. At first glance he was not, as Olive's men were apt not to be when you met them, quite as glamorous as she had made him out. He had a pleasant enough face and manner, but he was not the Gary Cooper she had foolishly expected. Olive rushed at him, kissing him insincerely, and Sally fixed him a highball while he stood taking in the place appreciatively.

"This is very pleasant," he said. "I haven't been in an apartment like this for quite a time."

His eyes measured the chairs and the davenport, as though gauging their comfort, and it seemed to Sally that it was in the same way as that in which a hungry man looks at food. A pity for him stirred in her, that was not lessened when he began to talk of how much he was looking forward to the week end. Olive fidgeted.

"Listen, Bill," she said at length. "There's something I've got to tell you."

SALLY slid to the bedroom door, ignoring Olive's cry of "Don't go, Sally." She was not going to stay there and listen to her telling her story.

In the bedroom, she stood for a moment at the window. It was growing dark, with the street lights blurring in rain. It looked as though they were in for a wet evening. That did not matter to Sally, who was staying home by herself, but it was not going to make things any pleasanter for Bill, to whom Olive was spinning her yarn in the other room. Sally drew the curtains, switched on the lamps and sat down on the bed, forgetting her own loneliness, for the first time in weeks, in her sympathy for his. Presently Olive's voice called. Sally went back.

"I've broken it to him, Sally, and he's been sweet," Olive announced.

Sally stole a glance at Bill, but his face told her nothing. Olive gathered up her things in a relieved whirl.

"Goodby, Bill," she said, kissing him again. "I'll call you. Where are you staying?"

He was not staying anywhere. He had asked for a room at her hotel, but they were all full up. Olive looked remorseful.

"Oh, Bill," she said sadly. "I should have gotten you a room. New York's so full . . ."

"Don't worry, I'll find something," he reassured her. His tone was gay, but it seemed to Sally, as she returned from seeing Olive to the elevator, that his attitude in the armchair was slumped and unhappy. He brightened as he heard her step, however, straightening himself up and rising politely.

"Just give her a minute to get clear, and then I'll go along," he said.

"There's no hurry," Sally answered.

He smiled at that, politely, and then asked if he might use her telephone.

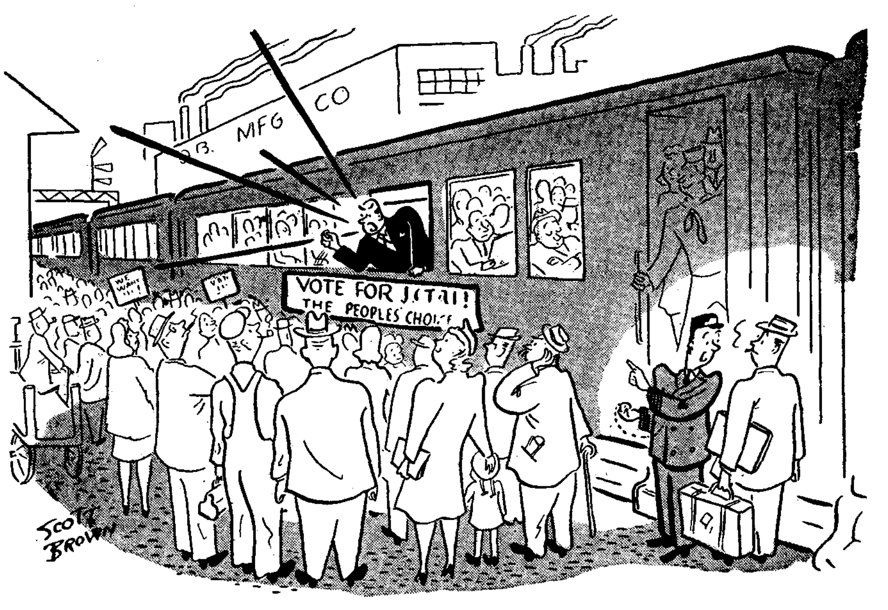
The bedroom was pink and feminine, with soft lights, seeming to belong to a world that he had almost forgotten these last months; a world of gentleness and comfort. He felt suddenly very tired, and it seemed hardly worth the effort to try to make a date. He would rather just go to bed some place and sleep; sleep, maybe, right through till Sunday night when his pass was up. The trouble was that he had no place to sleep in. He would have to go chasing around for a hotel room, and he had better have some dinner first. He took a small black book from his pocket, his mind running over the list of girls he used to know in New York, and dialed Joan Westbury's number.

Ten minutes later, he gave up. Joan married; Alice a Wave; Phyllis gone with her family to live out West. Who else was there? There was Betty. He started to hunt for her number, and then desisted. "Oh, the hell with it," he muttered. "She's probably dead." He parted the curtains. It was raining hard now, in great slanting sheets. His spirits sank still further.

Sally looked up as he came back to the living room.

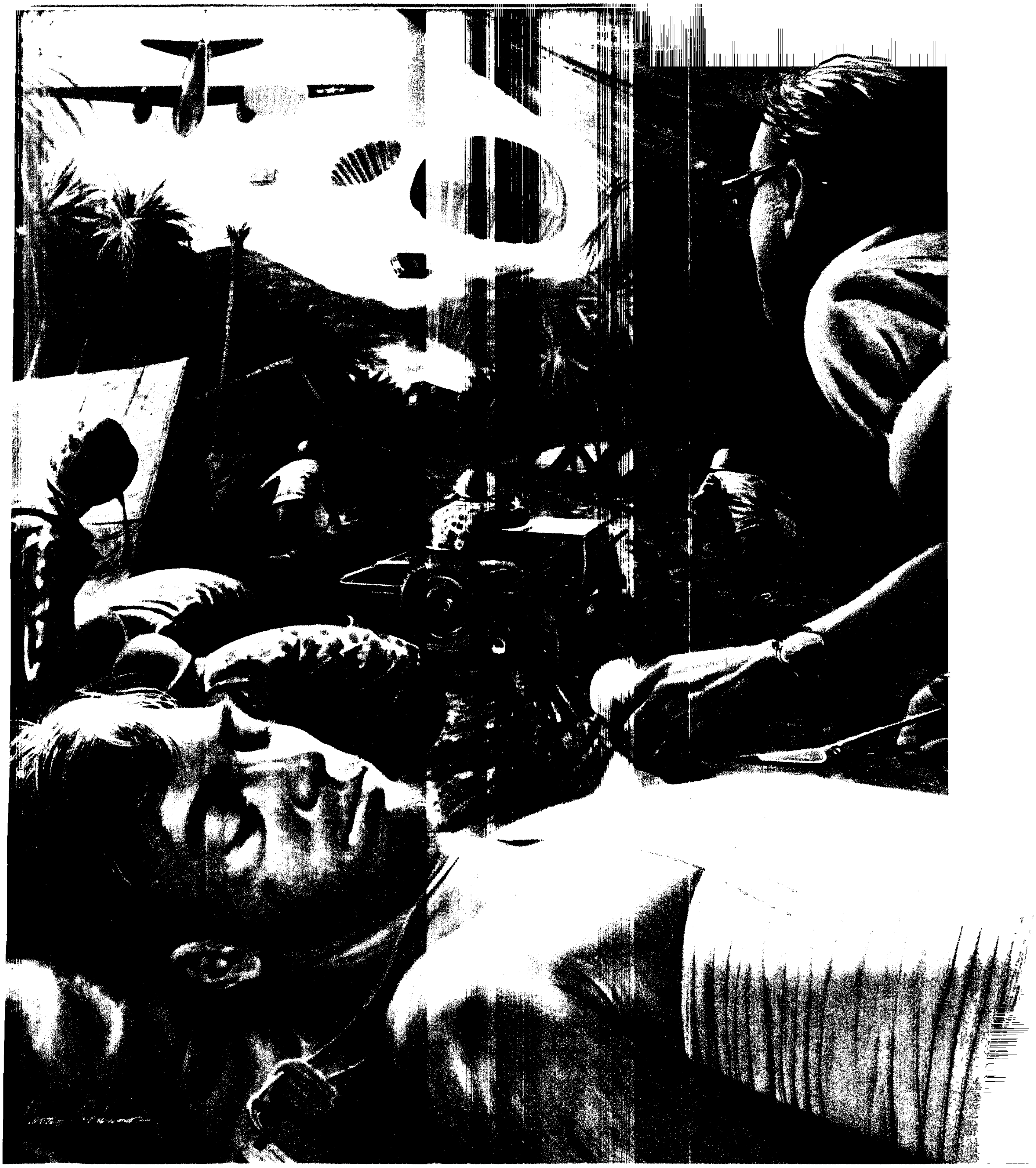
"Did you get your number?" she asked politely.

(*Continued on page* 50)



**"The senator won't make his speeches from the rear platform this year. He's afraid that while he's back there somebody might take his seat"**

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN



## The X-Ray machine they dropped from the Sky!

"Down . . . down . . . they came! Three boxes that would save the lives of some of those wounded kids in the jungle.

"Eight minutes later . . . the machine was set up and taking an X-ray of Johnny's back . . . the bullet was four inches deep and close to the spine . . ."

Today the amazing Picker X-ray machine is being dropped by parachute or carried by jeep to front lines all over the world. It can do things within sound of battle that were formerly possible only in base hospitals.

An important part of this machine is an electrical indicating instrument . . . one of a large number of precision instruments that Gruen is proud to be making for war

We like to think our seventy years experience with *Precision* Watches is helping American boys in their hour of need . . . We hope you'll think of this, too, if you are unable to obtain the particular Gruen watch you want today. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

***GRUEN . . . MAKERS OF THE PRECISION WATCH . . . AND PRECISION INSTRUMENTS FOR WAR***

**BUY A GRUEN?**
**BUY A WAR BOND FIRST!**

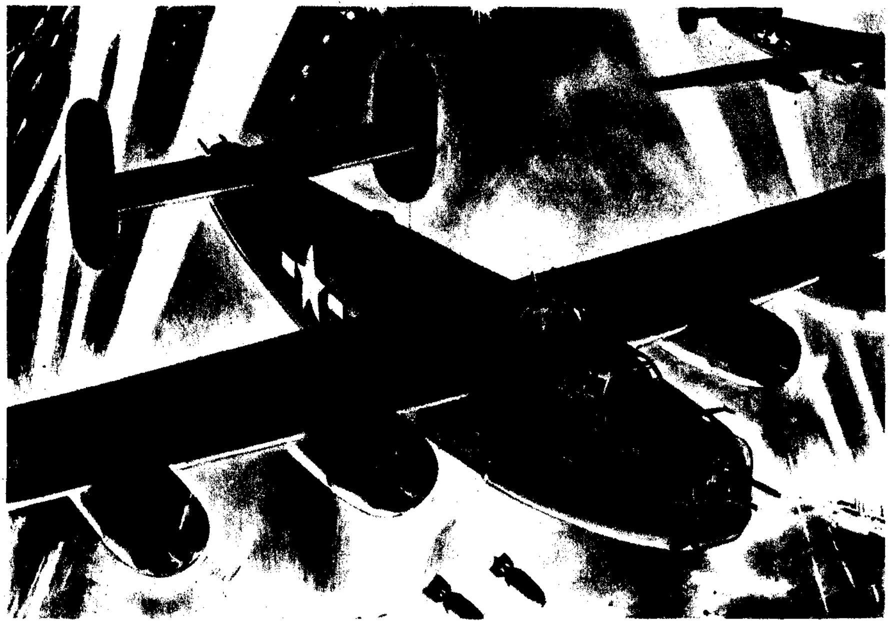
**GRUEN**
**THE PRECISION WATCH**

PRECISION AND
THE PRECISION WATCH
ARE THE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS
OF THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY
COPYRIGHT 1944 THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY

**AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874**

## As a Liberator pilot put it:

# "One of their cities is missing!"



**1. 40 minutes ago,** there were Nazi factories down there building Focke-Wulf 190's and machine guns. Now there are no factories. Not even a city. For the last of 1000 Allied bombers has just dropped its block busters and is heading for home.

Back of this 1000-bomber sweep is a story not many people know—a story quite apart from that of the heroism and sacrifice of the bomber crews. It has to do with the terrific problem of supply in waging aerial warfare. For example...

1,600,000 gal. gasoline

60,000 gal. oil

3,250,000 rounds machine-gun ammunition

4000 tons bombs

300 tons food

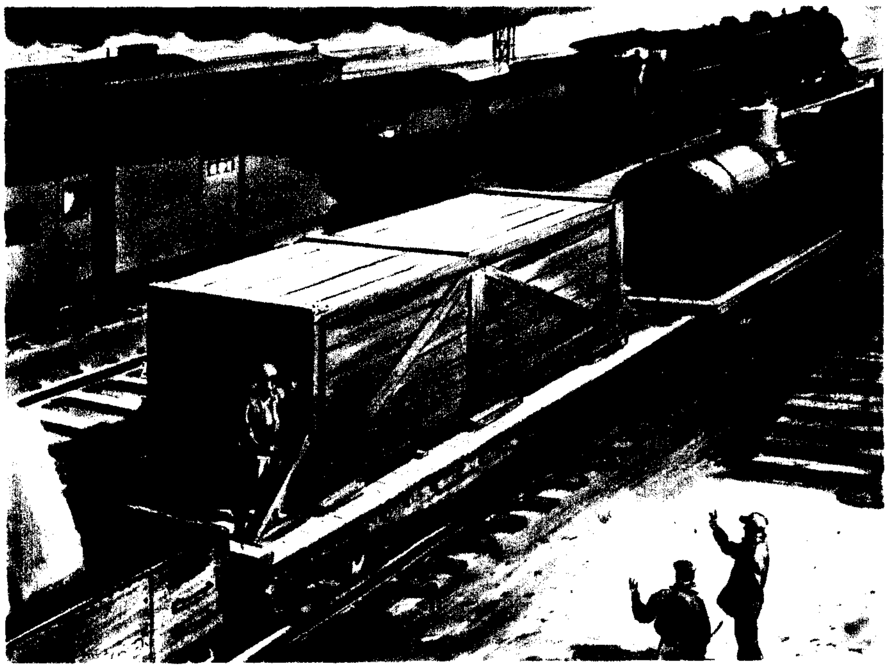
46 complete bombers lost

426 bomber engine replacements

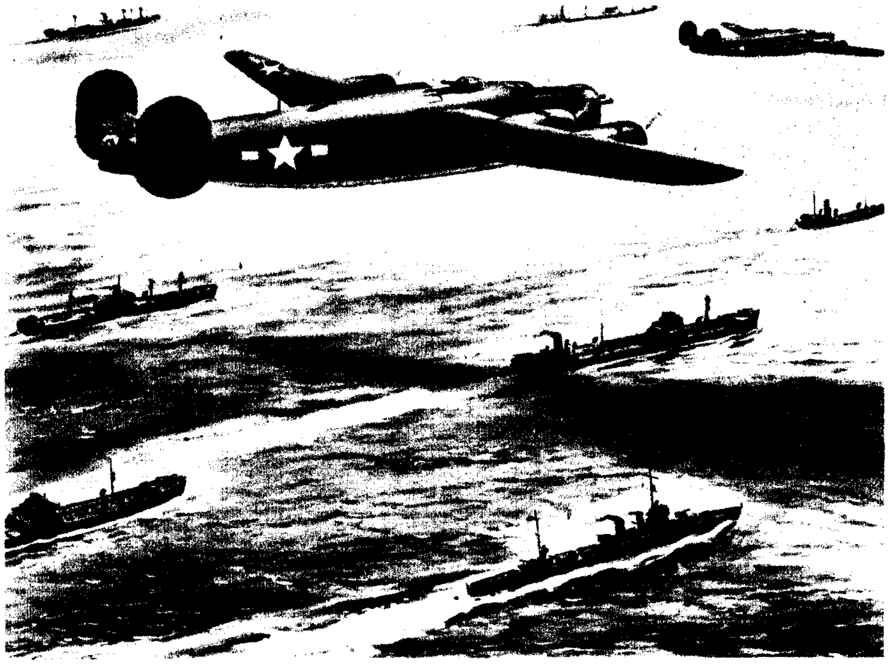
75 tons other replacements: armament, tires, parachutes, radios, wing sections, instruments, oxygen tanks, bomb sights, etc.

(The figures given above are approximate)

**2. Above, you get a rough idea** of the cost, *in material alone,* to send 1000 4-engine bombers over Germany. How can Bomber Command get *another* 300 tons of food...*1 day's supply for the 150,000 men it takes to put 1000 bombers over the target?* Another 160 tank cars of aviation gasoline? Another 4000 tons of bombs? Not just for tomorrow, but for the next day, and the next. *Answer:* That's where Air Power's three teammates come into the picture—the train, truck, and ship...

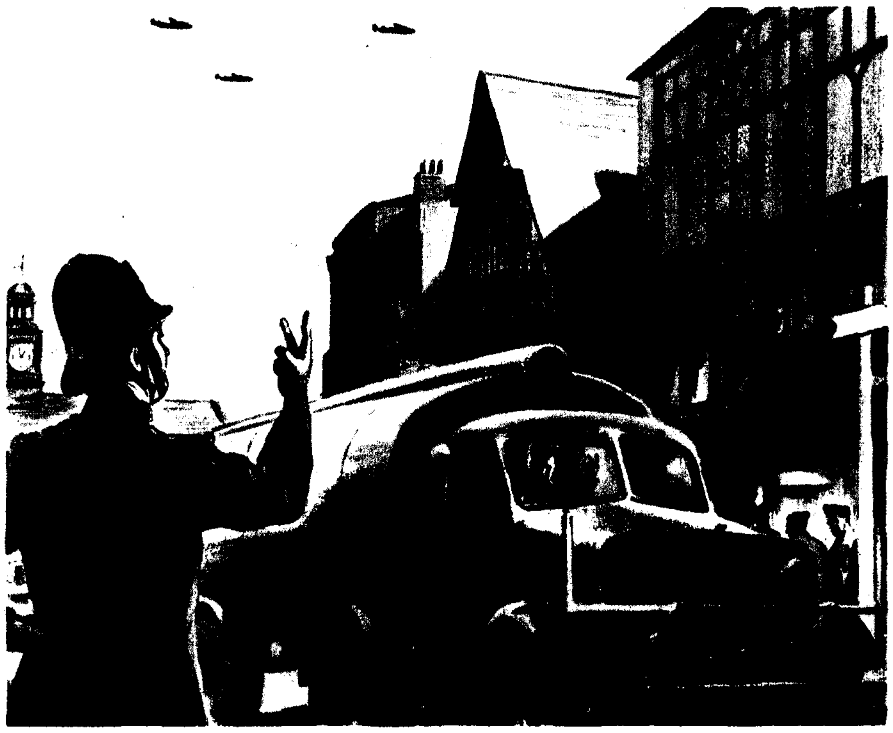


**3. If your sleeper is shunted to a siding,** remember this: It is probably being held up to let a fast freight streak through—tank cars of gasoline, cars loaded with spare bomber parts, engines, crates of nested bombs, tons of food, ammunition, and all the rest. Getting Bomber Command's supplies from factory to seaboard is the first lap in a 1000-bomber attack on Germany. And in this relay race to Victory, the railroads of America are doing a magnificent job!



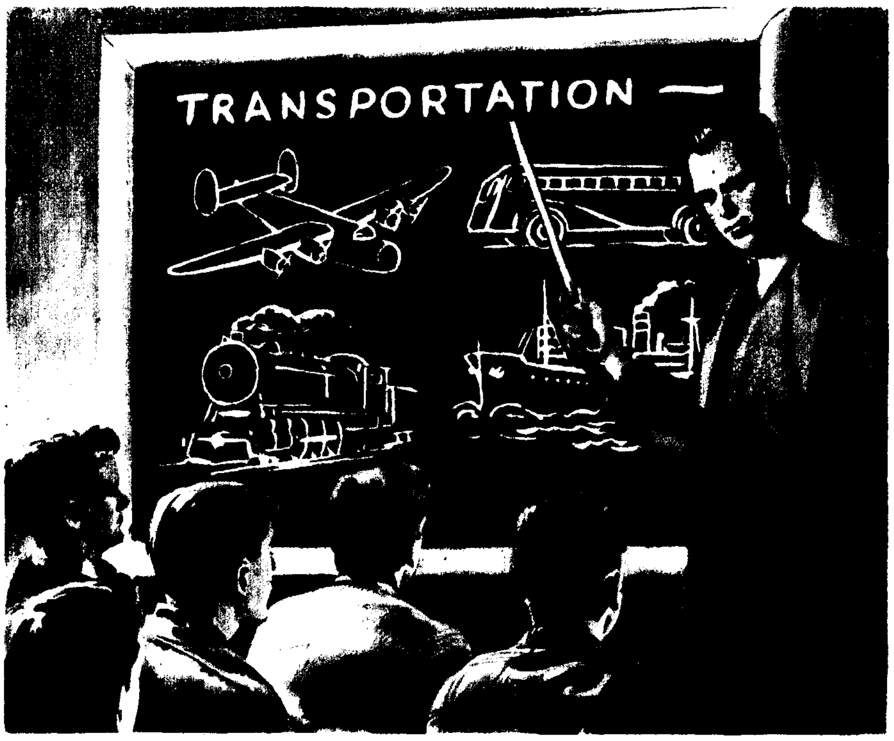
**4. Slogging along at a snail's pace,** protected by anti-submarine Liberators, a never-ending convoy of cargo ships and tankers becomes the life stream of Air Power. They bridge the Atlantic with supplies and replacements to *keep* the bombers fanning out over Germany. This link in the chain of supply must never be broken. If a cargo is sunk on the way over, Air Service Command and the Navy move heaven and earth to get an exact duplicate cargo loaded into another ship and on its way within 48 hours!

# CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT



**5.** **The truck,** wherever you find it, is Bomber Command's most versatile workhorse. In the U.S., along with the railroads, it delivers the goods to the convoys. At the hundreds of British air bases from which the 1000 bombers took off, again it is the truck that lugs in the gas, bombs, food, spare parts, and so on. And as a final gesture, the truck gasses-up the heavy sluggers before they take off on their mission.

**In this drama** of train, ship, truck, and plane pitching in together to help speed the defeat of the Axis, there is a lesson *we must not forget* when the war is over:


TRANSPORTATION —

**6.** **Out of this war** will come *improved, cheaper,* and *swifter* ways of transporting goods and people—over highway and rail, on the sea, and through the air. In rebuilding the peacetime world, *all these forms of transportation must work together,* each doing the job for which it is best fitted.

And the plane will have still *another* responsibility. Having linked once-remote nations together into a 60-hour-wide world, it can play a vital role in *enforcing* global peace.

In short, a postwar aerial police force is America's best assurance that the peace so dearly won will not again be violated at the whim of aggressor nations.

## QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

**Without war paint**—Covering the gleaming aluminum surface of a Liberator bomber with camouflage paint adds 180 lbs. to its weight, cuts down air speed about 8 m.p.h. *Recent AAF decision:* No more camouflage on combat planes. Speed, plus added armament, provides greater protection to combat crews.

• • •

**And more in '44!** Total aircraft production figures for '43 show that Consolidated Vultee is now the world's largest producer of airplanes. The company delivered more than 126,000,000 pounds of aircraft last year, including spare parts. This represented 12% by *number* and 16% by *weight* of all aircraft built in the U. S.

• • •

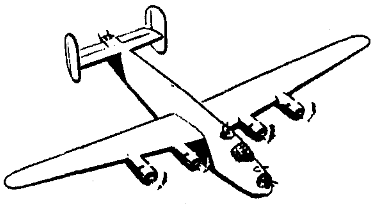
**What does it cost to fly?** In 1927, air transport passengers paid 13¢ a mile. Today it costs only about 5¢ a mile to travel by air.

• • •

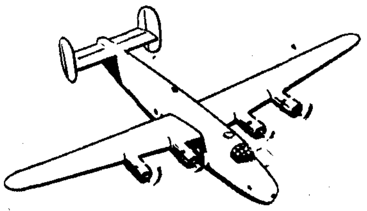
**14 to 1**—Before the war it required the equivalent of 1 year's labor for 100 Consolidated Vultee workers to build one Liberator Bomber. In 1941—a year's labor for 35 workers. In 1942—for 12 workers. Last year, and today—7 workers, or less. In other words, the same amount of direct labor that was formerly required to build one Liberator now builds 14.

## No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

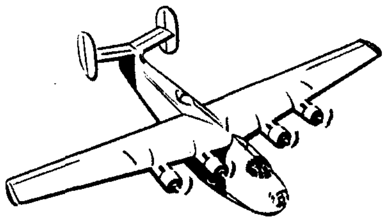
**From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air**—*Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation now builds many types of war planes, from small trainers to long-range bombers. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, trans-oceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*



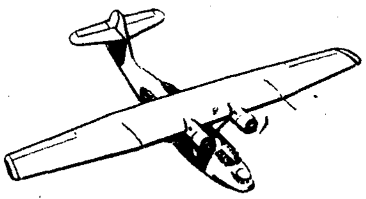
LIBERATOR . . . *4-engine bomber*



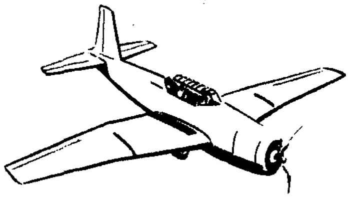
LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . *transport*



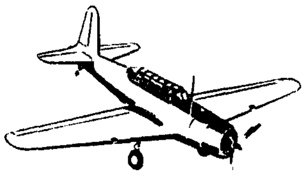
CORONADO . . . *patrol bomber*



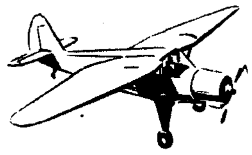
CATALINA . . . *patrol bomber*



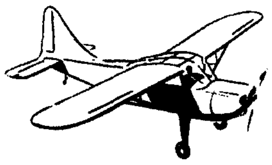
VENGEANCE . . . *dive bomber*



VALIANT . . . *basic trainer*



RELIANT . . . *navigational trainer*



SENTINEL . . . *"Flying Jeep"*

# CORPORATION

**San Diego, Calif.**
**Vultee Field, Calif.**
**Tucson, Ariz.**
**Fort Worth, Texas**
**New Orleans, La.**
**Nashville, Tenn.**
**Louisville, Ky.**
**Wayne, Mich.**
**Dearborn, Mich.**
**Allentown, Pa.**
**Elizabeth City, N. C.**
**Miami, Fla.**
***Member, Aircraft War Production Council***

Starting off right...
with the mild bacon that's
America's favorite*

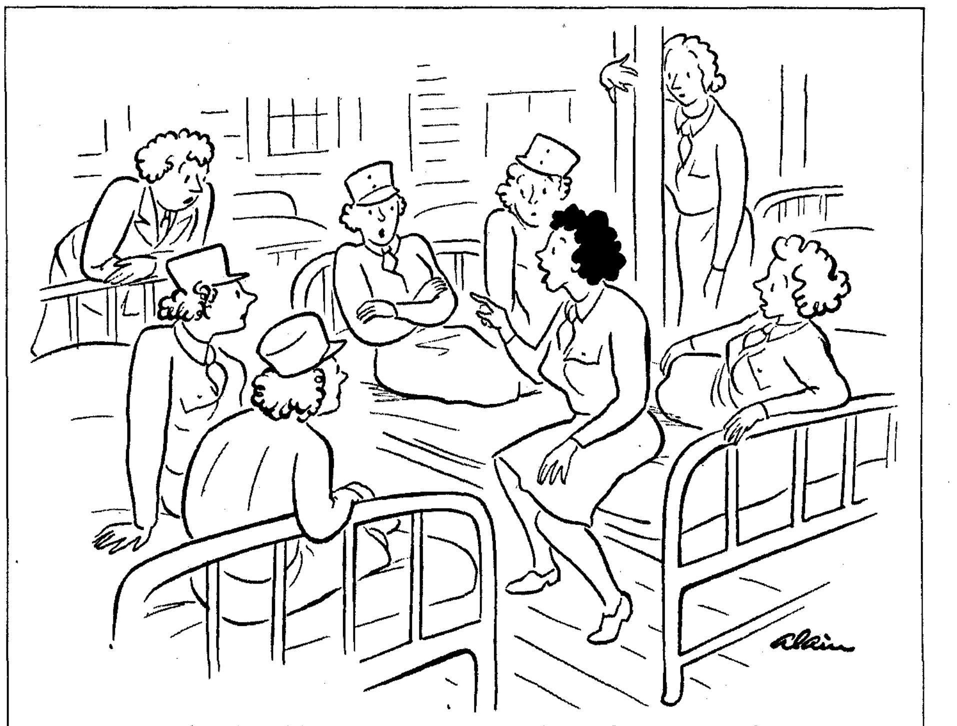
*THE BACON WITH
THE SWEET SMOKE
TASTE!

Swift's Premium BACON

Voted "the best" in a new, nation-wide poll!

MEAT
is matériel
of War!

Buy Baby a War
Bond During
National Baby
Week!



"I bet Colonel Hobby just lets them think they're running this war"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

*(Continued from page 46)* "Yes, thanks." He picked up his glass, and set it back on the tray.

"Won't you have another?"

"Well, it's getting late. Aren't you going out somewhere?" he asked.

"No." She smiled at him.

"Well, then, I'd like to." At least he need not face the wet, lonely streets for a little longer. There would be warmth and a comfortable chair and someone to talk to for a quarter of an hour more. He looked at Sally and saw for the first time that she was very pretty. Up till now he had not really noticed her. Seated with his drink, he began to ask her questions about herself, and before she knew it, Sally was telling him of her ambition, her dreams of success in the theater. He was easy to talk to, she found, listening very sympathetically, though he kidded her a little over the seriousness with which she took herself, until he realized there was no vestige of conceit in it, only a young desperate earnestness, a wholehearted passion for something that mattered so much that it was her whole life. He had not known actresses could feel like that about their work; Olive certainly didn't. It was sweet and refreshing to find someone who cared intensely about anything and was not afraid to admit it.

"Will you have dinner with me?" he asked.

Sally hesitated. "No, thank you," she said, after a moment.

"Why not?"

"Well, you don't have to ask me."

"I know I don't, but will you?"

"Well . . . we go Dutch."

"Oh, no," he laughed. "I asked you."

"Only because Olive let you down."

"Only because if she hadn't, I wouldn't have had the chance," he replied.

The implied compliment took her momentarily aback. She looked up quickly.

"Well, thank you very much, then," she said.

THEY went next door. The rain had developed into movie rain now, and it was the obvious place to go, though Sally was worried about the expense, and warned him of it. He ignored the warning. Inside, the waiter gave them the table she and Ken had always had, and she knew she should not have let Bill bring her here. He, too, seemed to flag a little for some reason as he looked around him, and for a few moments they sat in silence. Then the gray-haired headwaiter approached them. Sally looked up nervously, fearful he might ask for Ken, but instead he was greeting Bill as though he were a long-lost friend, and a torrent of French, exchanged between them, went over her head.

"I choose your dinner. You will leave it to me," he said at length in English, as he went away.

"He used to be at a place of the same name as this in Paris," Bill explained. "Did you know Paris?" Instinctively he used the past tense, as though speaking of something that was no more.

"No, I never went to Europe," she answered, catching it from him. "I was only eighteen when the war broke out."

HE STARED at her. "My gosh, that hurts," he said slowly. "To think that that's possible already." Then he smiled again. "The place was done up just like this one, too. I used to go there with . . . a girl I used to go with. Almost every evening, at one time, for weeks on end."

"Was it a famous place?" Sally asked.

"No, just tiny. But we used to think of it as 'our place.' We were very young." He smiled.

Sally's eyes grew troubled with her own memories.

"Were you in love with her?" she asked.

"I used to think I was."

"What happened to her?"

"She got married," he said lightly. "Women do, you know."

The meal started with Crême Vichyssoise, cold, white and delicious. They had always had it when she came with Ken. She gazed at the memories at the bottom of her cup. The waiter brought the wine, twirling the bottle in the bucket. It was pale and beautiful in the glass, letting the light through. As he sipped it, it seemed to Bill that it tasted of the past, slightly bitter and slightly sweet. Sally's was a younger vintage, tasting of two months ago. She had not been accustomed to wine before that. The past held them both throughout the meal. As they sat on afterward, waiting for the rain to stop, Bill told her about himself, the years of his early twenties when he lived in Paris and did nothing at all except have a very good time.

But at twenty-six things had gone wrong with his family at home. His father had died; and suddenly there was no more money. Bill had come back to try to pull the business together. And, after that, the war had come. At the moment there didn't seem to be any future; only the present, with its job to be done.

It was a quarter to eleven when they left. The rain showed no sign of stopping; Bill came upstairs for his week-end case.

"I'm afraid you're not having the kind of leave you planned," Sally said commiseratingly.

He turned and looked at her sharply. "Did you know Olive was going to tell me all that story?" he asked suddenly. She stared back at him, unprepared for answer. "You don't think I believed it, do you? You didn't think I would believe it?"

The telephone, ringing in the bedroom, saved her from going on with this. She ran, gratefully, to answer it. It was Olive, wanting to know what Bill had said after she had gone, whether he had seemed very hurt or disappointed. Coming right at this moment, it was hard to answer, and Sally stammered a little, giving away the fact that he was still there. Olive did not seem pleased about that, or about the fact that they had dined together.

"Well, he'd better start looking for somewhere to sleep," she said coldly. "The hotels are all full up."

When she went back to the living room, she thought for a moment that Bill had gone, slipped out while she was talking. Then she saw him, stretched out on the day bed under the window, with the radio playing. He had fallen asleep, a cigarette burning itself out between his fingers. She took it from him gently, and he stirred, blinking at her.

"I'm sorry I woke you," she said. "But you might have set yourself on fire."

"I might have set the place on fire," he answered. "I must get along."

"Yes," Sally warned him. "You'll have awful trouble finding a room."

"Well, I'd better get started then." He held out his hand.

Sally took it, pityingly. A thought came to her. "Would you want to stay here?" she asked. "That's a day bed. It's quite comfortable."

"Yes, I know it is," he answered. "But I don't think I should do that."

"I can give you a toothbrush."

"I've got that with me."

"You'll get so wet. You haven't any change of clothes. You're tired. You can sleep as late as you like in the morning. I'll give you breakfast." The prospect suddenly seemed delightful to her; someone to "do for" again. Obviously Bill was tempted, too. The rain outside sounded merciless.

"Well, it's very good of you," he said, yieldingly, and then was cut off with a yawn that started as a small one and became cavernous.

"You see?" Sally laughed. "Why don't you go to bed right away? It's all made up."

TOGETHER they took the cover from the bed and folded it. Suddenly, Sally raised her head. The radio was playing the Londonderry Air. A little secret smile stole on her face.

The tune went on while Bill was in the bathroom, and she was tidying up. She emptied the ash trays and washed them; brought the little decanter, with ice water, and placed it on the footrest of the armchair, with a box of cigarettes, as a night table beside his bed, while the melody flowed around her, enveloping all her movements in a sweet, uncomprehended happiness.

"You don't know how good that looks," Bill said, pointing to the turned-down bed, as he came back. "And feels, he added, as he sat on it. "And *is*," he finished, slipping between the sheets. Sally smiled at him, happy in his contentment.

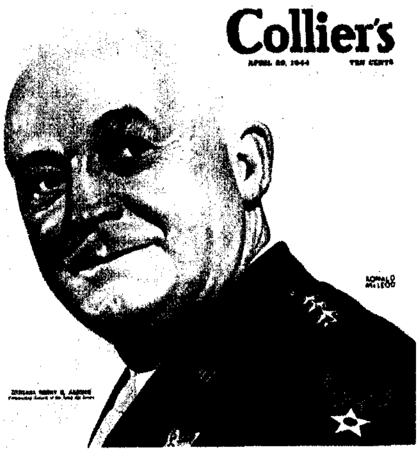
"I'll say good night, then," she said, switching out the lights.

"Good night, Sally," he answered, and turned on his side.

She went into her own room, closing the door between them, happier than she had been for a long time.

She awoke early, conscious of his presence in the other room. It seemed improbable, this morning, that she had really taken a stranger into her apartment; it was the kind of thing that conventional people, people like her mother, would never understand. And yet, thought Sally, it couldn't be more sensible. She wondered when he would be ready for breakfast, and decided she had better wait for her own, rather than risk disturbing him by crossing the living room to the kitchen. After she had made her bed and put the room to rights, she sat, feeling a little foolish, prisoned there, wondering what she would do with her morning if he should sleep until noon. At half past nine, the telephone rang, and the caller's name drew a quick, excited cry from her. It was the author of a play that she knew to be in rehearsal. They were making a couple of changes in the cast he told her; and there was a part he thought that she would fit. Could she come down and read it for the producer at ten-thirty?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



## THE GENERAL ON THE COVER

THE two and a half million G.I. Jokers in the United States Army Air Forces haven't got a better friend in the world than Henry Harley Arnold. He's a great admirer of the buck private, and that makes them both members of a Mutual Admiration Society because most of them love Hap as much as he loves them. On air-base inspection trips he tastes dishes prepared for enlisted men, and sometimes orders menu changes. He often picks them up in his 4-star limousine and is never too tired to listen to suggestions.

He's the boss of the world's biggest air force, winner of the Collier Trophy, and one of the very small group of men who comprised the U. S. Air Force in 1911. He's a bland, smiling man and is probably proudest of his rating as a Command Pilot—which is top pilot rating. He'll be fifty-eight on June 25th. He was married to Eleanor A. Pool on September 10, 1913. They have four children, three sons and a daughter. Two sons are Army officers, both in the Coast Artillery. Like Billy Mitchell, he fought for a big air force—his prime faith in his heavy bombers—but he did it without treading on brass toes. He is a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and lives in an old red brick house at Fort Myer, Virginia.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Sally hung up in a state of confused emotion. It was thrilling, this chance of a job, but she hated to leave Bill alone. She had looked forward to getting him breakfast; but there was nothing to be done. Hurriedly she changed into her best tailored suit, her job-getting suit, as she called it, glancing out of the window to look at the weather, which was clearing, before she decided on the tiny new black hat that she had bought to go with it and never worn. She scribbled a note for Bill and laid it gently on the floor beside the day bed, relieved to find the telephone had not wakened him. Then she slipped out.

It was eleven o'clock before Bill stirred, momentarily unable to remember where he was. It seemed improbable to him, too, when he recalled it; girls, nice girls, didn't ask you to stay in their apartments. Or did they, nowadays? He had been too sleepy and too grateful last night to consider that aspect of the situation, but he thought about it now as he bathed and shaved and put the coffee on the stove. Sally puzzled him with her directness, her simplicity, her almost childlike quality. She was not like anyone he had ever known.

HE WAS drinking his orange juice when she returned. "Oh," she cried out as she looked around her, "you shouldn't have made your bed!"

"Why not?"

"Because it's not a man's thing to do."

"You'd be surprised what a lot of men are doing it, these days," he told her.

She pulled off the absurd hat, smiling at him.

"You look different this morning," he said.

"I'm happy," she answered. "It's the loveliest morning out. I think the weather's changed at last. *My* weather, too. I've got a job."

"You have?" Bill smiled back delightedly. Her happiness was contagious. She told him about it, what a wonderful part it was; she had to go mad in one act.

"I guess you're right," he said when she had finished. "The rain is over. The winter is past, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Sally looked puzzled.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I was quoting the Bible," he answered.

Sally pondered.

"But turtles don't *have* voices . . . do they?" she asked timidly.

"Turtle *dove*," Bill explained.

"You know," he said, when they were in the kitchen, starting to fix scrambled eggs for lunch, "we ought to do something to celebrate this. What do you say we go to a theater tonight? I read about a new musical that sounded swell."

This was Ken's show, that he had told her all about. Oh, why did Ken keep recurring like this?

"We'd never get seats," she stalled.

"How do people get tickets at the last minute?" Bill asked. "They do."

"There are things called 'house seats,' " she told him. "Tickets that the management keeps up its sleeve for friends and influential people."

"Who is the management?"

"Kenneth Bartlett's putting it on." She tried to keep her voice flat and casual. It sounded too flat to her.

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, I . . . I know him," she answered weakly.

"Well, then, call him up, and say a friend of yours . . . a serviceman . . . is in town . . ." He broke off. "What's the matter?" he asked, as Sally stood, looking dumb and miserable.

"I can't ask him," she answered. "There are reasons. Really there are."

He caught the distress in her voice.

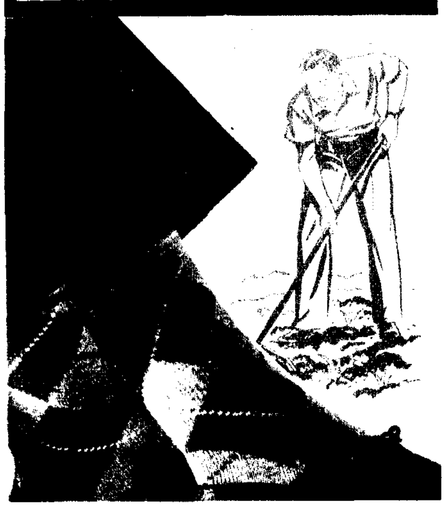
"Okay," he said briefly. "We'll go to something else."

But this was a new problem for Sally.

"You're having a miserable leave," she cried. "You're not doing any of the things you want to." And then, wrestling with her conscience, she turned on him almost fiercely. "Do you believe in pride?" she demanded.

Bill was taken aback. "Now what do you mean by that?" he asked.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



What do you do in the garden plot?
You plant, you weed, you hoe
From early morn 'til late at night
To make the garden grow.
*You* don't go in for gardening . . .?
Because of gardeners' woes?
For strenuous work of any kind
Wear stout Westminster Hose.

What do you do at the Country Club?
You golf from Spring to Fall
In cushiony, stout Westminster Socks
That keep you "on the ball."
And then you dine and dance in style
With your very attractive wife—
And swear that you intend to wear
Westminsters all your life.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

# A BOY . . . A WATER WHEEL . . . AND A DREAM !

IT WORKED! Perhaps no youngster had ever seen a more beautiful sight . . .

Over a little dam spilled the water of the country ditch. The homemade water wheel began to turn on its rake-handle shaft. Faster and faster it went. Next step was to connect it to an old coffee mill inside the woodshed.

Pebbles were poured into the churning mill. They sparked and crackled like a Fourth of July display, grinding noisily into sand to be used later for a casting mold.

Here in this water wheel was the first moving device ever created by Henry Ford!

Meantime, somewhere inside his inquiring mind, a dream was struggling to shape itself. A dream of other wheels that would one day turn to lighten the burdens of farm and industry . . . to change the transportation habits of the nation.

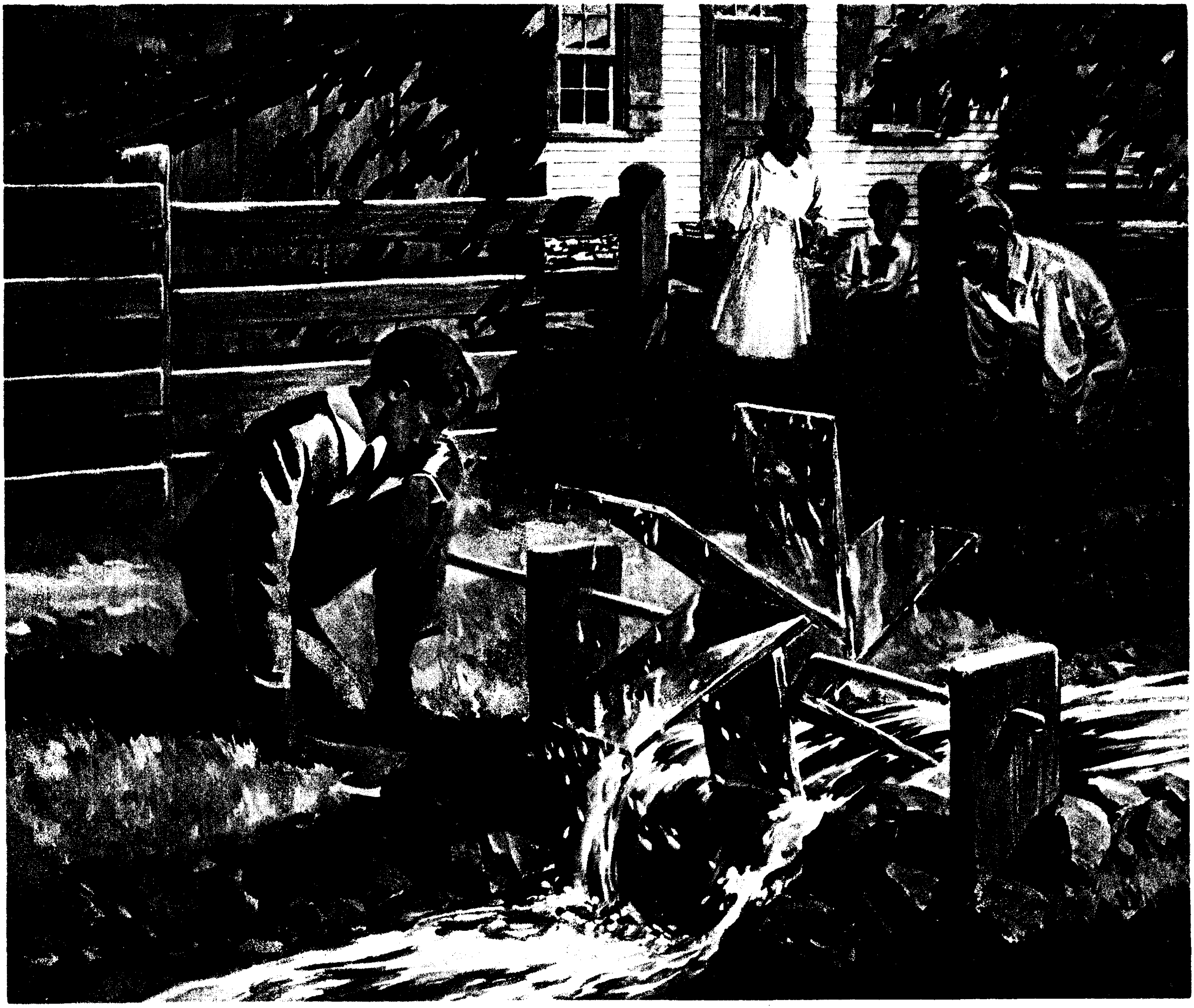
Down through the years, from water wheels to watches, to steam engines, to gasoline engines, Henry Ford's lively interest in wheels progressed. And the rest is history—the history of America's great automobile industry.

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

From that day in May, 1895, when the first Ford car was wheeled into Bagley Avenue, Detroit, more than 30,000,000 Ford-built cars and trucks have been produced.

Yet the thought and spirit that prompted that long-ago experiment with the water wheel have never changed at Ford Motor Company. There is still the same ingenuity that is not afraid to be original . . . the same wanting-to-find-out-for-oneself that always makes for progress.

Today, this philosophy and the skills developed through more than 40 years of experience are being applied to America's vital needs. From this will arise new techniques to serve the nation even better when Ford resumes the production of sturdy, comfortable transportation, priced within the reach of the greatest number. As Henry Ford has said: "Our times are primitive. True progress is yet to come."



Without giving herself away, Sally tried to explain that if you had behaved badly to someone, surely you shouldn't ask them for a favor.

"Should you?" she queried.

Bill realized that there was something back of this.

"I shouldn't think so," he said briefly.

Sally stood still as though in a trance. He came toward her, tenderly.

"Sally," he said, "you're very sweet." She looked up, startled. "I don't know what goes on in that funny little head of yours, but you're very sweet." He took her hands in his and kissed her.

"Oh," she breathed. "That was a surprise."

"Do you mind?"

"No, it was nice."

"I thought so, too," he answered.

But Sally's turmoil was even greater now. For a moment she stood battling with herself and then took her resolve.

"Will you excuse me a moment?" she asked abruptly, and rushed for the bedroom and the telephone.

It was easier than she could have believed possible. Of course she could have the house seats, he said. He was going to the show himself, and he hoped that she and her friend would have a drink with him during intermission. This was a complication she had not anticipated, but there was nothing to say except "Thank you." She was spent when she hung up, and returned to Bill who was beating the eggs in a bowl.

"It's all right about tonight," she told him. "I called up Kenneth Bartlett."

"What made you change your mind?" he asked in surprise.

"I don't know," she replied, then corrected herself. "Yes, I do. Your kissing me."

He looked at her queerly. "I don't quite see the connection," he said.

Sally could not explain it to herself; she certainly could not tell him.

"May I kiss you again for getting them?" he asked.

She nodded, and he put his arm around her shoulders. Again their lips met, gently, but for a moment longer this time. Then he released her.

"Thank you," he said.

"Thank *you*," Sally replied.

AS THEY went down the aisle to their seats in the third row, Sally caught sight of someone waving. It was Olive, seated beside a naval man who was not at all what she had imagined the commander. He had a red, beefy face, and hair that was thinning out, to say the least of it. Olive gesticulated toward the lobby, obviously suggesting a meeting in the intermission. But that was when they had a date with Ken. Sally grew agitated, knowing that Olive would think they were avoiding her. Bill was calm about it. He did not seem to mind Olive seeing them together, either. But Sally knew Olive and her views on beau-snatching; not that she had snatched Bill, but there was bound to be trouble.

"I don't think the guy looks so hot," Bill remarked. "Of course, I may be prejudiced, but I don't think I'd have turned down *me* for *him.*"

Ken was waiting for them as they came into the lobby. For one moment Sally felt violently sick. Then, when she had introduced Bill, and stood listening to them talking in the bar, a strange realization came to her. It was all right. She did not mind seeing Ken again. All she could think of was how nice he was, but she could think it without pain. She was cured; she was not in love with him any more.

OUT of her daze she heard him asking them to join his party at the Persian Room after the theater, and herself agreeing. When the curtain rose on the second act, Bill took her hand. She let it rest in his, contentedly, enjoying the show and his presence there beside her.

Bill was puzzled. He had had an idea that there was something between her and Bartlett, but their behavior tonight contradicted that. When the men were washing up at the Plaza, Ken took time out to tell him what a grand kid Sally was; a good little actress, and generally tops. Bill told Sally when they were dancing together that he thought Bartlett was a swell guy, and that seemed to please her greatly. He was a little baffled by the situation.

Sally was puzzled by something, too. In the middle of the party, Bill left their table, excusing himself, and she saw him go and join another group, that included a tall girl, dark and beautiful. He stayed away about ten minutes, and when he returned his mood was odd, subdued and equivocal. It was only when they were in the taxi, well after two o'clock, that she learned it was the girl from Paris. It was seven years since he had seen her.

"Was it awful, meeting her again?" she asked.

"Not after the first minute," Bill replied, and then proceeded to describe just how it felt to realize that you no longer cared for someone you had thought for years that you were still in love with. Reducing the time period, it coincided exactly with her own emotions.

"Hadn't you been in love since?" she asked, and on his vigorous denial, she ventured timidly: "You don't believe in being in love?"

"I don't believe in being unhappily in love," he answered firmly. "And I'm not taking chances."

There was a long silence, and then she told him.

"I was in love with Kenneth Bartlett," she said.

"And did *you* find that you were over it tonight?"

She nodded, as the taxi drew up at the apartment.

As they came along the passage, she heard the telephone ringing behind her locked door. It stopped before they got inside.

"You know who it was, don't you?" Bill asked, smiling.

She nodded, sadly. Olive had probably been calling ever since they left the theater. Some time she would have to face her.

"It's funny, our being in the same boat," she mused, as they sat with glasses of milk.

"It's a good boat," he answered, taking her hand and then, leaning over, kissed her again.

"You're very sweet," he said.

"You're very nice," she answered.

They sat like that for a moment, his lips against her hair. Then they sought hers, again, and she responded, twining her arm around his neck, until suddenly she wrenched herself free, and stood, trembling.

"We mustn't go on like that," she said.

"Why not?" he asked, surprised.

"Because I've given it up!" she cried passionately.

"For Lent?" Bill laughed.

Sally turned on him, with a face so tragic that his laughter died.

"No, I mean it," she said. "I can't go on doing it with every man I meet. I've got to draw the line somewhere."

Bill was back in his earlier perplexity, faced with something that he did not understand.

"I'm terribly sorry," Sally said.

Baffled, he prepared to go. He had found a hotel room during the afternoon. They made plans for the next day, starting with breakfast in the apartment at nine.

"But that means your getting up at eight," said Sally. "That's awful on Sunday." A thought came to her. "Would you like to stay here again?" she asked.

He paused. "Do you mean that?"

"If you weren't too uncomfortable."

"What kind of places do you think I've been sleeping in this past year?" he asked.

TONIGHT he sent her to bed first. She had been up hours longer than he had. It was while he was in the kitchen, tidying up, that he heard her calling in distress. She was standing in the living room, struggling with the back of her dress.

"The zipper's stuck," she said. "I've pulled and pulled."

He examined it. It was good and stuck. He fetched a pair of pliers from the kitchen, and wrestled with it. Suddenly it gave, opening right down to the bottom with the last swift tug, so that the dress fell to the floor, leaving her standing in her slip. They both stood stock-still in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid that was rather overdoing it."

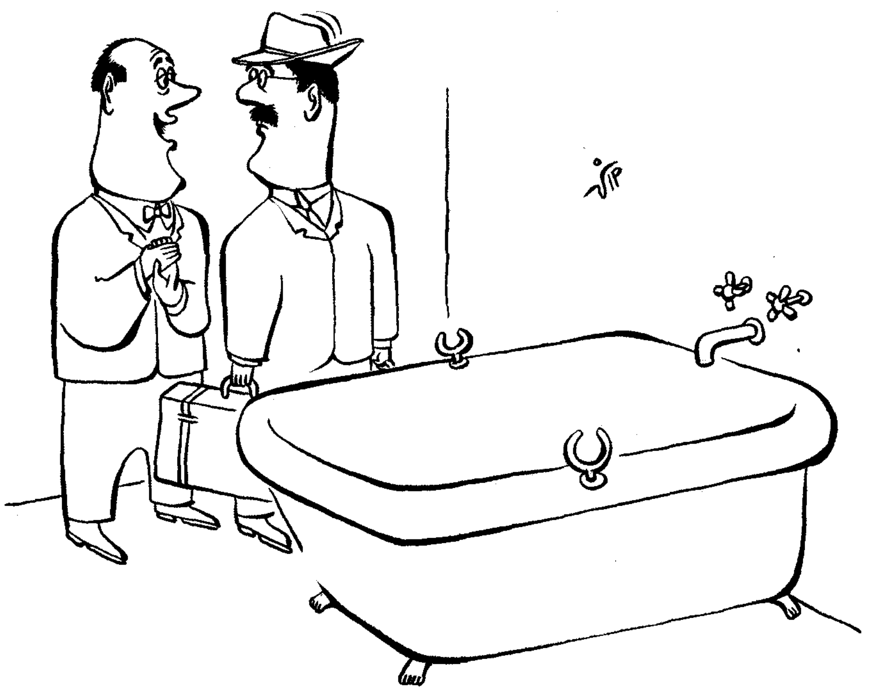
Sally picked up the dress, holding it to her.

"Thank you very much," she said faintly, and turned to go.

Bill caught her, kissing her again, but again she pulled herself free.

"No, don't! Please don't!" she begged, and then, as though she did not trust herself, ran for the bedroom door.

He shrugged his shoulders, and started



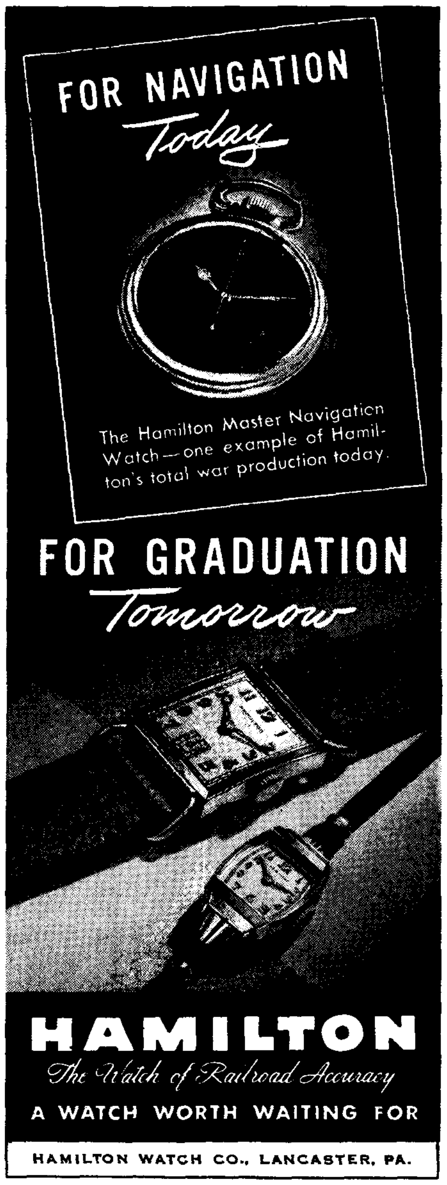
COLLIER'S "You'll find the oars in the closet" VIRGIL PARTCH

Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
The Lowest Priced Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America

only 23¢

IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON Tooth Brush



FOR NAVIGATION *Today*

The Hamilton Master Navigation Watch—one example of Hamilton's total war production today.

FOR GRADUATION *Tomorrow*

HAMILTON

*The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR

HAMILTON WATCH CO., LANCASTER, PA.

# The Week's Work

John van Druten

THREE million dollars is a lot of money, even in Hollywood, but that is the unprecedented sum Author John van Druten is asking for the movie rights to his Broadway comedy, The Voice of the Turtle. And he might get it. The Voice being the tremendous hit it is.

If you can't arrange to see this fabulous bit of theater in the flesh—or even if you can—we believe you'll be interested to read Collier's short-story adaptation of it on page 16.

Van Druten wrote this story version at our request, and is interested, as we are, in how the readers will like it. It seems to us that the story has the same tenderness and wit that have made the play the darling of the critics and the public—or as much of the public as can get tickets.

Since its opening December 8th, at the Morosco Theater, 148,362 people have seen The Voice. Lots more would like to. Advance sales at the moment of writing are $250,000.

The Voice dares to limit itself to only three characters, the girl (played by Margaret Sullavan), the sergeant (Elliott Nugent) and the vixen (Audrey Christie). Yet, as a critic remarked, "so skillfully does Mr. Van Druten unwind his plot, so bright and fresh is his dialogue, so amusing and so human are the situations he evolves, so adult is his viewpoint, that the interest never flags, nor is laughter long absent."

This play-into-story experiment is something we may repeat as suitable material appears. Many of you said you liked our recent storization—our own word—of the startling movie, Lifeboat. This magazine publishes so many stories that eventually find their way into movie and play form, that it seems reasonable to reverse the process occasionally. We believe that a masterful job of writing can be successfully spread out through several media for the enjoyment of a greater audience.

Helen Rose Ruch

ROBERT RICE

MONA GARDNER, author of Memo to an AMG Editor, p. 18, classifies herself as an accidental writer, who writes for the worst reasons and never intends to try to write the great American novel.

"Pure luck got me started writing," she says. "I just happened to be living out in Tokyo with my two children when the war with China started. My former husband was with our embassy there. And I just happened to visit Shanghai and a newspaperman I knew happened to say that NANA—North American Newspaper Alliance—was looking for somebody to do some interviews with Chinese government officials.

"I'd had a little newspaper experience, a very little, as an assistant reviewer of movies on the Los Angeles Times, so I said I believed I'd try for the assignment. I did the interviews, with the generalissimo and others, and started back to Tokyo. I thought that was that, but it wasn't. I went on from there to Indo-China and Thailand, writing to order along the way. I'm sure the way the editors' minds worked was: 'Well, we haven't anybody out there, and here's this Gardner gal and maybe she's dumb but it's the best we can do, so let's put her to work.' Things happened fast, and pretty soon, there I was riding piggy-back on an elephant, crossing the Thailand peninsula. I was supposed to find out if the Japanese were building a secret canal. They were. It was no secret, really. I thought I'd brought along correct clothes for my expedition—shorts and things. I'd sent my regular clothes back to Singapore. But I was pretty embarrassed when I had to appear in shorts at a formal reception given in my honor by a provincial governor."

Miss Gardner's accidental trip became a world tour as she went on to Java, Bali, Sumatra, India. "I was terrified of snakes and every night I'd have the bearer look under my bed and in bureau drawers, but I never saw one."

Her accidental writing developed into a career as she traveled through Italy, France and England and to the United States, where any number of editors were eager to buy her stuff.

Her two children crossed the Pacific alone at the age of ten and eleven to join their mother, and now the family lives at Germantown, Pennsylvania.

The "worst reason" for which Miss Gardner writes is to make a living. As who doesn't?

ONE of our new authors, Helen Rose Ruch (Beyond the Call of Duty, p. 13), writes us, "This seems to be a great season for girls who write with one eye on the oven and one hand on the cradle." So it is, Miss Ruch. We don't even think it's the war or any of those things. We just think that cradle-rockers have decided to assert themselves, and high time, too. Miss Ruch confesses that "the story you accepted was written while my daughter and two vigorous pals raced around my typewriter playing Black Sambo and the tigers." Which is, of course, the way all good stories should be written. Look at the way this one came out. . . . A. P.

---

to unlace his shoes. After a moment he paused. It was too silly, staying here like this, feeling the way he did about her now, with only the thin wall between them. Suddenly, he was angry, whether with her or with himself, he was not sure. He laced his shoe again, and started for the door. As he reached it, Sally's voice came from the bedroom.

"Bathroom's all clear," it called.

He paused a moment and went in. Sally was sitting up in bed, looking very young and small in white pajamas. Her face was smudged as though she had been crying.

"Sally," he said, "I'm not staying."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Well, because"—he hesitated—"because, as they say in movies, because I'm a man and you're a woman. So I'll see you in the morning."

Again her voice caught him at the door. "Bill," she said faintly, and then sobbed, "I'm sorry for being such a fool."

He moved quickly back and held her close, soothing her. Suddenly the telephone rang, separating them. Her hand went out to it automatically.

"No! No!" he said.

She turned frightened eyes on him.

"You shouldn't be here," she whispered, as though Olive could hear. "She'll come around in the morning."

He took her in his arms again.

"Let the morning look after itself," he whispered back, and then, after a moment: "Sally, I love you," he murmured.

She made her last, despairing protest.

"No, don't say that," she cried. "You mustn't. We must keep this *gay!*" The last word rang out, piercing and absurd.

Then there was silence, broken only by the shrilling of the telephone. Presently it stopped.

THEY were at breakfast when the door buzzer rang.

"Olive!" Sally cried, and then clapped her hand over her mouth.

It was no good just letting her ring and go away. The elevator man would tell her Sally had not gone out. Frantically, they pushed the card table with all the breakfast things into the kitchen, and Sally, feeling that she had somehow stepped into either a very bad farce or melodrama, pointed to the window.

"This is something I never thought would happen to me," said Bill, as he climbed onto the fire escape.

Olive was not in the best of moods. After having seen the commander, Sally thought she could understand why, especially as Olive seemed determined to dodge any talk of him.

"What did you think of the show?" she asked. "I thought it stank."

"Oh, why?" said Sally, who had loved it.

"I just thought it did," Olive snapped back. "If I tell you a piece of fish stinks, you don't ask me why, do you?" She lit a cigarette angrily. "I called you until three o'clock," she said. "Where were you?"

"At the Persian Room with Ken."

Olive sat up, hopefully.

"Are you and he on again?" she asked.

"No. Oh, no. We just met at the theater," Sally answered airily.

OLIVE sank back, disappointed. "You and Bill have certainly been seeing a lot of each other," she said sourly.

"Well, I don't think he knows many people in New York," Sally answered. "And you left him on my hands. . . ."

"Not for you to take over," Olive interrupted, sharply.

"I haven't 'taken him over,' " Sally defended herself. "And I don't think you've any right . . ."

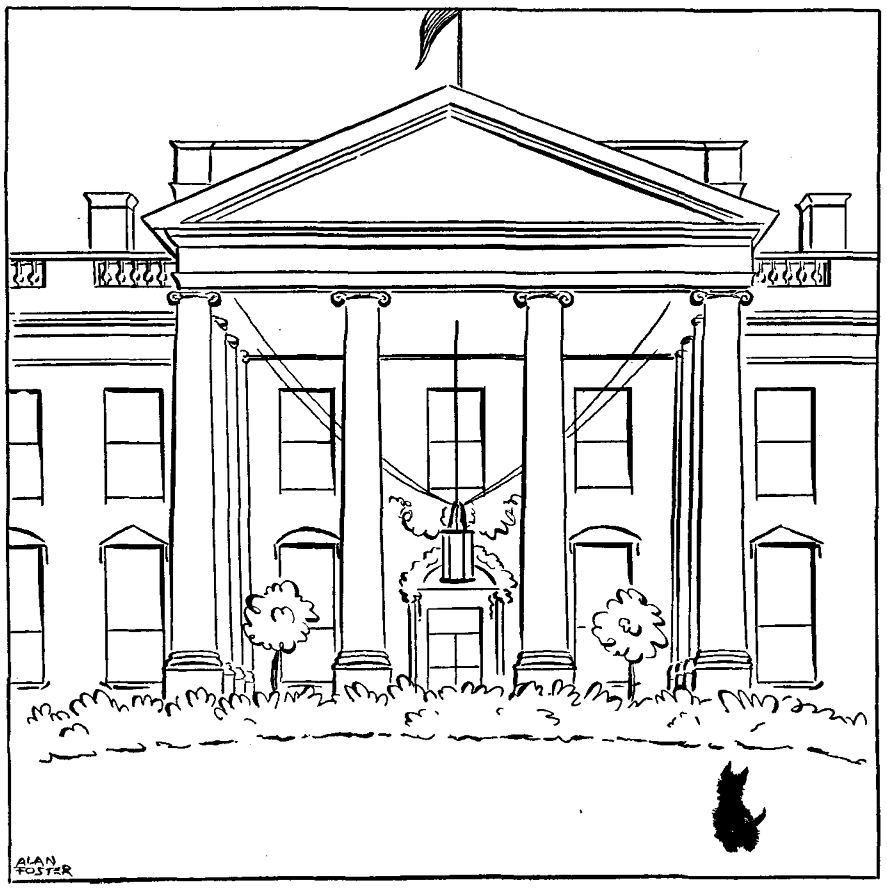
"I have a perfect right," Olive's voice rose. "Bill was my gink."

"Well, he isn't any more," Sally threw back, amazed for a moment at her own courage, which deserted her the instant she had said it.

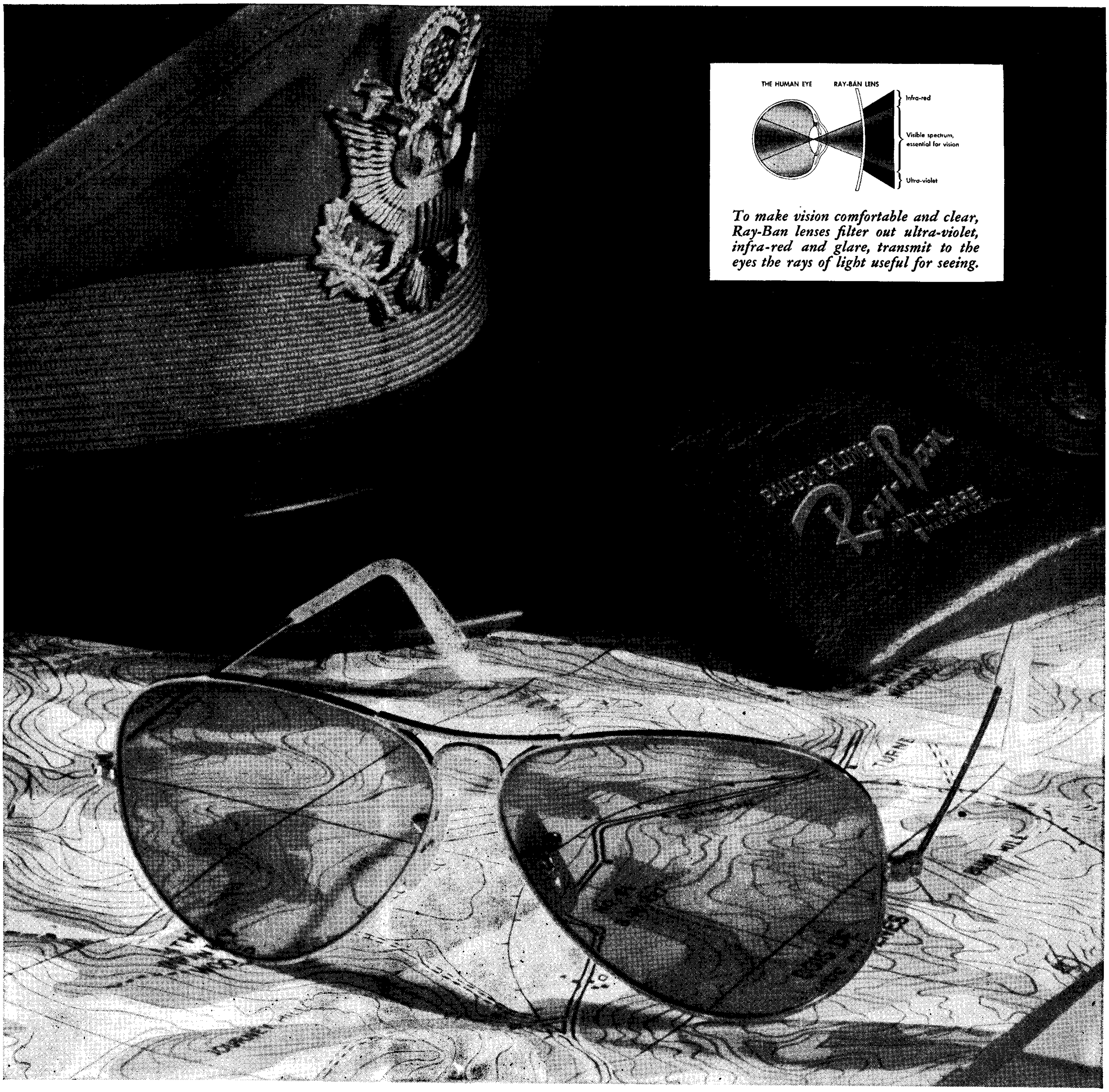
Olive looked at her fishily, trying to measure the situation. Then she laughed.

"Sally," she said, with simulated kindness, "I didn't realize. Only," her tone dripped artificial honey, "may Auntie Olive give you just one teentsy piece of advice? You wouldn't be getting silly and sentimental about him, would you? Because if you do, you'll lose him even quicker than you lost Kenneth Bartlett." This hurt, and she saw that it did. "Bill's

**MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE** by **ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "No matter what happens, I'll always think of it as home"



*To make vision comfortable and clear, Ray-Ban lenses filter out ultra-violet, infra-red and glare, transmit to the eyes the rays of light useful for seeing.*

# Scientific Glare Protection...for your flyers

When your boy starts on a daylight bombing mission, or gets into a fight above the clouds, he needs more in front of his eyes than "colored glasses." He needs safe, scientific protection from punishing glare—lenses that filter out ultra-violet and infra-red. Ray-Ban Sun Glasses give him a cool, sharp, instantly clear view of enemy landscape or enemy planes.

Ray-Ban is the name of a type of glass created by Bausch & Lomb for exactly that sort of performance, and made to government specifications to meet the needs of American military aviation. For twelve years Ray-Ban lenses and Ray-Ban Sun Glasses have been used to equip the Army and Navy. And thousands upon thousands of civilians have found in Ray-Ban's comfortable, scientifically correct glare protection the perfect answer to eye distress, the ideal glass for outdoor wear.

Ray-Ban visual comfort and efficiency will be available to more millions—after Peace. For today, with Ray-Ban production at a record high, all are going for military use. Along with Bausch & Lomb binoculars, anti-aircraft height-finders, photographic lenses, eye-examination instruments, industrial optical equipment, Ray-Bans are helping to arm the Allied Nations for Victory.

Here, again, optical science is *seeing it through.*

**BAUSCH & LOMB**
OPTICAL CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1853

*Makers of Optical Glass and a Complete Line of Optical Instruments for Military Use, Education, Research, Industry and Eyesight Correction and C*

ATHLETE'S FOOT

**At First Sign Of Itching Or Cracked Skin Between Toes—Use Famous Doctor's Relief**

Don't be shocked if you look between your toes tonight and find you are a victim of this vicious, stubborn, tormenting, skin infection. It strikes without warning. Mere cleanliness will not prevent it. Year after year Athlete's Foot claims over 70% of adults, and many children.

**Look For These Symptoms:**

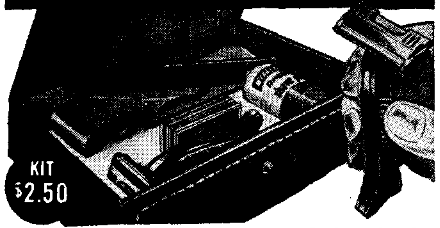
If you itch between your toes, or if the skin is cracked, peeling, sticky, raw, or covered with tiny blisters—look out—it may be Athlete's Foot. Take no chances. Lose no time. Start using Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once—the original prescription of this noted authority on diseases and deformities of the feet.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX is a *specific* for Athlete's Foot—not just an ordinary mild preparation for many conditions. Its effect is immediate. Quickly relieves intense itching. Kills the fungi of the infection on contact. Aids healing. Liquid or Ointment—only 50c at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.

Free Booklet on Foot Care—write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

**Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX** FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

**SWITCH to ENDERS for SIMPLER SHAVES**



Here's streamlined shaving . . . smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave.

**Mail $2.50 today. Supply limited. No C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.**

**DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. C, MYSTIC, CONN.**

"RUB AND RELAX WITH MIFFLIN"

*She works all day for Victory,*
*But when the whistle sets her free—*
*She knows, for easing muscle aches,*
*A Mifflin Rub's got "what it takes"!*

Mifflin means the highest standard of tested quality. Unscented, and in Pine, Lavender, Wintergreen.

**MIFFLIN**
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL RUBBING COMPOUND
★ THE NATIONAL RUB-DOWN ★

told me, over and over, that he has no *place for sentiment in his life.*"

There was a long pause.

"Well, neither have I. Any more," said Sally darkly. "So that's all right."

But it was not all right, and Olive knew it. She felt better now. Then the buzzer rang again; Sally went to the door. Bill was standing outside, cool and smiling.

"Good morning," he said politely. "I hope I'm not calling too early."

"No. Oh, no," Sally smiled back.

"I brought you these." He handed her some flowers, and then, with perfectly acted surprise, caught sight of Olive. "Why, *hello,* there," he said, cordially.

Sally looked at the daffodils he had brought her.

"I love spring flowers," she said, and then as she was about to take them to the kitchen, the telephone rang in the bedroom. "Excuse me," she said.

The moment the door was shut, Olive advanced on Bill, sinuously.

"I hated leaving you the other evening," she cooed.

"You couldn't have left me in better hands," he answered, smiling.

Olive's answering smile was not wholly sincere.

"Yes, Sally's sweet, isn't she?" she murmured, and then added, cattily, "I knew she'd be nice to you."

Bill did not answer and she slid beside him on the couch.

"I was wondering," she said, "whether we could have dinner tonight before you go back?" Bill was sorry, but he was engaged. She took that bravely. "Cocktails, then?"

Bill turned to her.

"Look, Olive," he said. "I'm afraid I don't play around with married women."

She had one blank moment before she realized what he was talking about. Then she rallied herself.

"Oh, but that's all over," she said brightly. "We talked it all out thoroughly, and . . . well, we're divorcing."

He faced her straight in the eye.

"Do you think that looks well?" he asked. "To divorce a serviceman?"

She returned his gaze.

"Just what are you trying to say?" she asked.

Bill hesitated, and then came out with it.

"Just . . . very tactfully . . . and with no hard feelings, that I think we'd better leave things as they are," he said.

Olive picked up her furs with a certain gallantry.

"Well, I guess I bought that, all right," she remarked, and held out her hand. "I must be going. Goodby, Bill, and . . . good luck."

"Goodby, Olive." He took her hand, friendlily.

Sally came back from the bedroom. "Has she gone?" she asked.

"She's gone," said Bill. "I'm afraid that's the end of a beautiful friendship."

"I'm afraid, for me, too," Sally answered. "I've got to go out," she said. "That was the producer on the phone. They want me to rehearse, right away."

Bill looked disappointed.

"How long will it go on?" he asked.

"All day, I'm afraid."

"Oh, Sally," he said. "I never get you alone at all." His voice grew tender and pleading. "There's so much we've got to talk about . . . so many things."

She shied away from this; talking was the one thing she knew she must not do. Whenever she talked she got herself in trouble.

"No, why?" she countered. "There's nothing to talk about. We've had a lovely time. We don't want to get sentimental about it . . . do we?" She hardened her voice deliberately on the last two words.

Bill's face fell.

"I guess not," he said quietly, and turned away.

"I'll get my hat," said Sally.

He took her to the rehearsal, which was at the leading man's apartment uptown. Sally promised to dine with him; in the meantime she gave him her key, so that he could go back to the apartment. He started to walk. Spring had come overnight; Central Park was bursting with it. All the trees and the shrubs were in a kind of young green haze, but to Bill the spring seemed suddenly bitter. Sally's remark about not getting sentimental had poisoned it for him. It was his own code thrown back at him, he knew, and he knew now, too, how wrong it had been. He had tried to take love lightly, cynically, even, or else to deny it altogether; now that he had found a girl who, for whatever reason, was determined to do the same thing, he did not *like* it. He did not want light love from Sally; she had penetrated his defenses in some way that he did not understand, and he found himself face to face with the same defenses on her side. He was in love with her; he knew that now.

He walked on unhappily. At the corner of her street, there was a flower stand, filled with tulips, daffodils, mimosa, white lilac and forsythia, looking as though they were part of the spring and growing there. He stood and stared at them.

COMING back from the rehearsal at six o'clock, Sally was aware of the spring, too, as a kind of excitement in the air, a sense of something beginning, something just around the corner, like a new kind of happiness. It followed her to her own front door, and it met her inside with the scent of spring flowers. The room was filled with them.

"Oh, Bill, you shouldn't," she cried, and suddenly tears came into her eyes. She sank down on the couch, pulling off her hat, her face away from him so that he should not see.

But he had seen. He moved beside her, taking her hands, talking quickly and urgently, telling her everything he felt. She struggled not to be affected by it, to remember the nonchalance she had sworn to assume, closing her ears to his pleading.

"It's like having a door shut in my face," she heard him say at length. "As if the spring had suddenly turned around and said: 'That's all there is. Now you can go back to winter.' "

"Not winter," she argued. "We can keep it spring."

"No," he answered. "There'd be something horrible and stultified about the spring if it always stayed that way. What is it? Are you afraid of getting hurt?"

"Perhaps," she said, shortly.

"The way Kenneth Bartlett hurt you?" It was a question.

"Perhaps," she repeated, and then turned to him. "What do you *want?*" she asked, almost angrily.

"I want you to let yourself love me," he said. "If you can. And I think you can. I think you've a great talent for love, Sally, and you're trying to dissipate it, because it's been trodden on before. And if you go on like that, you'll kill it. You'll kill everything that's fine and sweet and lovely in you. . . ." She began to cry again. "Yes, cry if you like," he said. "Please, please cry. Only don't shut me out and don't shut yourself out. I'm not asking so very much," he went on, as her crying grew louder. "I think I'd like to marry you, but we won't talk of that, yet. I want you to love me *terribly,* but I'm not even asking *that* of you, yet."

"I do love you," she burst out. "I love you terribly. That's the hell of it!" She scrambled to her knees on the couch beside him. "I won't make scenes," she sobbed. "I won't be troublesome. . . ."

He stopped her with a kiss.

"Ssh," he said, gently. "That's all I want you to say now."

Sally blew her nose. Bill, too, was affected, and turned away to hide the working of his face.

"We'd better have a drink," he said, matter-of-factly.

"I shall be tight, if we do," she answered. "I haven't had any food all day."

"Well, then, we must have dinner right away." He looked at his watch. "I thought we'd eat home tonight."

She noticed now that the card table was set up again and laid for dinner.

"I'll help you fix it," she said.

"It's all fixed," he answered. "They're sending it up from next door." He paused a moment, and then added, smiling, "From 'our place.' The first course is in the refrigerator. I'll just get it. You sit down."

She moved to the table in a daze, still sniffing a little and blinking away tears. Bill returned with two cups of Vichyssoise. He placed them on the table, and kissed the top of her head.

"Madame *est servie,*" he announced, waiterlike, and then sat down opposite her.

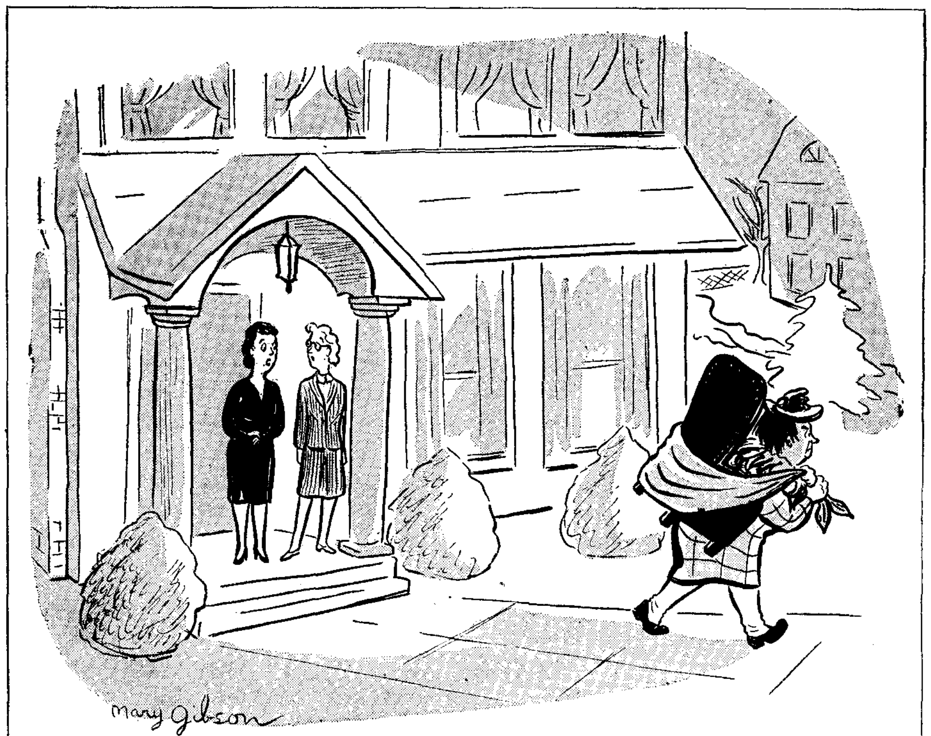
Sally dipped her spoon, and tasted.

"Oh, Bill, this is heaven," she said.

His own soup was still untasted.

"Isn't it?" he answered happily.

THE END



"The maid always carries off a suspicious-looking bundle, but we don't dare say a word!"

COLLIER'S

MARY GIBSON

# Let's Train Our Youth NOW

Continued from page 12

and above all the numerous diseases, illiteracy is the great reason for Selective Service rejections!

It is—or it should be—a shock and a challenge to the nation to learn that half its men of military age are unfit for service. That does not mean, by a wide margin, that the other half is physically top-notch. If the records of the Marine Corps can be taken as an index, then it is a fact that only 20 per cent of American men of military age are without impairment. By as good a sampling process as anybody can devise, is that fact proved. Out of every five men seeking to enlist in the Marines, four are rejected.

You can say that that is because the Marines have the highest physical requirement in the world, and I will insist that you are mistaking the effect for the cause. If our youngsters were given the opportunity they deserve, to develop healthy bodies and minds, the Marines would still be rejecting some—but not four out of five! I realize that we, as a nation, must begin that task long before our men reach the age of seventeen. It must, to be perfect, begin before birth. National military service is not a panacea, but it will be a powerful corrective.

The Navy, of course, tries to get the best men it can, but its standards are not so rigid as those established by its companion service, because it is not necessary for every bluejacket to be prepared to hack his way through jungle swamps carrying a full pack and a dozen extra grenades.

Two out of every seven applicants are rejected by the Navy.

Out of every twelve young men who have sought to enter the Navy, one has had bad eyes.

Out of every twenty, one has had bad teeth.

One in thirty-three had a diseased heart or circulatory impairment.

Nearly one in every fifty had some disease of the ears, nose or throat—bad tonsils, adenoids, polyp, sinus infections—all preventable, few curable.

Nearly one in fifty had some disease of the motor system—rheumatism, bursitis, osteomyelitis.

One in every 200 had his nerves in such ill condition that he could not make a dependable sailor—or a dependable tailor, insurance man, reporter, miner or anything else.

Two out of seven unfit; twenty-nine *young* men out of every 100 of the nation's eager, patriotic youth—unfit! And mind you, that does not only mean unfit for naval service. Those physical handicaps mean loss of efficiency in any pursuit, shortened lives, periodic illness inviting other disease through lowered resistance.

The total figures run into the hundreds of thousands.

That is bad news for the United States. An army or a fleet that suffered 28 per cent casualties in a war would not come out victorious.

### Rescue Work on the Unfit

Suppose we had had national, nonexempt military training for young men of 17 when all these hundreds of thousands of applicants were at that age. The 5 per cent who, five to a dozen years later, are denied the privilege of wearing their country's uniform because their mouths are a mess of decayed and missing teeth would have been saved pain, shame and miseries that will accumulate with age. So far as corrective and preventive medicine applies, the same rescue work would have been performed on all the other rejects. Every one would have been taught to preserve and to strengthen the body God gave him.

If for no other reason than the rich dividends the nation will reap from a rugged, health-wise American manhood, universal military training is an investment we should make without delay. We are desperately in need of more young men capable of playing through four quarters of a football match, and fewer who get out of breath climbing to their seats in the stadium!

But that is not the only reason. I have, up to this point, purposely refrained from arguing the military necessity of such training. We all hope there will be no more wars, but we will do well to remember that in 1918 we concluded "the war to end wars." And where are we today—and why?

If there was one factor in Hitler's calculations—and Tojo's—which convinced the war lords that they could win, it was the conviction that the "decadent democracies" would not fight—or could not.

Suppose that we had had military training in the United States since the last war—remembering that most men returned from that conflict convinced that such a policy should be adopted. Suppose further that when the Axis powers began to dream of world conquest, their admirals and their generals had been forced to consider the fact that the United States, rich in raw materials and industrial capacity, was also rich in trained military manpower.

Would they have risked war with a nation whose every man between the ages of 18 and 40 was a trained soldier or sailor? Would they have risked pitting their combined strength against a nation which could not only outbuild them in ordnance, aircraft and ships, but which had upward of 20,000,000 men trained to shoot, to fly, to sail, to fight?

It is an academic question, perhaps, or a rhetorical one. Let us transfer our supposition from the past to the future. Let us suppose we have the common sense and the economical sense not to scrap our naval and military equipment again, including the magnificent training centers and technical schools we have acquired since 1941. Then let us utilize this magnificent establishment not only for the immediate defense of the nation and preservation of the peace, but to train the young men during their year of military service and their annual refresher courses which will have to be maintained to keep the trainees "in the pink." What Hitler or Tojo of 1965 will undertake to challenge a United States thus prepared?

I offered as the reason for immediate adoption of national military training the swifter demobilization of the fighting men afforded by the mobilization of the younger men. I submit, in question form again, another idea: Will not America's position at the peace table be strengthened immeasurably if, by adoption now of universal military service, the United States is able to demonstrate that it will never again be caught unprepared; that, at the drop of anybody's hat, the United States will be ready to jump in at close to peak strength, to knock out any power or combination of powers which threatens our national security?

### To Strengthen Democracy

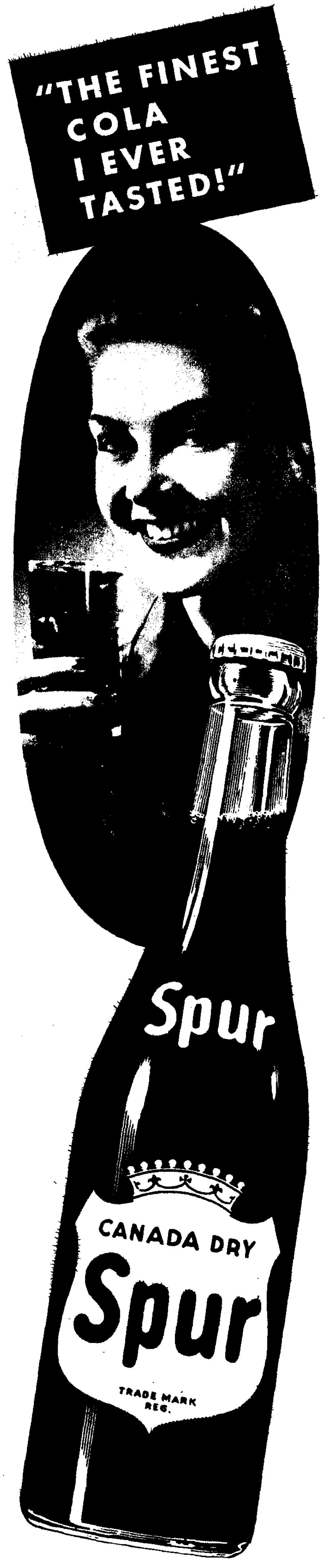
That is my story, without rhetorical embellishments or emotional appeal. We need national, nonexempt military training for the rehabilitation of our youth and the health of our nation. We need it for the salutary effect it will have on the minds and intellects of tomorrow's heads of families. We need it to strengthen our democracy and to make real the duties of citizenship. We need it for the defense of our nation, which will emerge from this war the most powerful political entity on earth and which must remain powerful, or languish until it again invites the contempt of vengeful and ambitious militarism.

My belief is that a majority of Americans share that conviction. All right, then. Let's do something about it.

THE END

"Don't you dread the day peace comes and we'll have to give up all the things we've become accustomed to?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

*Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.*

RETURN EMPTY BOTTLES PROMPTLY

# The Amazing Story of ROMA wines...

## MADE IN CALIFORNIA, FOR ENJOYMENT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

In Havana...

**At the famed Hotel Nacional de Cuba, ROMA Sherry precedes a happy dinner party.**

THIS scene in Havana is typical of wine lovers in many a corner of the world. To *them* ROMA California Wine is an imported delicacy—to *you* an inexpensive delight for everyday enjoyment.

*You* are more fortunate. ROMA Wines come to you from our own wineries—in the heart of California's finest wine grape areas. *You* do not have to pay high duty and shipping costs . . . but can enjoy ROMA whenever you wish—at *prices unbelievably low* for wines of such distinguished character.

As a result, ROMA Wines are by far the most popular, the most widely-enjoyed of all America's wines . . . the world's outstanding wine-values!

Discover today how much they add to your meals . . . how much they delight friends when you entertain. Get a supply of your favorite kinds—at your favorite dealers. Enjoy them every day.

ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, Cal.

ROMA California Wines include: Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Sauterne...Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel, . . . Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.

*BUT*—BEFORE YOU BUY WINES BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

**ROMA** *Wines*

*America's Largest Selling Wines.*

ROMA
Vintners' Select
CALIFORNIA
SHERRY
SERVE CHILLED

*Serve Chilled*

*TUNE IN ROMA WINES' "SUSPENSE"—C. B. S., Thursday nights (Mondays, in Pacific Time Zone). See your newspaper for time and station.*

# TORNADOES BY THE TON

## BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

DRAWINGS BY LOGAN U. REAVIS

**There's more than TNT in a block-buster, just as there is more than acid and a metal plate in a time bomb. Here the civilian learns in detail what makes our aerial bombs tick**

During the London blitz, a soldier and his girl were walking down a street of closely spaced apartment houses. One house was missing.

"There," remarked the soldier, "is where a big bomb hit last night."

"What luck!" his little lady cooed. "All these apartment houses, and that bomb falls in an empty lot!"

That story is not so much a commentary on the dryness of English humor as on the tremendously destructive qualities of bombs. Apparently that English lass realized little of those qualities.

We read in the headlines: "1,800 Tons Dropped on Hamburg," "Bombers Smash Emden," etc., etc. Planes by the thousands carry bombs by the million to every part of the globe. We may imagine the planes flying and the bombs falling.

But what happens when a bomb explodes? Why does it explode at that precise moment? Why doesn't it explode before or after? Just how powerful is a big bomb? How may bombs be safely handled? What really makes them "tick"?

Bombs are not simple "hunks of dynamite." They are intricate machines of destruction. They are the wind, multiplied a millionfold, bundled up and carried beneath the belly of an airplane.

Perhaps the easiest way to begin would be to compare a bomb to a good old Texas tornado. This tornado sweeps up from the Gulf, hits Houston at a hundred-mile-an-hour clip. People are in a panic. Damage is estimated at several million dollars.

Now take a look at a 2,000-pound demolition bomb, keeping that hundred-mile wind in mind. This is a small bomb, really. Just about half the size of the British block-buster. But inside it is a hurricane which, when unleashed, will make that Texas twister seem like the calm before the storm.

The "big wind" which is battened down within this one-ton demolition bomb won't blow over as great an area, of course, but there are lots more bombs where this one came from, don't forget that; and lots more planes to carry 'em. And, most important, we can make this big wind blow exactly where we want it to blow.

### A Million Pounds Per Square Inch!

This bomb is filled with TNT, more than a thousand pounds of it, and when it explodes, changing to gas, it will exert an instantaneous pressure of far over a million pounds per square inch!

The solid steel case which held the TNT will, of course, have been smashed into thousands of fragments. These will travel in all directions at the rate of 4,000 feet per second. That's fast! The muzzle velocity of many high-caliber rifle bullets approaches only 2,000 feet. But even that isn't anything to what's coming.

The gas which has been formed will expand in all directions, traveling at 15,000 feet per second. What about that hundred-mile-an-hour Texas twister now? The big wind this 2,000-pounder turns loose has become a 7,000-mile-an-hour tornado!

But wait! This one-ton tornado isn't through yet, even though it has been exploded. The velocity of its gases dies out after a relatively short trip. But, within the area where it expanded, there's nothing left, not even air. The vacuum thus produced will be entirely as destructive as the explosion.

Let's say this bomb was dropped through the roof of a big building. The blast pushes walls out, roof up. But instantly there comes a suction of tremendous force, due to the rush of air and spent gas trying to get back into the vacuum created by the explosion. This suction action will actually last longer than the original blast.

The roof comes down. The walls are sucked in. If the building didn't disintegrate from the force of the first action, it was at least sufficiently weakened to become a mass of sucked-in rubble a split second later.

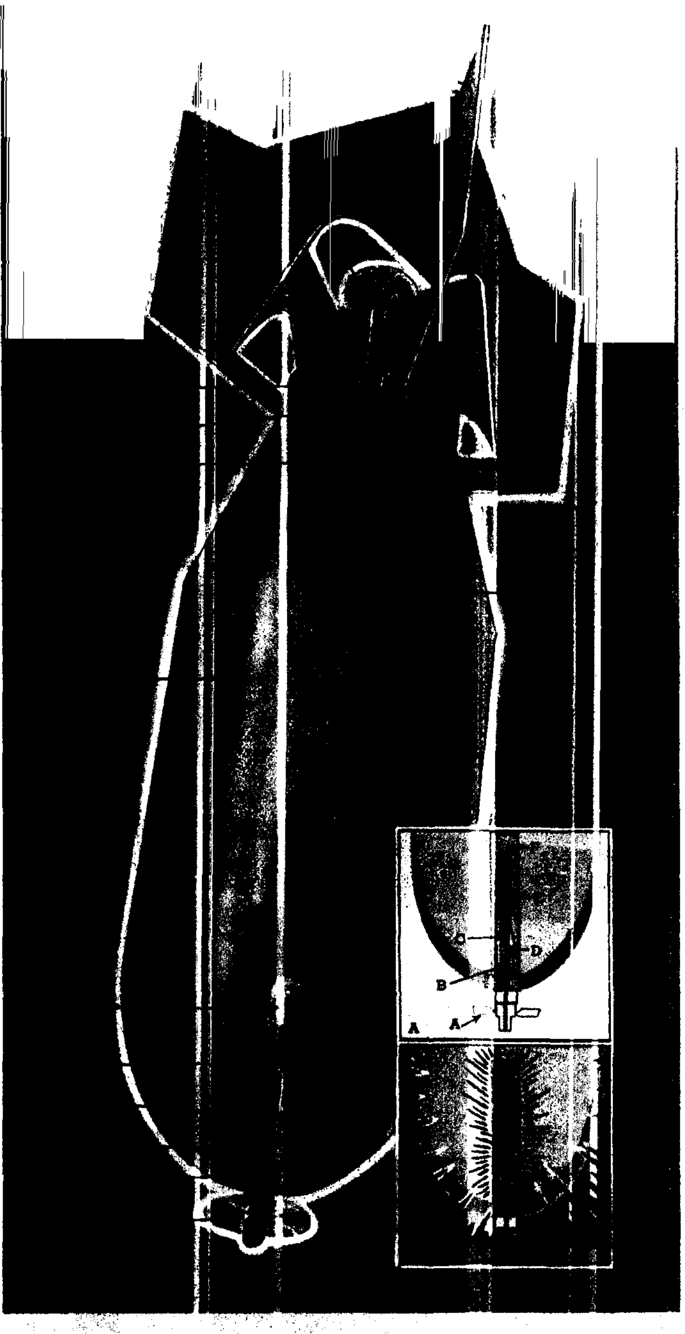
That's what a bomb does. How it is made to do it at the right time is something that has taken much study and experimentation over years of military history. Many a military-research man has become the victim of the metaphysical twitches after working over a hot bomb all year, wondering whether it was going to do what he hoped it would, or what he prayed it wouldn't.

There are, of course, many kinds of bombs (fragmentation, incendiary, general-purpose, etc.), each with its special purpose. But the class most representative of today's air-warfare headlines is the class called "demolition" bombs. The word means exactly what it says.

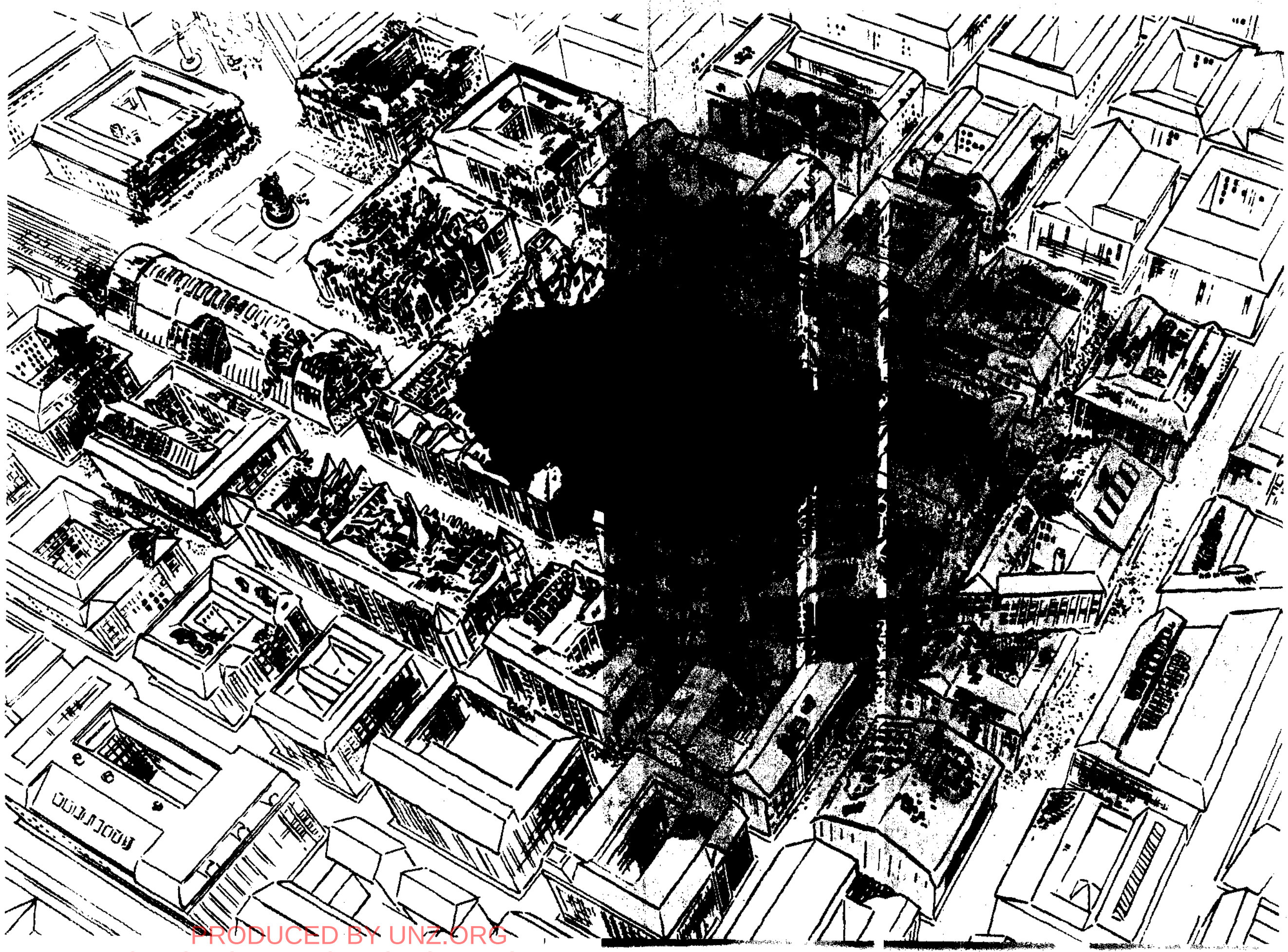
Such bombs are heavy bombs, ranging in weight from around 300 pounds up to 4,000 pounds. For the most part, they use TNT (trinitrotoluene) as the main explosive charge, and for a very special reason. TNT is a most reliable explosive. That is, it always explodes when it is supposed to, not before, not after; and the reliability of an explosive is, if anything, more important than its destructive qualities.

Imagine the feeling a bomber pilot would have, if he knew that the slightest rough air might set off his bombs. For that matter, put yourself in the place of the man who loads the bombs into the bomb rack, or the stevedore who loads them into the ship. It is true that other explosives more powerful than TNT do exist, but most of them cannot be safely handled, and for that reason they are useless from a military point of view. Besides, TNT has the military advantage of being easy to manufacture in unlimited quantity. This, too, must always be considered by the ordnance expert, especially since bombs account for a very large percentage of ordnance explosives today.

So now, inside our demolition bomb we have a



**Here's how a bomb's nose and tail fuses work: In large drawing Nos. 2 & 15 are the vanes which, spun off during the bomb's flight, free the firing pins (3-4 & 12). When the bomb hits, the firing pins strike the primers (5 & 11), which set off the detonators (6 & 10), which ignite the booster charges (7 & 9), which finally explode the TNT (8). No. 1 is the tail fin; No. 13 the safety spring which keeps the firing pin and primer apart until impact; No. 14 the fuse threads. In inset, drawing A shows vanes (A) which prevent firing pin (B) from hitting primer (C) before they are screwed off; spring (D) is a second check to prevent premature explosion of detonator (E), booster (F), TNT (G). Drawing B shows bomb at moment of impact**



**Bombs destroy in concentric rings, shown here by shading. Red area includes spot the bomb hit, where destruction was total. Yellow is area damaged beyond repair; gray the partially damaged section**

# WHAT MAN WOULDN'T GO FOR ALL FIVE?

And what Pipe Smoker would pass up a blend of 5 such perfections as this? Isn't it worth 15c to try?

REVELATION Pipe Mixture combines the perfections of 5 GREAT TOBACCOS—fully blended—and CUT 5 DIFFERENT WAYS to get from each tobacco its richest goodness.

VIRGINIA—For rich, fragrant body

PERIQUE—For tone and sparkle

CAROLINA—Delicate, woodsy aroma

LATAKIA—Spicy flavor

BURLEY—So cool—and mellow!

REVELATION SMOKING MIXTURE

"THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
Mellow"

Most "mixtures" are only 1 or 2 tobaccos, cut 1 way. They can't come near REVELATION for perfect pipe smoking. 5 tobaccos—cut 5 ways—makes a tremendous difference. Try REVELATION!

15¢ POCKET PACK

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

charge which, when made to explode, will detonate at a rate up to 4½ miles per second. Yet, should machine-gun bullets hit its steel case, should it be dropped while being loaded—even dropped squarely on its nose—nothing will happen. In fact, by a very simple means, the bombardier may render this grim bundle of big wind utterly harmless, in the event that it becomes necessary for him to drop it over friendly territory.

In order to make this perfectly harmless TNT explode, we have to set up what might be called an "explosive wave." This wave will travel from a tiny primer charge way up at one end of the bomb, the primer charge being exploded by mechanical means. The wave, or explosive shock, sets off what is known as a "booster" charge, that is, a larger, more powerful explosive charge. It, in turn, sets up another and larger explosive wave—and BANG! There goes another Nazi factory. Yet the great 1,000-pound mass of TNT is ordinarily so insensitive that, were the booster charge left out, the primer charge could explode any old time without causing the slightest damage.

All of these stair-step explosives depend upon a most important and ingenious arrangement called the fuse. This fuse has a twofold purpose: It must prepare the internal bomb mechanism so that the bomb may explode; and it must also assure us that the bomb will not explode prematurely.

One thing is certain: Without the fuse, the bomb cannot explode, and for that reason, bombs are usually shipped to airdromes fuseless. The fuses are attached when the bombs are loaded, but even then several safety devices make certain that the bomb may not damage anyone except the enemy.

Fuses are complicated mechanisms. Obviously, the easiest way to get power to culminate the explosion would be to use the force created by the bomb striking its target, and that is exactly the way the ordinary tail fuse is used. But first, the safety devices have to be eliminated.

For this, the fall through thousands of feet of air is utilized. There is a small metal propeller at the top of the fuse. To keep it from turning prematurely, a device called an "arming wire" is run between its blades. When the bomb is dropped, the arming wire is cut through.

Now the propeller begins to turn. As it turns, it slowly unscrews from the rest of the fuse. Eventually it falls off, some small disks are ejected by a spring, and the firing pin, previously held inert, is now set free. When the bomb strikes its target, the firing pin functions by inertia —that is, it merely keeps on traveling as the bomb suddenly stops. It strikes the cap which sets off the primer charge, and then there's a tremendous upheaval.

### The Mechanics of Explosion

A nose fuse acts the same way, except that the firing pin is pushed backward as the bomb strikes. Both nose and tail fuses are often used on very heavy bombs, each connected by primers to the same booster charge. Thus the bomb is doubly sure of exploding itself.

Of course, in an emergency over friendly territory, the arming wire is allowed to fall with the bomb, thus preventing the fuse propellers from turning. For short distances, the tiny propellers are set to assure that they unscrew themselves before the bomb reaches its target.

A delayed-action fuse is a little bit different. Strictly speaking, its purpose is to give the bomb an opportunity to produce a "mining" effect. For instance, suppose that you are in a Navy bomber, out gunning for a Jap carrier. Your ordinary demolition bomb won't knock the Nagi Maru apart by exploding upon its deck. No, it must penetrate down into the bowels of the ship, where its double action of blast and suction will really have something to work on.

From the outside, your bomb looks the same as any other. Its steel case is light and thin, so that a maximum of explosive may be packed away inside. Yet the steel is strong enough, and shaped correctly, to bear the stress of penetration of a ship's deck. The little propellers look about the same. The safety devices are the same, and the firing pins will be set free in the same manner. But if you could get inside this delayed-action tornado, fall with it, here's what you'd witness:

The bomb makes a bull's-eye upon the carrier's deck. The firing pin slams into the primer cap. The primer explodes instantly, but the bomb travels right on down into the interior of the ship; because, just ahead of the primer charge, there is a solid block of steel through which runs a spiral hole filled with a slow-burning powder mixture. This powder is ignited by the primer cap. It burns down through the tube, or hole. One second . . . two . . . three . . . maybe even as much as ten seconds, depending upon the length of the spiral tube.

### A Good Place Not to Be

By that time, your bomb has come to a stop or has, at least, penetrated to a depth from which it can do the most good. By that time, the powder mixture has burned itself down to form a contact with the booster charge—and right *there is* the precise split second at which you may be glad you are only making believe you are inside that bomb.

But now, what about those so-called "time bombs"? They are perhaps the most intricate and interesting, besides being most exasperating to our enemies.

In general, they are exactly like any other bomb in appearance. The fuse is almost the same as any other, except for a clever addition.

There is the usual firing pin, set in a sort of piston and held under tension by a spring. But the so-called "safety" pin which keeps this spring from being released is held firmly in place by a strip of metal. And next to this metal strip there is a glass container filled with acid.

The bomb is dropped. The fuse propellers unscrew. The firing-pin piston is set free to do its job. Yet nothing else will happen—so long as that glass container is intact. Once the bomb strikes its target, however, the glass shatters. The acid pours over the metal strip. That thin strip begins to corrode.

This corroding process may go on for hours, or even days, depending, of course, upon how strong the acid is and how thick the strip of metal which holds the firing pin in place. But when finally the metal strip corrodes until it can no longer hold the tension of the spring, it breaks. The firing pin plunges into the primer cap—and any near-by Nips or Nazis immediately go wherever it is that Nips and Nazis go.

Obviously, the exasperating part about such bombs is that no one can tell, from the outside, just how strong the acid, or how thick the metal strip, how far the corrosion has progressed, or how much farther it has yet to go. Every moment counts when removal of such bombs is necessary, and yet every moment may be *the* moment.

But right now, whether our planes carry time bombs or delayed-action bombs or just plain bombs, our enemies are beginning to realize that any moment may well be *the* moment. They don't need to wait for a fallen time bomb, to stand staring at it like men gazing at a watermelon, wondering if it is ripe. No, they have only to look at that black cloud on the horizon. That cloud is made up of Allied planes, toting tornadoes by the ton.

THE END

## The Little Doctor

Continued from page 24

the best of whatever is available, and frequently the difficulties are enormous.

A case in point is the appendicitis operation he performed on a boy in a lumber camp. After walking some fifteen miles, the Little Doctor found his patient surrounded by weeping relatives and in such bad shape that an immediate appendectomy was necessary if the boy was to have any chance at all of living.

He decided to operate in the kitchen and sterilized his instruments by boiling them in a tin bucket on the cookstove. Then he chose a stout, unpainted table and placed it near a shelf, upon which he placed every kerosene lamp he could find. Electricity was available, but it came from a gasoline-operated plant, and there was always the likelihood that the plant would fail, as it usually did two or three times a night. Walter Maynard, a friend of the boy's father, and owner of a near-by lumber camp, was selected to administer the ether.

### No Help from the Family

The ceiling of the kitchen was one thickness of rough boards and had so shrunken during the years that the seams were wide enough to see through. As soon as Maynard released the first drop of ether, all the relatives shrieked and ran outside, while the boy's mother hurried upstairs. There she walked nervously back and forth all during the operation, shaking down dust and dirt in a never-ending stream, and paying no attention to the Little Doctor's shouts to sit down.

Outside the house, the relatives were grouped three or four to each window, but none of them, nor the boy's mother, would come into the room to put wood on the fire. The temperature in the kitchen fell lower and lower, until finally both Maynard and the Little Doctor were shivering with the cold, and the latter's fingers were so nearly numb that they could hardly hold the instruments.

So the operation proceeded, with the relatives screaming, the boy's mother weeping noisily and tramping about upstairs, and the Little Doctor yelling at them to get some wood.

Just as Doctor Pritham cut off the appendix, the boy stopped breathing. Maynard started artificial respiration, and the Little Doctor worked in desperate haste to close the incision. The boy began to breathe normally again as soon as the job was completed, and Maynard built a fire and warmed up the kitchen.

"I guess," said the Little Doctor, "operating conditions that day were about the worst I ever worked under. Considering the amount of dirt that fell into the wound, the boy made a satisfactory recovery."

Sometimes the Little Doctor's efforts to take care of his people are seriously handicapped by well-meaning friends who insist upon trying home remedies before the doctor arrives.

Once he was called to the telephone by an old woodsman, who said, "Say, Doc, come over to Kineo. A woman's hurt her head."

That's all the information the old man seemed to have, but what had actually happened was this: The woman had slipped and fallen backward down a flight of stairs and had struck her head on a step, peeling back a piece of scalp some three by four inches. The wound bled freely, and she was so frightened that she ran screaming into the yard.

Alarmed by her appearance, neighboring women hurried her back into the house, and after much gabbling and rushing about, agreed that the bleeding must be stopped at all costs. So they replaced the piece of scalp and dusted the woman's head heavily with flour. But the bleeding continued, and one woman shouted, "I know something my grandmother used to use!"

She picked up a jug and poured almost a gallon of molasses over the injured woman's head. The molasses thickened the flour into a paste, and also ran down her face into her ears, eyes and mouth, but it didn't stop the bleeding.

Throughout the uproar, the old woodsman had been sitting in a corner calmly smoking his pipe, but when the molasses proved ineffective, he jumped to his feet and cried, "You females! I know how to stop that bleeding!"

He opened the stove door, pushed back the live coals, and then dumped a shovelful of hot ashes on the woman's head. Ignoring her shrieks and the screams of the other women, he started to pat it into position with the shovel, and not very gently, either.

"This," as the Little Doctor put it, "cooked the goose in more ways than one. When I got there, I had to dig away a layer of molasses candy reinforced with hair, flour, ashes and paste, and liberally coated with clotted blood."

The Little Doctor rarely sends out bills, and a large percentage of his patients never get around to paying him. Many seldom have any cash money, so they pay according to their means. Occasionally a truck will back into the yard of Doctor Pritham's modest home in Greenville with a load of wood. Or it might be a barrel of apples, or a bushel of potatoes, or a fish right out of the lake. Whatever it is, it is accepted as payment, and very often it's all the Little Doctor ever gets. Only once did he refuse what was offered. That was last fall, after he had worked the pump of a leaky motorboat for four hours, and then walked ten miles to the camp of a lumberman who had almost severed his leg with an ax.

After the Little Doctor had sewed up the wound, the lumberman said, "I've got no cash money, Doc, but take that buck hanging outside the door."

"No, sir; you keep the buck," said Doctor Pritham. "If a man can't shoot his own deer, he shouldn't have one."

### The Call of the Wild

But the Little Doctor nearly always gets his deer. During the hunting season he carries his rifle with him on his calls, and before time is called on the shooting, he usually has a fine big buck hanging on his porch.

Everyone around Moosehead knows the Little Doctor is fond of hunting, but last year he found a man who either didn't know or had forgotten.

This man, operator of a little lumber camp in the back country, had fractured his leg and had been suffering severe pain for several hours. But he became very uneasy when the Little Doctor walked into his cabin with a rifle in one hand and a surgical kit in the other. He watched closely as Doctor Pritham leaned the rifle in a corner, removed his overcoat and examined the leg.

"H'mm," said the Little Doctor. "Pretty bad break. Pretty bad."

He walked over to the corner and picked up his rifle, and as he started to work the ejector to unload the weapon (as all good woodsmen do when they bring a gun into a house) he heard a hoarse cry from the bed. He turned to find that the lumberman had hoisted himself up on one elbow.

"Say, Doc!" the injured man cried. "I ain't that bad off! Gimme a chance!"

THE END

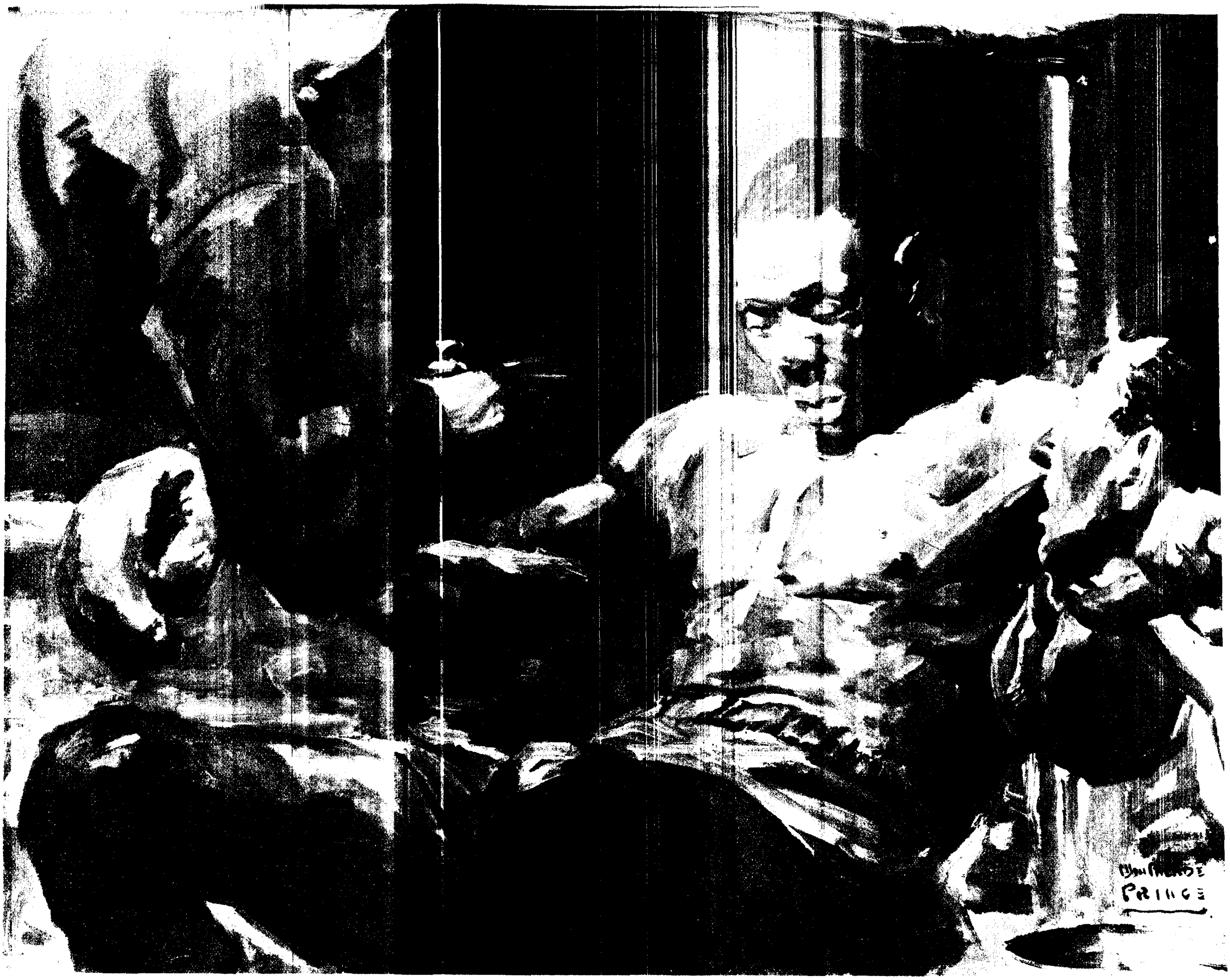
No Help Wanted!
One Can of New Improved
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
CLEANS 34 MORE BATHTUBS*
and does it
SAFELY AND QUICKLY
Chases Dirt
OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER
MADE WITH SEISMOTITE
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**Cleans with Lightning Speed**

**By actual test* in independent laboratories and in typical homes Old Dutch cleans 34 more bathtubs per can than any other leading cleanser! Cleans with lightning speed—without scratching beautiful porcelain and enamel!

And here's why. Because grease is one of the meanest problems of cleaning, Old Dutch is made with a fast grease dissolver that emulsifies grease quickly and loosens its hold on the dirt. Then Seismotite erases the loosened dirt—easily—thoroughly—quickly.

Compare cleansers in your own home. You may get even *more* amazing results!



"Remember out in St. Louis, your first fight," Willie whispered, "I told you the Lord was in your corner and to go out swingin'"

# One By Land

## BY EUSTACE COCKRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

**"Go out there and smite him, boy," Willie Wurtzel said, "smite him." And Refugee Smith, the long-lost meal ticket, went out and smote**

WILLIE WURTZEL, late of 49th and Broadway, erstwhile manager of Refugee Smith, Middleweight Contender, sat in the boat and heard the lapping of the waves.

Once, long ago, he had sat in a little rowboat and heard the lapping of the waves. That time he had been in the middle of the Mississippi River and the waves were small and tepid and that time from the darkness had come the rich brown voice of a poor black man calling on the Lord for succor. Willie had saved him. And *he* had been Refugee Smith, a lean, big-boned black man with grace in his soul and a natural right cross laden with anesthesia.

Refugee was in the Army now. Now these many months. And Willie Wurtzel in his haste to get the war over and get his meal ticket back had signed on a freighter as a cook, second class, a position which turned out to give him sole charge of the dish-washing department.

But right now Willie didn't think of that, he heard the lapping of the waves, the waves that were quite high and vigorous and cold, waves that mayhap sloshed down from Greenland en route to warmer climes. He heard the waves and they became in his mind the waves of the gentle Mississippi lapping warmly at a little boat long, long ago.

And Willie sat up and looked out into the blackness, striving to hear the sound of the voice that had once called to the Lord for aid.

He heard it, not loud, but clear enough, and for that lapse perhaps he is excused for Willie Wurtzel, along with the others in the boat, heard many things they hadn't heard the first few nights.

The Skipper heard the clanking of a windmill, a sound he hadn't heard for fifty years and the third mate heard the singing sound of a wagon wheel on freezing snow. But Willie heard a voice that sounded like Refugee's and the voice said: "The Lord is in your corner, Mr. Willie. Keep dat chin up."

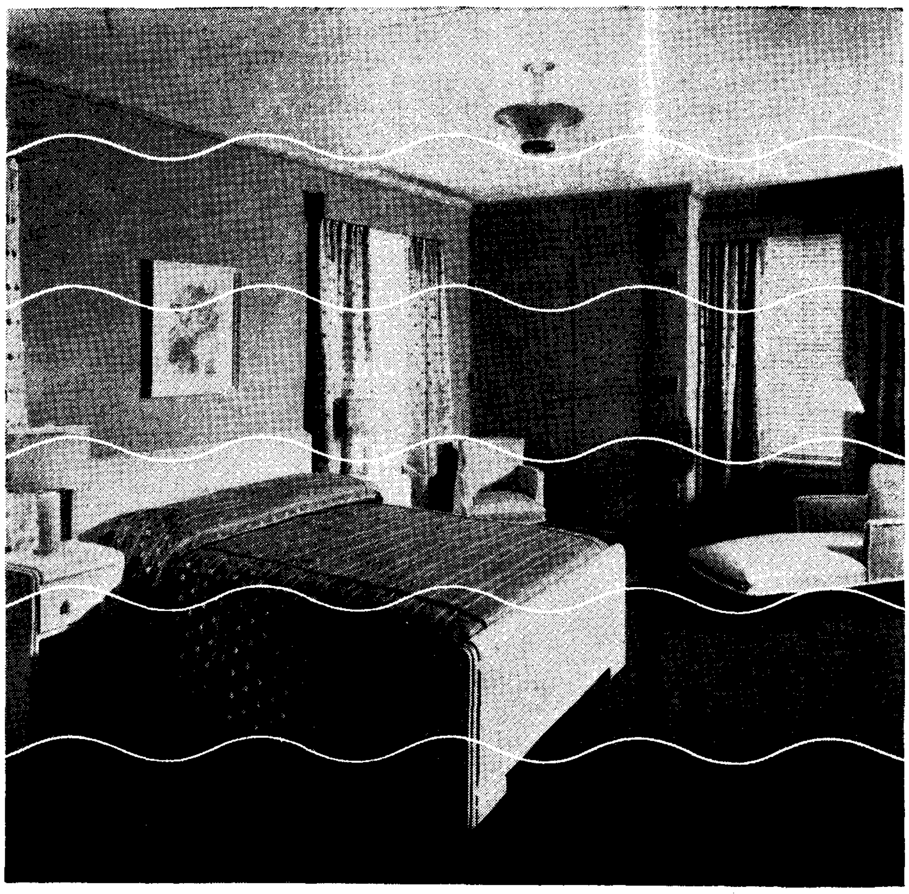
Willie Wurtzel grinned to himself thinking: These rations made that chin deal easier. I ain't got but one, now. Aloud he said to the boat at large, "Five'll get you eight if we ain't picked up tomorrow." He reconsidered; those odds were out of line even with a hint at divine guidance. "Even money," he said, "even money we get picked up tomorrow."

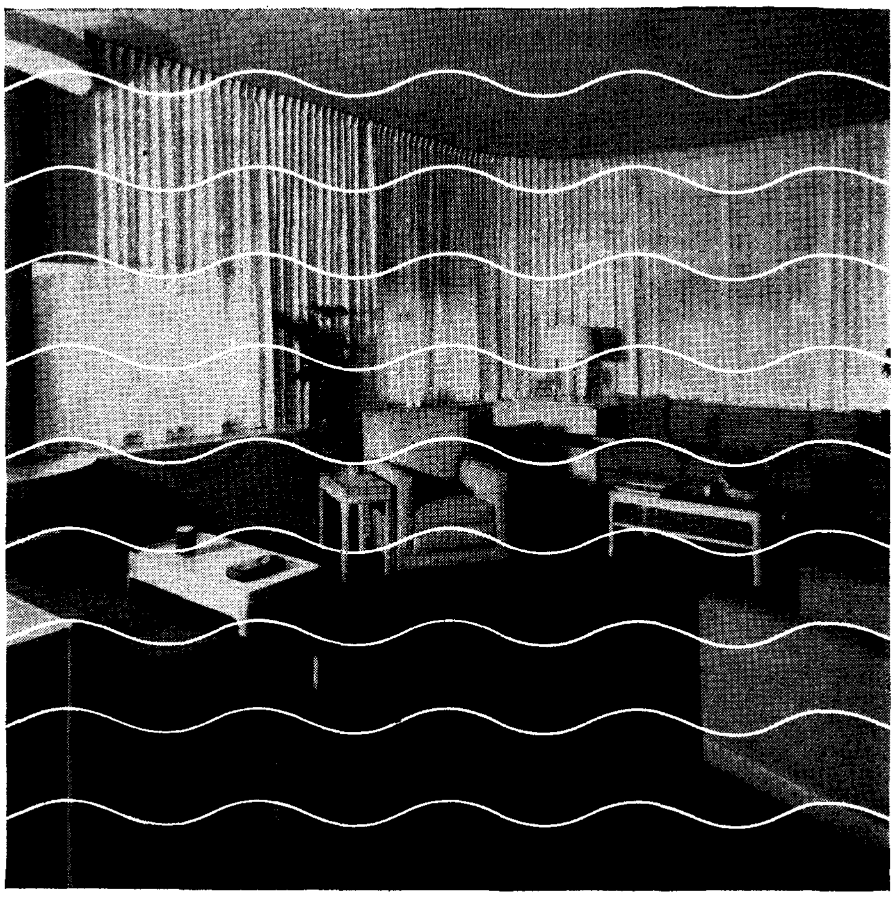
But nobody answered him.

MIKE GOLDEN, in his smoke shop on 49th Street, stood behind his counter and wondered whether he ought to call up Ed Delaney, the commission man, and tell him the news, or wait until Ed came in and save a nickel. Ed Delaney ought to know, but Ed probably would find out anyway. Mike moved the cigar in his mouth deftly from port to starboard, took a cloth, polished his glass counter, and glanced up. In the door stood a big black man in a big brown uniform. Behind him stood a smaller, lighter man in the same garb.

*(Continued on page 67)*

# Your Bedrooms can help Heat your Living Room!





## WITH MODUFLOW SECTIONAL HEATING CONTROL

A revolutionary improvement in house-heating control systems for postwar homes has just been perfected by Minneapolis-Honeywell.

This newest development is called MODUFLOW.

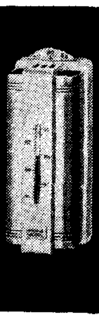
Moduflow means heat *modulated* to just the desired degree with a uniform continuous *flow*. A Moduflow Control System will eliminate the cool periods and drafts resulting from ordinary "on and off" heat supply.

With a Moduflow Sectional Control System, you can maintain different temperatures in different sections of your new postwar home, according to requirements . . . For example, you can have 70 degrees in your living room, 65 degrees in your bedrooms, 50 degrees in your built-in garage, and so on. Thus the heat saved in your bedrooms can be used to help heat your living room.

Whether you build a mansion or a cottage, you can have the comfort afforded by a Honeywell Moduflow control system. Send for the interesting new booklet, "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home." It is yours for the asking.

*Keep Backing the Attack . . . Buy* MORE *War Bonds!*

**MINNEAPOLIS Honeywell**
**TEMPERATURE CONTROLS**



**SEND FOR THIS BOOK**

Heating and air conditioning
THE POSTWAR HOME

**FREE**

**Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company**
2720 Fourth Avenue South
Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

*Please send my free copy of "Heating and Air Conditioning The Postwar Home"*

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________ State__________

# My Cousin Louie, the Explorer

Continued from page 20

I held a short debate with myself for five minutes. My heart was beating wildly.

Five minutes later I was tiptoeing up the back stairs. I passed our flat on the second floor and continued up the third flight.

When I reached the top floor the sun broke through, shining over our part of the world—that is, over our house on Walnut Street and over the big, three-story building next door. Everything had suddenly become clear blue and the two new tin rain pipes next door glittered in the light. I fixed the ladder under the trap door of the top porch and began climbing toward the roof.

I had reached the trap-door opening when someone called up to me in the most appealing voice in the world. I turned my head and looked down the ladder. Under me stood my eight-year-old cousin Louie, his big eyes fixed hungrily on my yellow kite.

"Dave," he called, "what have you got there?"

"Beat it," I told him. "Go play with your choo-choo train."

"Dave," he said, not going away, "I got three cents in my pocket for spending money. You can have it. I don't have to buy any candy today."

"I'm not interested in your money," I answered. "I don't want to be a banker. I want to become the champion kite flier of the world."

I had my head and shoulders through the opening of the roof and made sure my fingers had a gentle but sure grip on the kite when I heard a sob. I looked down, full of anger. My cousin Louie had his fists in his mouth; he was trying to control his crying but his shoulders were shaking. The tears were running over his lips.

I TRIED to remain angry but there was one thing I couldn't stand—the sight of my cousin crying.

"I'm not allowed to take up anybody on the roof," I argued.

"I'll behave myself," Louie begged. "Honest, I will."

"But I'm not supposed to be up here myself," I told him. "If my pa finds out he'll make me bend over and he'll whip me with his belt."

"I won't tell," Louie said, still begging. "Honest, I won't. You can kill me if I do. You can shoot me with your B-B gun."

"I sold that last week."

As I spoke, a gentle gust of wind fluttered the tissue paper of the kite. I reached up and put my hand on the roof above me. My cousin Louie started crying below me, harder than ever. I was afraid my mother would hear him.

"All right," I said between my teeth. "Come on up, but if you ever tell anybody I'll throw you into the lake."

"I w-won't tell a soul," Louie choked happily and started climbing. I got on the roof and when my cousin reached the top of the ladder I gave him my hand and helped him through the trap door. When we finally stood on the roof, side by side, I felt I was master of the world. I could see almost all the housetops of the whole West Side. Next to me my cousin was quivering with excitement.

"You be careful," I warned him. "It's high up here. Don't leave my side."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't go wandering around. One misstep and it's death."

"Yes, sir."

I looked at him. "Hey, what's all this yes-sir business for, anyway?"

"I don't know, Dave. I feel scared, I guess."

"Want to go down?"

"No." He shook his head for emphasis, shivering. "No."

"All right, then. I can't waste any more time gabbing with you. I came up here to fly my brand-new kite."

I took my stick of cord out of my hip pocket and unraveled the loose end of it. After fastening the cord to the back of the kite I unwound the tail. The tail was made of eight strips of assorted pieces of cotton cloth I had found in my mother's scrap bag, and one of the strips was cut from the lower part of an old suit of my father's underwear. As I worked, I turned my back to the wind, shielding the kite.

"Let me touch it," my cousin begged.

"No, you might stick your finger through it."

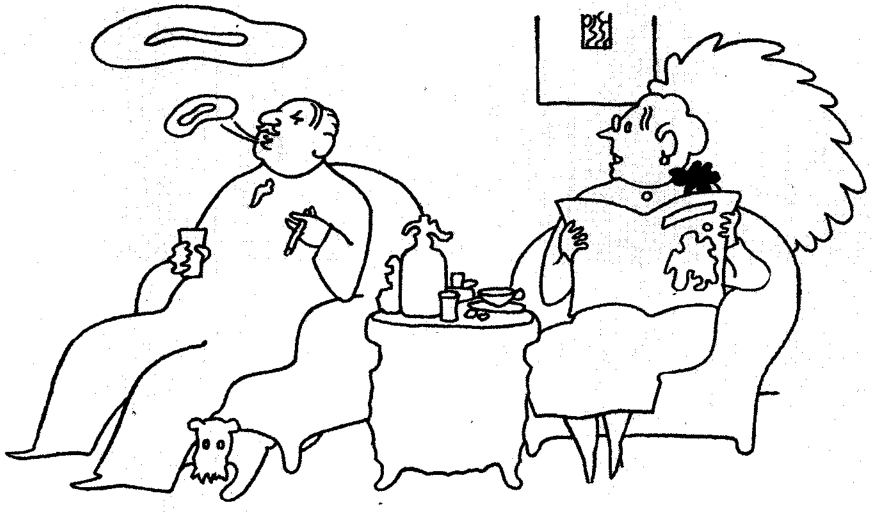
"Please. I know how."

"No. You don't know how thin this paper is. I paid twenty cents for the three sheets."

My cousin began to cry.

"All right," I said. *"But don't bawl.* You can touch it in the back, near the frame."

The wind was fluttering the paper, in that remarkably, sensitive way that made you want to hold your breath. My cousin Louie finally touched the kite; his eyes were shining.



COLLIER'S "After the war, Alfred, will we all have to live magically?" GARDNER REA

"Yellow is my favorite color," he said.

I didn't want to waste any more time, so I held up my hand to see which way the wind was blowing. When I found it was coming from the west I walked over to the western part of the roof in order to have the entire area of the housetop behind me over which to maneuver.

"You stay behind me," I ordered. "And keep away from the edge of the roof."

"Yes, sir, I won't cause you any trouble. I mean I'll stay close to you and do whatever you tell me to do."

"Keep quiet," I told him. "I want to get this kite up."

I WAITED for a gust of wind, then, holding my kite high, I began running back quickly. I let the kite go and played out my line. The sun was in my eyes and for a few seconds I didn't know if I had been successful or not. Then I heard Louie yelling.

"Whee!"

The kite was soaring like a climbing plane. The sun was dancing on the yellow paper. I played out the line as fast as I could, working my wrist from side to side to unravel the cord from the stick. Louie was dancing up and down on his legs like a grasshopper.

"Dave, Dave! Isn't it great? I bet it's up a million miles already!"

Playing out the line I worked myself back to the center of the roof, where I could maneuver freely from a pivotal position. The kite was tugging at my arm like a live, heavy fish struggling for freedom. I suddenly felt like singing.

"Whee!" cried Louie, dancing up and down. "Oh, boy, it's traveling a hundred miles a minute!"

I continued playing the line out, drunk with the sensation of the kite pulling, feeling the quivering of the cord. The sunlight was still dancing on the yellow paper and I was glad I had picked yellow and not blue when I had bought the sheets at the candy store.

I FLEW the kite for over an hour. At five o'clock the sun was still bright but the shadows of the chimneys were lengthening on the housetops. Louie begged me to allow him to fly the kite for a few minutes and he pleaded so hard that I gave in. I stood behind him, however, ready to grab the line if anything happened. He became so excited holding the string that I thought he'd jump out of his skin.

"Hey, Dave, look! I'm handling it all right, ain't I? Ain't I?" His thin arms were quivering as the big kite yanked at his wrists.

"You're doing fine, Louie," I said. "You can fly it as good as I can any day."

He looked at me happily. "I can? You mean it? As good as you?" His arms began to quiver harder so I took the line away.

"That's all for today," I said. "I'm pulling in the ship."

It took me twenty minutes to draw in the kite and wind the cord crossways around the stick, hand over hand. I was just about finished and my right wrist was tired when I turned around to see where Louie was.

My heart jumped into my mouth. My cousin was about thirty feet away from me, skipping about the roof happily and heading for the sloping edge which separated our building from the one next door. I could see the new rain pipe of the next house glittering across the gap. I wanted to yell but I was petrified.

My kid cousin, skipping, neared the edge and suddenly saw the three-story drop. He couldn't stop himself and, emitting a quick "Eek!", he sailed over the six-foot gap which separated the two buildings. His leap was not quite long enough; his right foot came down on the rain pipe with a thump, his toe catching in the gutter. It was a good thing the rain pipe was new; it held under his weight. With a grunt Louie scrambled onto the roof on the other side. The entire incident happened so quickly I was still frozen in my tracks. My face was damp.

When he saw what he had done my cousin Louie let out a scream.

"What are you yelling for?" I shouted. "You're safe, aren't you?"

"Yes, but look down below!"

"You're telling me!"

I placed my yellow kite behind the chimney out of the wind and came over to the sloping edge to investigate the situation. On the other roof my cousin began whimpering.

"Dave, how'll I get back? How'll I—"

"Hold your horses," I told him. "I'm thinking." I was still nervous, as nervous as he was. If Louie's foot hadn't reached the rain pipe he would have dropped three stories to the cement passageway below. I wiped my damp face and began to shout.

"Be calm! What are you bawling about?"

But Louie couldn't stop whimpering. Finally I dragged the ladder up through the trap door onto the roof. I hauled it over to the edge and, wriggling it forward, pushed it across until it spanned the six-foot gap between the two housetops.

"All right," I ordered, "now cross on it over to this side. The ladder is a bridge now, see?"

Louie's face whitened.

"I—I can't, Dave," he whimpered. "Honest, I can't."

"You've got to come back here, don't you? There's nothing to it!"

Louie began whimpering worse than ever.

"Be calm like me!" I shouted. "What are you bawling about?"

IN THE end I got down on my hands and knees and crawled over the ladder to the other roof, to give my cousin courage. I didn't look down. I crossed the gap three times, to show Louie how easy it was. As I returned to the roof of our house the last time I looked into the back yard and saw a woman, a neighbor, watching us. I hoped she wouldn't tell my family, especially my father.

"Come on," I urged Louie. "I crossed up and back three times for you. It's getting late. The main thing is not to look down."

He set his teeth and began quivering on the other side.

"Dave, do you think I can do it?"

"Sure," I said. "It's easy. Just say the magic words twango-shango-bango and cross over. There's nothing to it."

Louie took a deep breath, got down on his hands and knees and said, "Twango-shango-bango," then he started crawling over the ladder toward me. He didn't look down. When he reached my side he got to his feet, his face still pale.

"Where—where's the kite?" he asked. "Did you lose it?"

"No, I got it behind the chimney. It's all right."

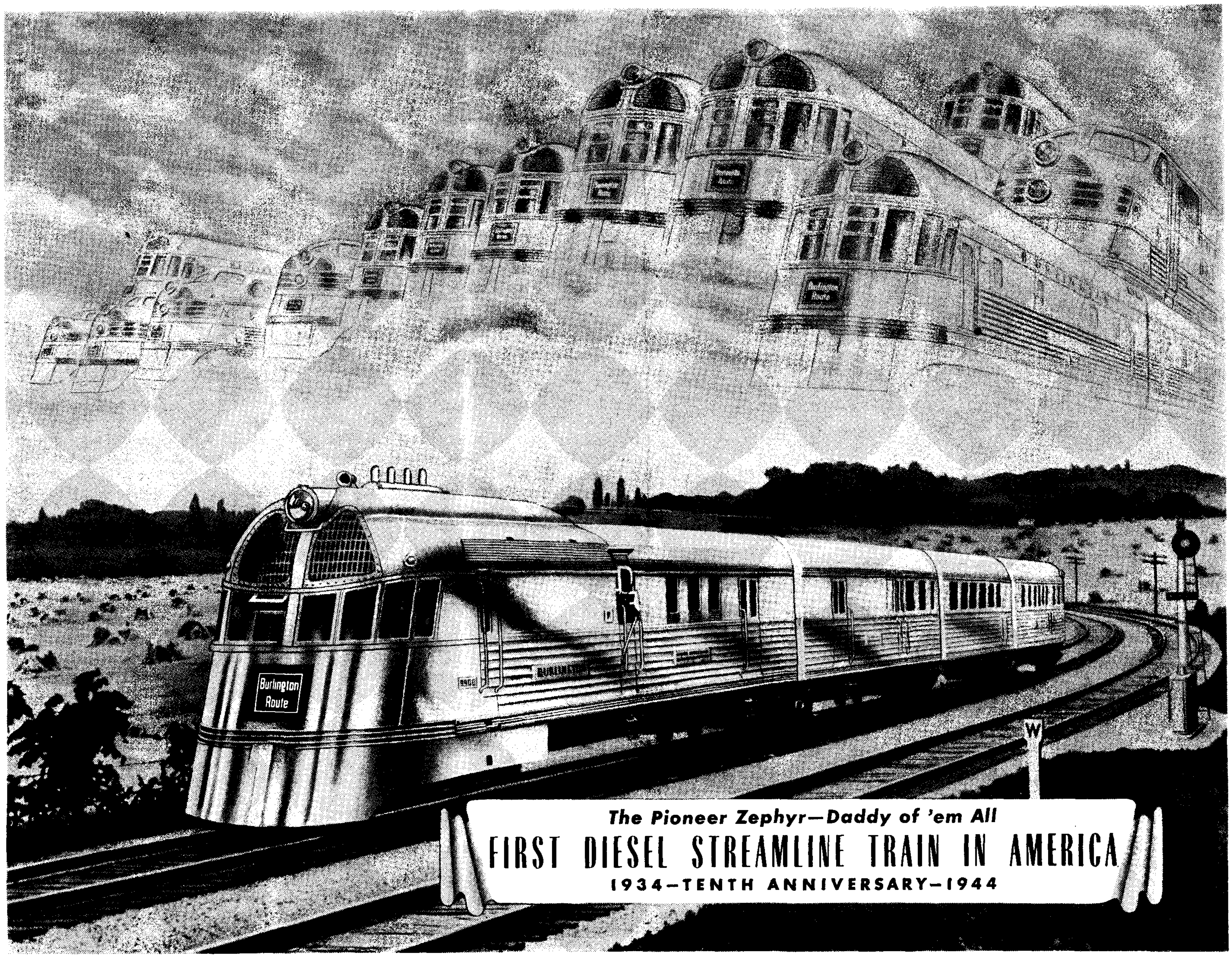
But when we reached the kite I saw that it was *not* all right. A gust of wind must have banged it against the brick chimney while I had been helping Louie to cross over on the ladder, for its left side had a big, gaping hole; the yellow paper was ripped wide open.

Looking at the ruined kite, Louie suddenly began crying, from the strain and everything else.

"What's the matter with you?" I shouted. "You're safe, aren't you? It's my busted kite, isn't it? What are you bawling about?"

"It was so—new," he blubbered. "So brand-new—" And he cried as he headed for his own home.

A few days later, on Sunday, when I was still brooding over my wrecked kite,


Burlington Route
W
The Pioneer Zephyr—Daddy of 'em All
FIRST DIESEL STREAMLINE TRAIN IN AMERICA
1934—TENTH ANNIVERSARY—1944

## MORE THAN A TRAIN . . . A SYMBOL

● Burlington's Pioneer Zephyr, first diesel-powered, streamline train in America . . . symbol of a dramatic era in railroad transportation . . . and of the even more dramatic progress to come.

Christened on April 18, 1934 . . . exhibited in 222 cities in 27 states . . . tested through 30,000 experimental miles, the Pioneer Zephyr entered regular service with national acclamation, on November 11, 1934 . . . thus establishing the first streamline service in America.

Today, the Burlington has fourteen gleaming stainless steel Zephyrs operating on its system lines. More than 100 trains, fashioned to the streamline pattern, have gone into service for railroads throughout the country.

With ten years of outstanding service to its credit—during which it has covered in excess of 1,676,000 miles—the Pioneer Zephyr is still on active duty, serving wartime America to the tune of 456 miles each day.

In the coming peacetime years, we look forward to a program of further improvement and refinement of the "streamline train" era, inaugurated by the Pioneer Zephyr ten years ago.

Way of THE Zephyrs

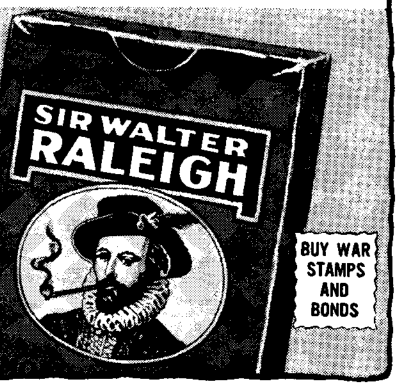
Burlington Route

AN ESSENTIAL LINK IN TRANSCONTINENTAL TRANSPORTATION

"The chief loves a cozy fire, a good book and his Sir Walter Raleigh!"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



LAXATIVES? I was always taking them until I learned about Lemon and Water

JUICE OF 1 LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

Assures normal regularity for most people. And it's good for you!

**If you are troubled** with sluggishness, and want to avoid constipation *without* resorting to harsh laxatives, try this health drink yourself—lemon and water, *first thing on arising.*

**8 million now take lemons for health.** National surveys show that over eight million now take lemons for their regulatory effect or as a general health aid. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, and supply valuable amounts of B1 and P. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Lemon and water has a refreshing tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

**If your system** needs a regulator, try this morning health drink ten days. Juice of one lemon in a glass of water, *first thing on arising.* It's good for you!

**P. S.** Some prefer the juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

California Sunkist

*Keep regular the Healthful way!*

**LEMON and WATER**

**...first thing on arising**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

a neighbor, Mrs. Bartok, borrowed some flour from my mother and told her about what she had seen taking place one afternoon up on the roof. She told about it in front of the whole family, even adding: "And he ruined his kite, too."

My mother grew terrified, not about the kite but over Louie, even though the incident was already in the past. My father's face darkened. My next-to-the-oldest brother, Ben, the stern one, turned to our old man after the neighbor had finished.

"Pa," he said to our old man, "I think Dave should be punished for taking Louie up on the roof and endangering his life. I think Dave should be whipped."

Mrs. Bartok took her cup of flour, thanked my mother and left.

My old man fixed his eye on me. The rest of the family were silent. At last my old man began loosening up his belt. "Dave," my father said, "come over here."

I came over.

"You're guilty, aren't you?" my old man asked.

I kept silent.

"Well? You were on the roof with Louie, weren't you?"

"Saul, use the strap lightly," my mother pleaded in a quiet voice. "He's only a boy."

My old man looked at her. "Am I asking you for advice? He's my son, too, isn't he?"

I WAS beginning to tremble, for my old man was an expert with his belt. Ben said, "Pa, if you don't punish Dave he'll go hog-wild all over the place. He's a bad influence." My brother didn't say a bad influence on *what.*

"I think you're right," my old man said to Ben. "Dave, come closer. I am a just man. I'm your father. I don't want to punish you if you don't deserve it. Bend down."

I came closer, steeling myself.

"Bend down," my father commanded me.

I began to bend over when the doorbell rang. My old man stayed his hand.

"Who's that?" he asked. "What? Have we callers so early?"

A minute later Uncle Harry, Aunt Irma and my cousin Louie came in. My uncle and aunt, who owned a delicatessen on Kedzie Avenue and had no children, dragged Louie along with them wherever they went. Louie was over at their place most of the time, eating corned beef and pastrami sandwiches right and left.

"What's taking place here?" asked my big uncle Harry, already taking his hat and coat off and anxious to start the card game. His large nose was tilted questioningly and the hairs in his ears were twitching a bit.

My stocky father answered briefly. "Dave is about to receive punishment for going up on the roof to fly his kite, then taking Louie up there and endangering his life."

"What? In this weather? Why, it's starting to rain outside!"

"It happened on Thursday," Ben said. "But we just now found out about it."

"But that was three days ago!" my uncle exclaimed.

"That doesn't lessen the crime," Ben stated.

"But Dave is my favorite nephew!" Uncle Harry said, projecting his loud voice through the rooms. "That is, together with Louie here!"

"Can't be helped," my father replied in a clipped voice. "Sentiment won't stop justice here." He looked at Louie. "Well, what have you got to say for yourself? Dave *did* allow you to go up to the roof, didn't he?"

Louie looked at me. "No, sir," he said.

"What? Was Mrs. Bartok lying about everything—even about that ladder business, and the broken kite, too?"

Louie looked at me again. I knew he was thinking about the beautiful yellow kite. "Yes, sir."

My father stared at him. "You're protecting him but that won't get him off. I believe in justice. I'm his father. Dave, come closer."

I came closer.

"Wait a minute," Uncle Harry cried. "I don't know the facts of the case, but even if your neighbor's story is true, these boys are not criminals. No, they're just boys. Why, they're explorers! One of them saw his older cousin on the roof and went up there to join him; he wanted to explore the heavens with that kite!" He looked at Louie. "You're an explorer, aren't you?"

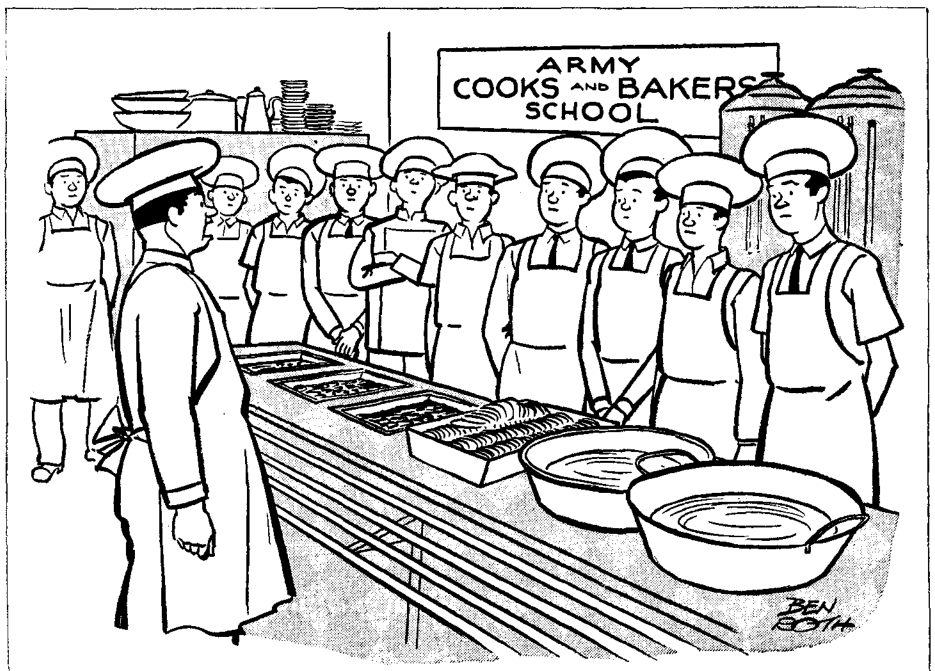
Louie glanced at me again. I knew he didn't know what an explorer was.

"I guess I am," he said, hanging his head.

"Certainly!" Uncle Harry shouted. "A boy on a roof is not a clod, he's a god!" He turned to Louie again. "You wanted to raise yourself above the small things in life, you wanted to get close to the heavens! You're an explorer, aren't you?"

Louie got the idea at last. His face lit up.

"Yes, I am!"



ARMY COOKS AND BAKERS SCHOOL
BEN ROTH

"You will find that your handiwork will be under the constant scrutiny of the men in your mess. Their constructive criticism and helpful suggestions will be an encouragement toward self-improvement!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

"There!" cried Uncle Harry. "Even if they *were* guilty, you can't punish such boys like these!" Again he looked at Louie. "You'd go to the stake for the freedom of the skies, wouldn't you?"

My cousin's face was still lit up. I knew he was still thinking of the big yellow kite. Tears came to his eyes.

"Yes, I would!"

My old man was flabbergasted. He couldn't understand what was going on. He didn't like the word explorer. He liked the words businessman, lawyer or dentist instead. He knew Uncle Harry was a dreamer—a frustrated delicatessen owner who yearned to be a farmer. My old man suspected that in his heart, despite his age, Uncle Harry might be an explorer himself. Still puzzled, he looked down thoughtfully at his strap. Then his jaw hardened.

"No, Dave won't get off this time. If they're not guilty, let them produce some evidence to prove they weren't on the roof."

"What kind of evidence?" asked my uncle eagerly.

My father thought a split second. "Well, there's the kite with the hole. If they show me that same kite in first-class condition I'll let him off this time."

My heart sank to my boots. I *knew* my kite was wrecked. It was hidden in the basement, behind the coal bin.

"All right!" Uncle Harry agreed. He turned to me, smiling in that crazy way of his. "Dave, that's fair enough, isn't it?"

I couldn't meet his eyes. My glance dropped to the carpet. "I guess it is," I replied.

When I raised my eyes I could see Ben wearing a grin of triumph. He knew we couldn't produce my kite in first-class condition.

"Louie," Uncle Harry ordered, "bring in the evidence that will exonerate our Dave!" He turned to all of us. "I, too, am for justice first, last and all the time! Louie, bring in the evidence!"

Grinning at me, Louie stepped out into the hall. When he returned he was holding, in perfect condition, a big yellow kite. I could have sworn it was mine!

"There!" cried Uncle Harry exultantly at my father. "Does the defendant go free?"

MY FATHER, defeated, slowly began putting his strap back through the loops of his trousers at the waist. It was my turn to be flabbergasted. While everybody began talking at once, Louie stole up to me and, still grinning, whispered: "Uncle Harry bought me the kite at the corner just before we came here."

"What?"

"Sure. It costs forty cents but I'm going to work it off by sweeping his store every Saturday morning for three months."

As I stood speechless, Louie's nose began to tilt upward. He had sniffed my mother's cooking coming from the next room. "Yes, I am!" In another minute he was marching toward the dining room, and five seconds later he started crowing; he must have reached the laden table. "Oh, boy! Pickles, roast beef and chocolate cake! Oh, boy!"

This was too much for my old man, still smarting under defeat. Turning to Uncle Harry, he roared:

"He's found the food! Louie, the explorer! Just listen to him!"

THE END

## One By Land

Continued from page 62

"How'do, Mr. Goldie," Refugee Smith said, beaming. "I is lookin' for Mr. Willie. I got fifteen days of liberty from last Monday an' I admire to find that Mr. Willie an' su'prise him."

Mike Golden came around the counter and shook Refugee's hand. "Wurtzel?" he said.

Refugee nodded, then added, "This here is Slippery Ellum, Mr. Goldie. Me an' him been soldierin' together. We joined up the same day."

MIKE GOLDEN shook Slippery's hand. "Willie's in the hospital," he said without preliminaries.

"Hospital?" Refugee said blankly.

"Yeah. Exposure, scurvy, malnutrition, sunburn, incipient pneumonia."

"Lordy," Slippery said. "He gonna recupe?"

"Yeah," Mike said. "He shipped out on a freighter and they tie with a torpedo. They was around in one of them little boats for quite a while before they get picked up."

"I be dogged," Refugee said. "I been soldierin' aroun' in Arizona without no more danger than gettin' maybe shot as a error and Mr. Willie he done gone out and heroicked."

"I don't take no credit from Willie," Mike said, "but he was tryin' to get the war done with so's he could get you back and cut some of them fat purses. Fact was he was broke."

"Broke?" Refugee said. "Me'n him made lotsa money, me fightin' an' him talkin'. . . ."

"Oh, yeah," Mike said. "But Willie always hadda good change of pace with a buck did he have it, and he ain't cut no purses since you been gone."

"What hospital he in?" Refugee asked. "I'll git up there an' see him."

"I don't know the name," Mike said. "It's the one up on the park . . ."

"Hold on," Slippery said. "I done ideaed up a idea."

"Not go see Mr. Willie?" Refugee said blankly.

"Not yet," Slippery said. "Not until after the fight; then when you goes up to see him you has got a pocketful of money for him. What'd help him recupe quicker?"

"Nothin'," Mike said.

"What fight?" Refugee asked.

"Your fight. You gets a fight, you is in good shape, you cuts the purse sideways and takes Mr. Willie his share."

"Not let Mr. Willie know about hit?"

"That's right."

"Why, why I ain't boxed none for pretty near two years," Refugee said. "An' without Mr. Willie in my corner . . ." He paused. "But dat'd really su'prise him. . . ."

"I'll manage you," Slippery said. He turned to Mike. "What kinda fighters you got aroun' now?"

"I ain't been to a fight since they started callin' the Garden the 4-F tango academy."

"You mean they ain't no good fighters around?" Refugee asked. "Maybe even in the shape I'm in with my timin' all off . . . ?"

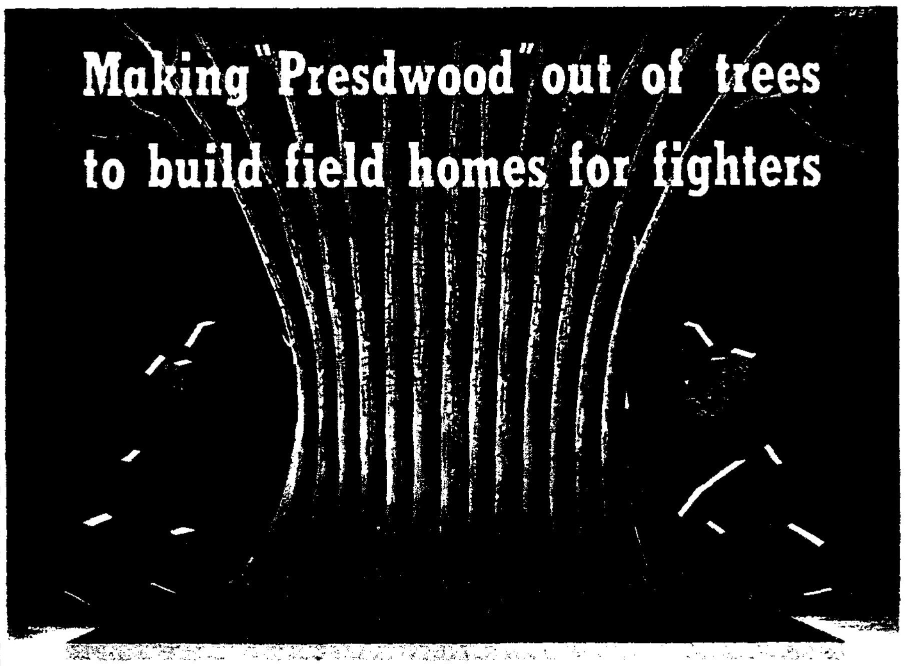
"Sure," Slippery said. "Like Louis took Smellin'."

"There's one good boy in your class around," Mike Golden said. "Name of Walker. He's got a busted eardrum—he's 4-F."

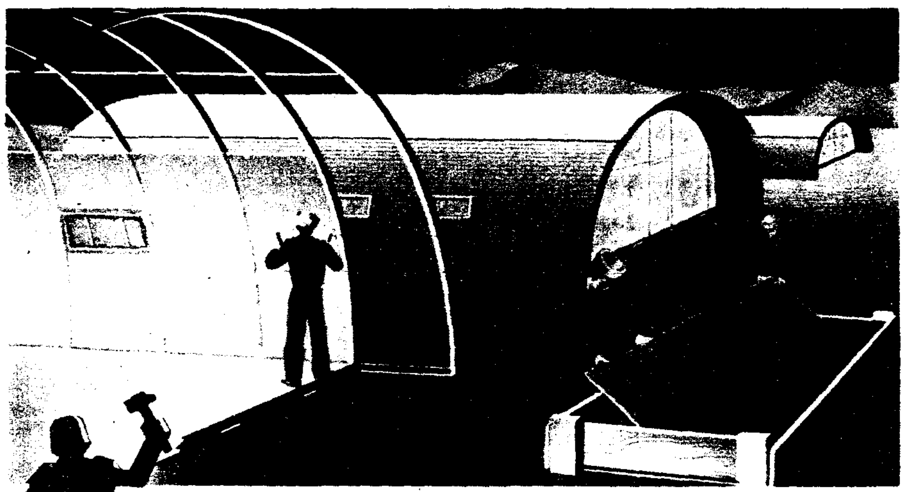
"We'll bust the other'n," Slippery said, "does he choose us."

"I'd stay away from him," Mike said, "if you're rusty."

"Let's go promote with the promoter," Slippery said. "You take a bundle of rus-


Making "Presdwood" out of trees to build field homes for fighters

Making "homes" for sailors, soldiers and marines all over the world are tough, strong, versatile hardboards created from the basic materials of wood. They are the dense, grainless Masonite* Presdwoods*—made by exploding wood and recombining its plastic *cellulose fiber* and glue-like *lignin* under different heats and pressures.



*The famous Quonset Hut, made for the Bureau of Yards and Docks, U. S. Navy, by Stran-Steel*

Many a U. S. fighting man, from the north pole to the tropics, lives and works in a Quonset Hut, lined entirely with sturdy Masonite Presdwood. The entire lining for a Hut is shipped easily in one compact crate . . . painted and ready to install. These Masonite Presdwood walls resist both the frigid blasts of the arctic and the heat, humidity and insects of the equator!

MASONITE PRESDWOODS
THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

Masonite Presdwoods are smooth-surfaced, strong in every direction. They may be worked and finished like other wood products. Presdwoods are in use today in hundreds of war plants and are available for essential construction and manufacturing jobs. . . . Write for information to Masonite Corporation, 111 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

**YOUR HOME** *after the war will use new materials and new ideas. . . . Write Masonite for a free copy of* **"OUR HOME"** *magazine, a review of what's new.*

*TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COPYRIGHT 1944, MASONITE CORP.

INVITATION TO A

Skinless
TRADE MARK

POINT SAVER PARTY!

GRAND FOR ANY OCCASION!

Even sauerkraut puts on party airs served with SKINLESS frankfurters. Low in meat-points; high in flavor and nutrition; quick to prepare.

SKINLESS are no-waste franks—no skins to split open; more economical point for point, penny for penny.

Skinless FRANKFURTERS & WIENERS
TRADE MARK

THE NO-WASTE FOOD

THE VISKING CORPORATION • 6733 WEST 65TH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

"VISKING" is the registered trademark of The Visking Corporation

tlin' money in to Mr. Willie he'll rise outta that bed like a hello gyro."

"*What?*" Refugee said.

"You heard what I said," Slippery announced. "Let's go see the promoter."

Mike watched their uniformed backs out of the door. "Tell me how you come out," he called after them. He turned back to his counter. "He's a good tarball," he said aloud. "I hope he don't fumble himself into Walker."

"Who's Walker?" Ed Delaney said from the door.

"Hello, Ed. Dummy Walker, the fighter," Mike said. "Hear about Willie Wurtzel?"

"Yeah," Ed said. "I was up to see him."

"How does he do?"

"He don't look like he used to but he ain't gonna die."

"He know you?"

"He offered to lay me a price he got picked up tomorrow."

Mike Golden shook his head. "His boy, Smith, is in on fifteen-day furlough."

"Yeah. I didn't see him up at the hospital."

"Him an' another dinge name of Ellum have gone over to try to get a fight. They figure to get a fight and take Willie a cut. Surprise him."

"H'mm," mused Ed Delaney. "Only other guy to see Willie was a kid name of Free Wheeling Johnson, shoeshine boy from Harlem."

"Freezy Johnson. Willie and Refugee give him some blood once, saved his life," Mike Golden said.

"Yeah," Ed said. "I remember. Refugee give him a coupla gills right before a fight. I like to lose a package on that one."

"Good dinge," Mike Golden said. "That Smith."

"What about Walker?"

"If Smith gets a fight I hope it ain't Walker. He's sharp."

"Refugee boxed any?" Delaney asked.

"Naw."

"Smith'd draw. He was a great fighter," Ed Delaney said.

"Yeah."

Ed Delaney looked at his fingernails, shined them on his cuff. "They won't give Willie no papers to read for a while."

"He wouldn't know about it," Mike Golden said.

"He ain't gotta radio in his room," Ed Delaney said.

"Stick around," Mike said. "They'll be back pretty soon."

ED DELANEY looked at his watch and nodded. They weren't back soon, but eventually they were back.

Slippery gave them the results. "We done signed," he gloated. "Ref vs. Walker, ten rounds to a incision, winner gits 37½ percentage, the loser gits 12½ percentage. The fight's next Friday night. We catches the train the next mornin' and gets to camp on time."

"Mr. Jakes, he talk on de long-distant telephone to my commandin' officer an' he say hit all right if'n I give my share to de Army Relieve. I talk wid him, too, an' he say hit all right 'bout Mr. Willie's share. I can give hit to him," Refugee added. "An' dat suits me, 'causin' I is drawin' good wages. Natchel fack of de matter is if'n you don't shoot no dice yo' money kinda backs up on you."

"Well," Ed Delaney said. "You got a fight. Now all you gotta do is win it. That short end ain't gonna be much."

"Why, what you talkin' about?" Slippery demanded. "Refugee ain't *never* lost no fight."

Mike Golden polished his counter aimlessly "He ain't never been in there without Willie in his corner, neither."

"De *Lord* is in Refugee's corner," Slippery said finally.

"Don't go worryin' de Lord wid dis piddlin' little fight," Refugee said hastily.

"I ain't worryin' de Lord," Slippery said. "I guess de Lord can letcha have a angel for one night—a apprentice angel, anyways."

"Guess I'll go up to Mr. Stillman's and see if I can find someone to work wid me a little," Refugee said. "I got my faith but I'd like to git sharpened up a little, too."

Willie Wurtzel lay on his bed and gazed at the ceiling. His mind was clear, now, and when the nurse let the little colored boy in he knew him. "Hello, Freezy," Willie said. "How's the business?"

Freezy started to say something, stopped himself. "Pretty good," he said. "You gettin' well?"

"Yeah," Willie said. "You been up to see me before, ain't you?"

"I come ever' day," the little colored boy said. "I ain't forgot how you and Refugee gimme dat blood dat time. But dey say you didn't need hit back."

"Them was the days," Willie said. "What's the matter, kid?"

Freezy Johnson's face looked anguished. "Nothin'!" he said. He picked up a package he had at his feet. "I brung you a radio," he said. "Borrowed hit."

WILLIE looked at the battered little portable radio, smiled. "Thanks," he sighed. "You know, Freezy," he reminisced, "the first fight we had was up in St. Louis, me'n Ref, was up in St. Louis for fifty clams winner-take-all and he hadn't never been in the ring before. I tried to tell him how to box and he liked to got murdered the first round and when he come back I told him to get in there and swing, that the Lord was in his corner. He stopped the guy next frame."

Unobtrusively Freezy set the radio on the table and twitched a dial. He hid his face, his lips twitching.

A voice from the radio said: *Smith was down twice in round one. His timing was off and he missed badly. He's not the Smith we used to know.*

"Fight, huh?" Willie said brightly. "An' some guy usin' Ref's name. Oughtta sue him."

The bell sounded.

*Refugee comes out, he looks confused. Walker stabs him twice . . .*

"REFUGEE!" Willie screamed.

Freezy Johnson had two tears in his eyes. "I didn't tell you," he said. "I didn't tell you, did I? I didn't tell you. They told me not to tell you but I was scared . . ."

Willie Wurtzel sat up in bed. His head reeled and he could feel the blood go out of his face but his mind was working. And no mind worked faster than Willie Wurtzel's.

"Walk down the hall," he said to Freezy. "Walk in the first door that's a little open and take the bell offa the pillow and stick a pin in it so's it stays down. I don't care who's in the bed just so they don't look like they're dyin'. Then get out in front and get a cab; have one waitin'."

Freezy nodded dumbly, moved toward the door.

*Smith is bleeding from the cut over his left eye and Walker is picking away at it. Walker tied him up and shook the colored boy with a left hook. . . .*

Willie Wurtzel stumbled over the radio and it went off as he stood tentatively upright beside his bed. He moved toward the door, peered out. A man in a white suit, with white rubber boots, moved down the hall. He carried a mop and pail.

"Come here a minute, Mac," Willie whispered. He moved back toward the bed.

The janitor came in. Willie placed his hands on each lapel, whispered, "I want you to do me a favor." Suddenly he jerked both lapels and the white coat came halfway off. The man's arms were pinioned at his sides and Willie took careful aim behind his ear with the bed pan. It made a slight clank.

He walked all right. The boots helped, nobody walks so good in rubber boots. He walked past the desk all right and down the stairs holding to the rail. He walked right out the front door and climbed into the cab. Freezy Johnson's teeth showed in the gloom.

"The Garden," Willie said to the driver. "Fast."

He had trouble getting out of the cab and he didn't have any money and there was the beef at the gate 'til someone came who knew him, and he had an arm around Freezy's neck by now and he had trouble walking but it wasn't the boots.

He came into the big cavern of sound that was the Garden and saw the big black length of Refugee Smith on the canvas. He thought he was running but he was moving slowly and Freezy was beside him or he would have fallen.

Refugee got his knees under him and got up at "six"; his eye was closed and Dummy Walker, a smooth automaton was measuring him when the bell rang.

Willie got to the ring apron and held on to it and moved up the little stairs. "What's the round?" he said to someone that he knew but couldn't recognize.

"Tent' comin' up," a voice said.

Refugee sat slumped on his little stool.

Willie tried to get through the ropes, fell and bounced his chest on the second rope and clung to it. He pulled his face over.

"Boy," he said into Refugee's puffed black ear.

Refugee didn't turn his head. He didn't seem to think it strange that that voice should be in his ear. Then finally he grinned.

"Mr. Willie," he said.

Willie Wurtzel's voice was soft. That was the only way his voice came out—no matter what he tried to do his voice was soft—so he got as close to Refugee Smith as he could and whispered: "Remember out in St. Louis, your first fight . . . ya tried to box the guy because I told you to and he liked to killed you and then I told you the Lord was in your corner and to go out swingin'."

"Like a apprentice angel . . . all in white," Refugee said, turning his head.

"Naw boy, I ain't no angel, I'm a sick Jew. But, Ref, boy, remember that fight when you give the blood to Freezy an' you never had but one good round. You always got one good round, boy. Okay, boy, this is the good round."

Refugee blinked the eye that he could blink and a little tear squeezed out in the blood. "Mr. Willie," he said again.

"You go out there," Willie whispered, "and forget you ever tried to box. Go out there and smite him, boy, smite him!"

"Okay, Mr. Willie," Refugee Smith said and he moved out with the bell, flat-footed, and Dummy Walker came to him —a mistake.

Willie Wurtzel didn't see that round. The round that Refugee Smith came out nine down and one to go, one eye closed, rusty, swinging wild. But swinging! Willie Wurtzel had fainted.

But you don't beat guys like Dummy Walker with faith alone. Maybe Refugee was lucky. He threw twelve right hands, twelve right hands too short, and he took twelve sharp lefts in his face to throw them. But he remembered something Willie Wurtzel had screamed at him one time and the big one, the last one, he threw a foot back of Dummy Walker's chin.

Dummy Walker moved his chin back twelve inches that time and when the count was over and Refugee leaned down to try to help him to his corner he almost fell himself.

WILLIE WURTZEL lay in his bed under the cold and forbidding eye of a nurse who didn't read the sports page, though of large and athletic build. Refugee Smith stood at the door.

Suddenly he thrust his hand in his pocket and stuck the check out, laid it on the table. "Goodby, Mr. Willie," he said, trying to grin. "Gotta catch them railroad cars; dis here's your share."

Willie Wurtzel looked at the check, looked at the big black man with the bandaged face. He tried twice to say something, twice failed. He put his hand up, put his thumb and forefinger together. Finally he said. "Goodby." The door closed.

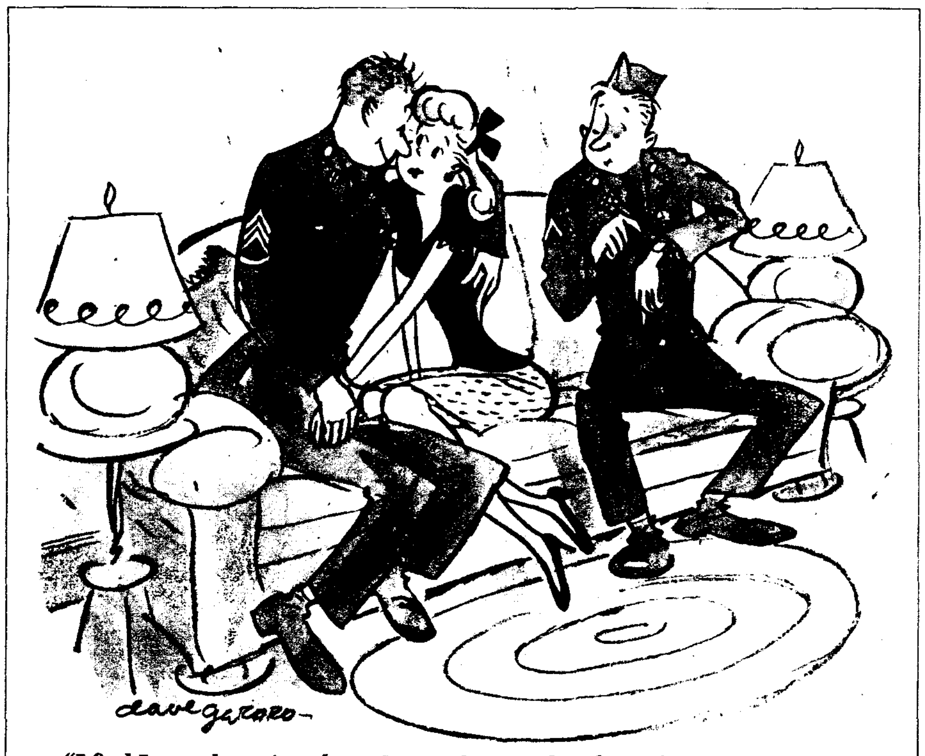
Willie picked up the check, groped for an envelope and stuck the check in it.

*Sailors Relief Fund,* he wrote shakily. He added the address, sealed the letter. "Mail this for me, pal," he said to the nurse.

The nurse looked at it, blew her nose, "Okay," she said.

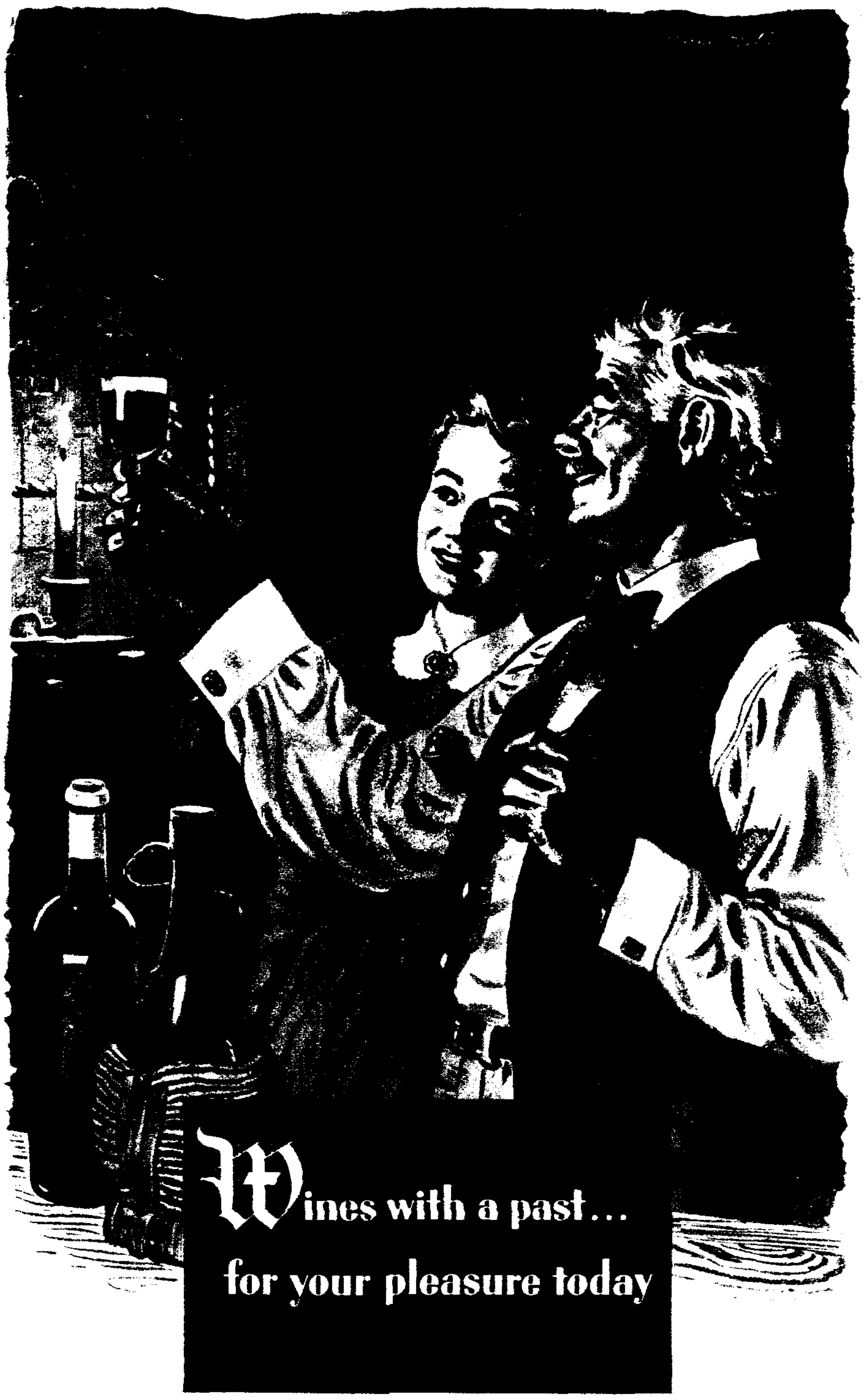
*So now I'm still broke,* Willie thought. Then he grinned. *When I offered to bet them guys we'd get picked up next day they was probably in as bad shape as I was. When I get up I'll look 'em all up and tell 'em they bet me twenty apiece on it. Them stupid sailors will probably pay off and it'll tide me over until I ship out again.*

THE END



"I find I must be going along, Mary. Sorry to break up the party this way"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



CALIFORNIA BURGUNDY

*The Wine that Won!* Here, half a century ago, a vintner of Italian Swiss Colony candles a wine . . . tests its clarity in preparation for a great European wine-judging. And the Colony's wines *won another gold medal* . . . one of *many* captured at world expositions.

Today, the vineyards of this unique wine-growing Colony still flourish—*without irrigation*—in the *heart* of California's fine-wine district. And descendants of the Colony's founders have carried on its great wine-growing traditions . . . to bring *you* true wine-enjoyment.

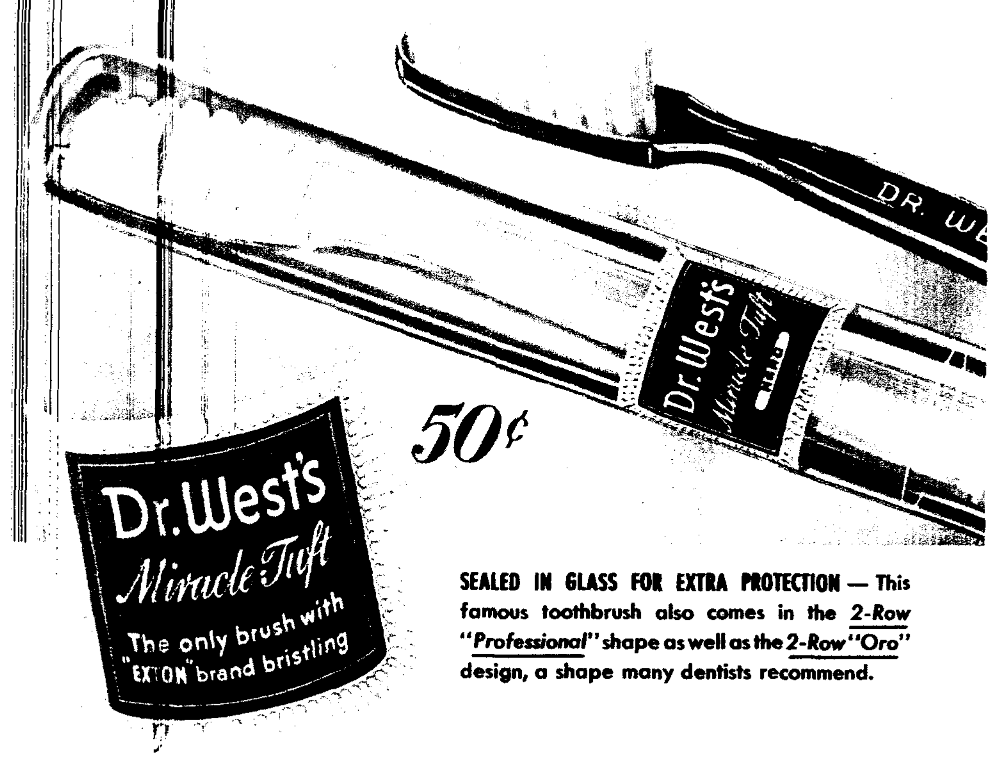
Won't you try one of the Colony's superb dinner wines? . . . perhaps Tipo Red or White, or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne? "Candle" it for *clarity* . . . catch its *bouquet* . . . taste its *flavor!* You'll give it *your* "award of merit."

Exceptionally fine, too, are Italian Swiss Colony's sweet dessert wines, such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

3 GENERATIONS OF WINE-MAKING SKILL AT ASTI, CALIFORNIA

COPYRIGHT 1944 ITALIAN SWISS COLONY, GENERAL OFFICES, SAN FRANCISCO



**SEALED IN GLASS FOR EXTRA PROTECTION** — This famous toothbrush also comes in the 2-Row "*Professional*" shape as well as the 2-Row "Oro" design, a shape many dentists recommend.

For health and beauty today, tomorrow, always...

*the finest toothbrush money can buy!*

GOOD DENTAL HEALTH—clean, sound, sparkling teeth—certainly a prized possession in any family. So much of your general health and personal appearance depends upon how *well* you care for your teeth.

And to the daily task of protecting this precious health and beauty Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft brings several distinct advantages.

Only with this superb tooth cleansing instrument—this finest of all toothbrushes can you give teeth the extra care of . . .

**"EXTON" BRAND BRISTLING**—for longer life, more efficient tooth cleansing.

**PATENTED WATERPROOFING**—for added protection against the dangers of *soggy toothbrush*.

**DOUBLE CONVEX SHAPE**—the original Dr. West's design. A distinct advantage in cleansing inside, outside and in between the teeth.

Copr. 1944 by Weco Products Co.

# Memo to an AMG Editor

Continued from page 18

institution, probably calculated to distend and develop an executive jaw, in lieu of a truly firm human character."

If schools are going to be closed, and you know they're going to stay closed for months until all unco-operating teachers have been replaced by those carrying The Message, don't avoid the subject. Simply make permission to have schools at all sound like a rich dispensation: "January 4, 1942—An indication of Japanese plans for Manila was disclosed by two Japanese officers looking around for suitable places to open new schools for Filipino children."

Then, a couple of weeks later, use a story such as this: "Japanese military authorities are taking under consideration the plan to reopen certain medical schools at least, so upper-class medical students may complete their courses."

Two or three months later the follow-up is: "With schools still closed, Filipino children who are lively find themselves actually living many of the things learned from school textbooks, such as gardening, storekeeping, farming, peddling, and making friends with soldiers."

A year or so later, announce that education has made such rapid strides that now "twenty-four primary schools altogether in Manila and another eight in the provinces have been given permanent permits to continue teaching. More schools will be opened soon, since Nippongo College, an institution for training Japanese teachers for all Filipino schools, *opens this month.*"

"Nippongo, the Language of Asia, suggested by Valhermoso Franco, an 11-year-old Filipino boy, won first prize in the Nippongo slogan contest."

"Nippongo lessons, copied from those given four times daily over the radio, are now available in free evening classes."

"Leon Guinto, Jr., Cicilio Putong, Jr., José Ingles, Judge Natividad Almeda's nieces and other juniors of the first families are taking Japanese lessons at the Y.W.C.A."

Sick and wounded war prisoners may be making a March of Death outside your city streets, but who would want to hear about it? Who? Besides, you'll be busy telling about the gay, mesmerizing parades going on inside the city.

"March 10, 1942—Today is Army Day, and a grand parade and review will commemorate the Japanese entry into Mukden in 1905. This great victory marks the beginning of the present Glorious Era."

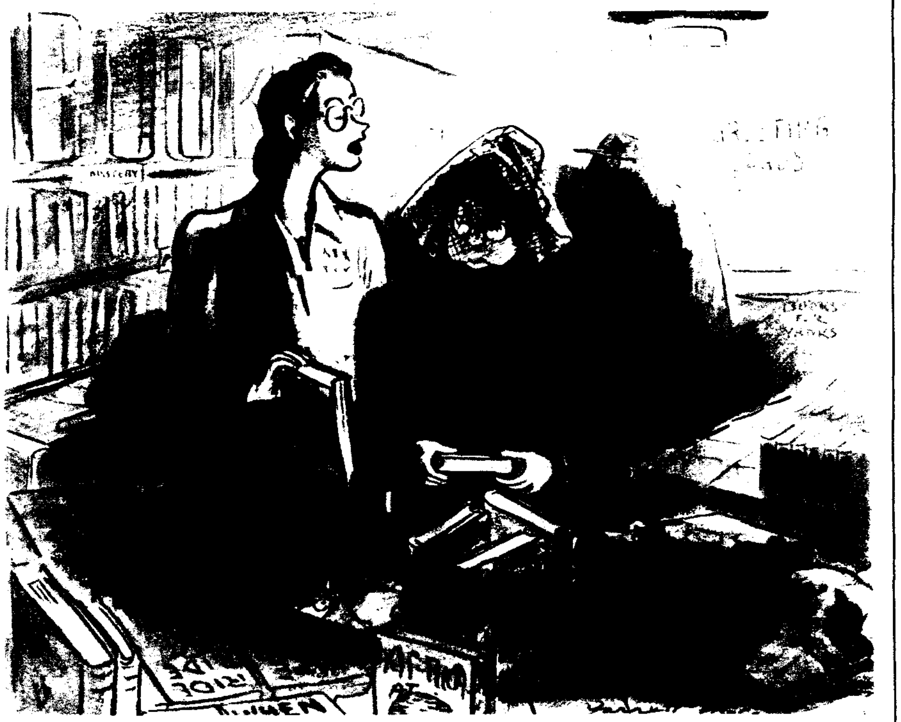
"May 5, 1942—Philippine Thanksgiving Day has been set on the anniversary of Corregidor's fall. To commemorate this joyous day, free rides on all streetcars will be given to the citizens of Greater Manila. The Philippines today also joined Japan in festive celebration of the Boys' Festival, an annual event set aside on the 5th day of the 5th month to glorify the youth of Japan."

"Crack units of the Imperial army will march in parade at Luneta this morning (June 3, 1942) to celebrate the fall of Corregidor and Bataan. The parade will afford Manilians a rare treat to appreciate the might of the Japanese army. People living on the streets where the parade passes may watch from the sidewalks but must close their windows from the second floor up and refrain from watching or standing at those windows."

### An Awe-Inspiring Visit

"May 6, 1943—The visit of Premier Tozyo (Tojo) to the Philippines finds no precedent in history. This is the first time he steps foot on any of the countries of the southern regions. This signal honor has moved all elements in the community. A crowd of 5,000 greeted him, waving Japanese flags, shouting *'Mabuhay'* and *'Banzai,'* leaving no doubt that their joy was spontaneous and heartfelt. We are awed by the deep thoughtfulness and consideration implied in this visit. He has thought enough of our country to leave mighty problems. No other nation has ever thought of us enough to do this."

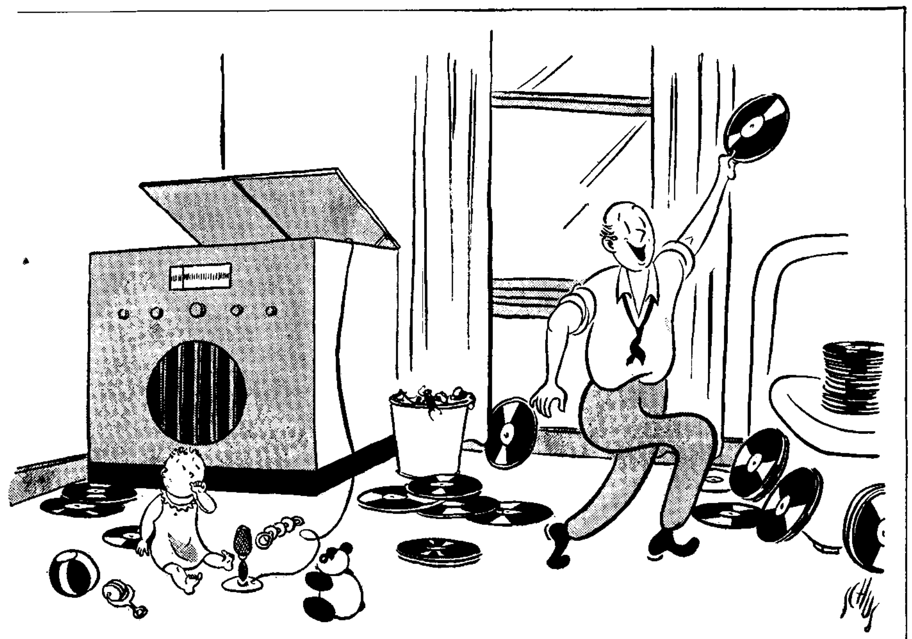
A military personage as important as Tojo certainly deserves a glowing character sketch. You'll be amazed at the number of seeds you can sow thereby. Let the following be your model of how to write a terse, straightforward and objective profile: "May 6, 1943—For a man who is directing a nation's war effort on a gigantic scale, Premier General Hideki Tozyo looks like a mild-mannered scholar with a disarming smile. The Premier reminds one of the typical Japanese—quiet, unassuming and modest, but strong, reso-



COLLIER'S

"It's poignant, powerful, gripping, disturbing and moving—and there's one hot love scene"

GARRETT PRICE



COLLIER'S "'Da-da,' she said, 'Da-da.' . . . I got it, I got it!" ADOLPH SCHUS

te and capable of achieving results for righteous cause. He reminds one of apan as a nation, who patiently endured nd tolerated not only the threats but the ctual machinations of her enemies aimed gainst her very existence and the intersts of all East Asia peoples. Premier Tozyo is of the regular height of a Filipino nd well built. His well-trimmed mustache marks him off as a military man."

"May 9, 1943—The Premier is spritely. He bears lightly the weight of 59 years n addition to multifarious affairs of state of a nation at war. He carries his silk uniform handsomely. His baldness becomes him. The six decks of service bars on his manly breast no doubt account for the little stoop of his shoulders. This, in turn, gives one the impression he is short, which he is not. When he draws himself to his full height, he is about 5 feet 5 inches tall.

"He has a warm handclasp with a moderate grip, as though he were reserving his energy for a great many big things that would demand stamina. The texture of his palm is smooth and soft. He wears a humorous, almost sly and impish smile which disarms, puts you immediately at ease, and contaminates."

"May 9, 1943—What does the Premier Tozyo look like? What impression, in respect of his inner traits, do his appearance and behavior give? When he allowed himself to be observed at close range by thousands of Filipinos—first by walking very close to the cheering multitude and by visiting places in the city—he added enthusiasm among the people on the lively subject. He has a gait and bearing that reminds one of the military school, a wide smile and a Japanese military haircut, part of which is baldness. Sometimes he has a haughty smile in his face, returning military salutes in the rigid military manner, but his eyes shine with kindness and love."

"May 8, 1943—Premier Tozyo has given pesos 100,000 for relief of our poor people."

If anyone is clumsy enough to repeat ugly stories about torture, hideous treatment, and the murdering of helpless prisoners, you can neatly stop them with a few well-chosen quotes from prisoners themselves. Who's going to guess you wrote them if you remember to use the ordinary, everyday language a young soldier would use?

Here's the way to do it: "Lieutenant David M. Kirk, Infantry, U. S. Army, captured near Cabanatuan, writes in a letter to his fellow soldiers: 'Why should you sacrifice yourselves to superior numbers by continuing to fight, outnumbered, outgunned, outgeneraled, and with no hope of succor? Why waste American blood on Philippine soil? We are soldiers far from home, fighting for colonial aggrandizement!' "

If the rumors still persist, put them to sleep with something like this: "May 10, 1943—Enemy nationals are to be transferred to Los Banos camp where they will enjoy plenty of fresh air, tranquil surroundings and splendid scenery. Treatment accorded these prisoners has always been kind and impartial. This undeniable fact is readily admitted by the Anglo-Americans themselves. Compared to the inhuman treatment accorded the unfortunate Japanese suffering a prisoner's lot, especially in the United States, our treatment of the enemy has been generous and benevolent and deserves to be broadcast to all the four corners of the world. Both physically and mentally, the prisoners may expect to derive many benefits from their lives in the new campsite on the tranquil shores of Laguna de Bay."

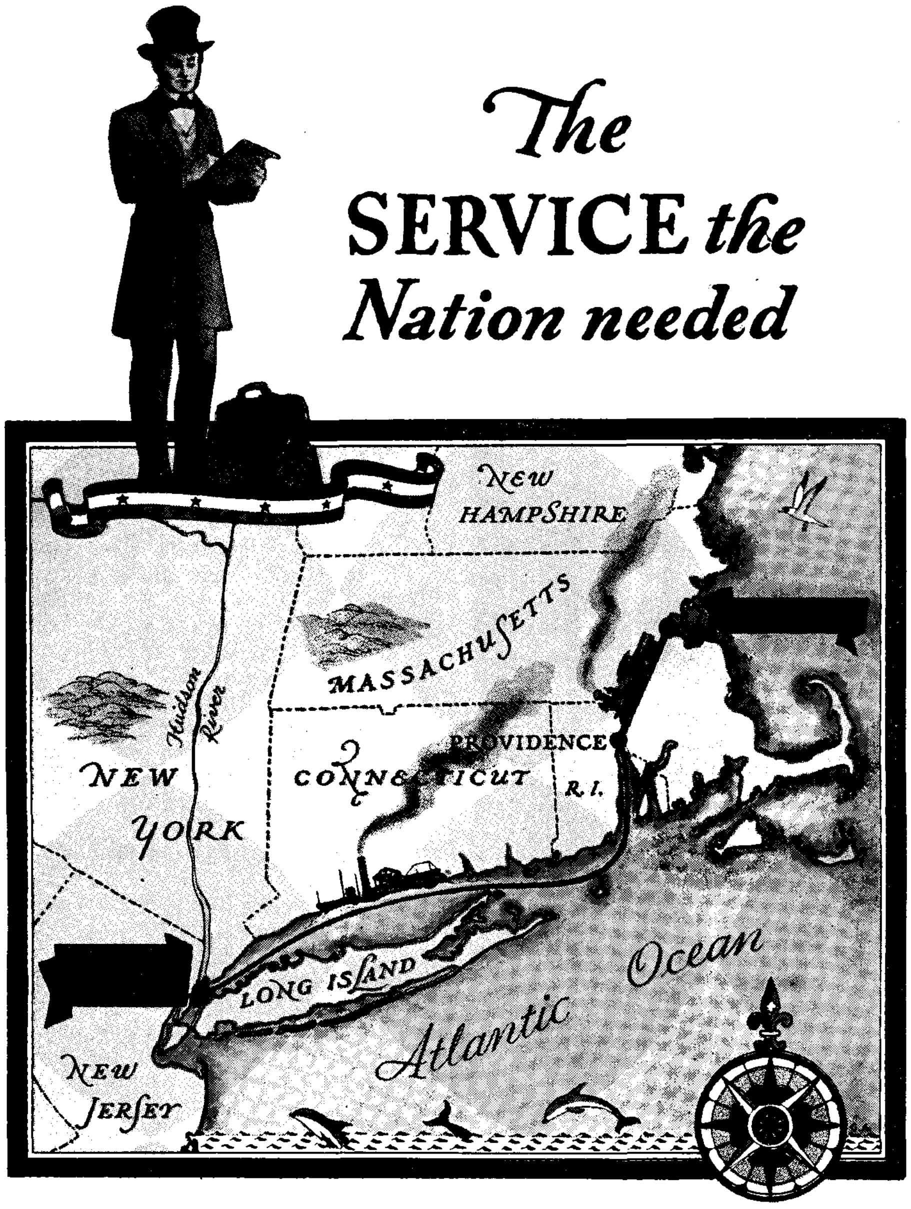
### Mosquito Nets for the Poor

"Who are these Americans that any Filipinos should spend sympathy on them?" is the sort of rhetorical tone to take as such items are chronicled: "For months the Japanese High Administration has thoughtfully provided work for the miserable war widows and orphans of the city. They have been busy making mosquito nets. More than 1,000 are now ready and will be given to the poor of Bataan province, since these people received the brunt of punishment from the Americans."

You can show so incontrovertibly how the other side brought it all on themselves, with such devices as these: "When the true history of the Greater East Asia War is written, historians will record that it actually began on November 26, 1941, when the United States handed the Japanese government a note tantamount to an ultimatum. Nippon took to arms for survival."

Get prominent statesmen to carry on with the same theme, as Nomura and Kurusu did on November 27, 1942, saying: "The United States challenged Japan to the present conflict. But whereas Japan is fighting to save Oriental races from ruin, the Americans are still not wholly convinced of the righteousness of the war foisted upon them by their government. This is not an imperialistic war, but a sincere and chivalrous crusade to free the peoples of Asia for their glorious destiny."

If you need outright lies now and then to kill off stubbornly unconverted public personages, do try to keep the literary tone high. Don't let the fact that the man turns up alive a month or so later throw you;



The SERVICE the Nation needed

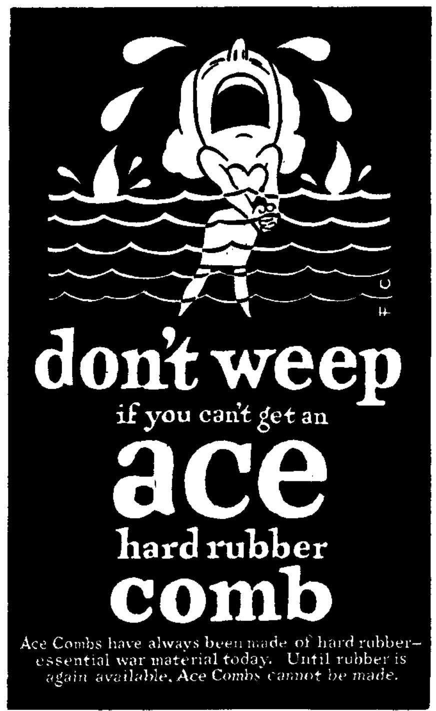
**SET TO GO,** but held by a brake. Goods ready to move faster and surer, but no adequate way to do it. That was America's business situation in 1839. William Harnden had the idea for a railway express service. "I'll carry your goods for you," he advertised to Boston and New York. And he did, at *passenger speed* in a wooden car between Boston and Providence which was where the railroad ended; and between there and New York by steamboat. That was the transportation service idea people and business needed. And as the idea grew, it helped broaden our young nation, unite its spreading frontiers and hasten its growth and development.

Today, 105 years later, Railway Express is performing by land, water and air the same basic personalized express service. The goods it carries now are mostly war materiel. In peacetime, they will again encompass every conceivable personal item as well as the products of industry.

**You, as a shipper, can help us carry our share of America's wartime transportation load and serve you better by doing two simple things. Pack your shipments securely...address them clearly. Our century of experience proves that "a shipment started right is half-way there!"**

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE



don't weep
if you can't get an
ace
hard rubber
comb

Ace Combs have always been made of hard rubber—essential war material today. Until rubber is again available, Ace Combs cannot be made.

THE KID IN KHAKI, or blue, is going to thank you plenty for sending him a Forecaster Superb. It smokes cool and sweet, it's real quality. Choose them now from 18 shapes . . . mail them at once to boys in service.

FORECASTER
SUPERB $1.50

Sir Sheldon, in natural grain $2.50

NATIONAL BRIAR PIPE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

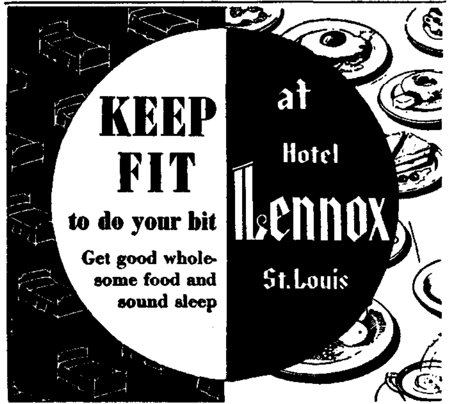
At all PXs, Navys

HOW TO SHAVE WITH MY UNUSUAL BELLO

hollow grinding abrasive strop, sharpener. Gives 50plus, CONSTANT COMFORT fast, clean shaves per double edge blade. HE MAN'S GIFT, SERVICEMAN'S GODSEND. *Col. J. Joy. Texas, says: "3 blades 15 years in my Bello, one 1917 paint scraper gave perfect shaves."*

SEND $4.95 OR WRITE
Bello, Ltd., N. E. Frissell, Gardner 9, Mas. . & 5176 dealers

Liggett Gimbel, Sun-Ray, Read, Sun, Muir big Sears and Whelan stores like Lewis Conger Filene, Macy, Higbee W-Lothrop; DavPaxon Harvey C, Pogue; May CPirScott, JLHudson Dayton, FBarr Hale Owl FNelson MFrank



KEEP FIT
to do your bit
Get good wholesome food and sound sleep
at Hotel Lennox St. Louis

FILLS FLOOR CRACKS!
Holes and cracks in floors can be quickly repaired with PLASTIC WOOD! Handles like putty; hardens into wood. At Paint, Hdwe. and 10¢ Stores.
PLASTIC WOOD

This tiny MAICO brings you a world of SOUND

90% of America's precision hearing test instruments are Made by Maico

● Small, light and easy to wear. Assures hearing normal conversation clearly, even whispers. WRITE today for *"New Experience in Hearing".*

THE MAICO COMPANY
2632 Nicollet Ave., Dept. 55-S, Minneapolis, Minn.

it isn't worth mentioning. "March 23, 1942—Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth, died the night of March 17th somewhere in Iloilo, suffering from a voluminous expectoration of blood from the lungs."

Get right inside the home. Be folksy-wolksy about the little woman's realm. Ladle out normalcy in every item and don't worry about slopping over when you tell about the social whirl. Women are pushovers for it. Take the first example of a tea at the swank Manila Hotel twenty-seven days after Japanese troops occupied Manila. Its smart *soignée* tone makes one forget entirely, doesn't it, that the guns of Corregidor are still blasting defiance, that PT boats are nipping about Subic Bay like pint-size dragons?

"Gathered for tea in the Palm Court of the Manila Hotel were thirteen friends of Mrs. Ida Hube. The table was a gladsome sight covered with a stark white damask cloth. Six guests were in *saya* (formal Filipino dress) and one was in formal kimono. Three even had freshly coiffed hair-dos, and the ladies hoped to make them keep for a couple of days to get their money's worth. The refreshments were ham-chicken sandwiches, chicken salad, very nice chocolate cake with almond flavoring, vanilla ice cream covered with strawberry jam and grated coconut."

### Approach to the Food Problem

When the population is reduced to eating carabao (water buffalo), you don't necessarily have to let on you know carabao meat is a cross between Army mule and the garden hose, or that it takes a good six hours' cooking before one can set tooth to it. Approach the subject obliquely, thus: "The mayor is becoming alarmed by the great number of carabaos being slaughtered for meat. He appeals to citizens to let healthy carabaos carry on with their work on farms, and only to slaughter old animals, if we are to carry on the tradition of this faithful native animal in the islands." Then, by degrees, you can work them up to a point where they feel lucky to get carabao meat at all.

Intersperse the carefree physical life with sanctimonious recognition of the spiritual from time to time. Quote religious leaders conspicuously: "Fruitful efforts of 250,000 Evangelical Christians to help maintain peace and order through the preaching of Christ's way in central and northern Luzon were reported by nine district superintendents of the Methodist Church. A definite step toward Filipinization has been achieved with the election of Francisco S. Galvez to the head of the church."

"Father Juan Gonzales is on a trip through the provinces, exhorting the Catholic youth to emulate the Japanese virtues."

"Enlightenment has brought peace, order, happiness in Cebu, the Peace and Relief Mission reports."

If impolite guerrillas go right on ignoring peace and enlightenment, remain your polite self in print and write this way: "The Japanese army in Binan is busy conducting a peace drive to rid it of all bad elements. After all, Nippon's victory is Asia's freedom."

Beat the breast, regularly, resoundingly. It stimulates others and is good for the circulation. Try items such as: "We cannot coprosper with Japan in the East Asia Coprosperity Sphere unless we learn to coprosper with other nations with which Japan is seeking to coprosper. Malai, Thailand, Djawa are making strides in their collaboration. We must see to it that our efforts keep pace with theirs. Unless we prevent others from forging ahead too far, we may never be able to catch up, which will make us tail-ender in East Asia's march toward coprosperity."

These should be artfully intermingled with a steady stream of crisp slogans like the following: "Work Every Day the True Independent Way." "Sampaguita is the Flower, Nippon the Friend." "The Rising Sun of Japan is the Shining Sun of Asia." "Freedom This Year is Freedom Forever." "Today's Collaboration Builds Tomorrow's Philippines." "The ABC of the New Order is Act, Build, Collaborate."

Don't waste precious space on a lot of faraway foreign stuff. Only use such items as raise doubts or destroy confidence in the enemy's ability; interlard these with our side's victories: "The Japanese navy nears absolute sea mastery, thereby exposing the Panama Canal to attacks. To defend it, the U. S. must abandon its plans to aid Australia which, from now on, will be orphaned."

"To date, Italy has destroyed 2,513 Allied planes."

"British casualties and losses now stand at 257,008 for the African campaign."

"Chinese guerrilla warfare against Japan has now been fully frustrated."

"The United States is shaking internally because of diminishing stock of raw materials, industrial sabotage and divergence of public opinion."

## MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN KITCHENS

**When my darling, drying dishes,**
**Breaks the last surviving platter,**
**I vociferously vow to him**
**It doesn't really matter.**

**And I find it very easy**
**Not to wring my hands and moan,**
**For I'd rather have it broken**
**Than do dishes all alone.**

**Besides, I know my truelove**
**Is exceptionally rare**
**To be helping me instead of**
**Sitting on his derrière.**

**Margaret Fishback**

"An invasion of the U. S. is the aim of Japan, and the war will not stop until the Japanese army lands on the American mainland."

"Stockholm reports Colonel Henry L. Stimson admits the United States Army is too old for front-line fighting. He says a study of it now shows that 50 per cent of it over 35 years of age and 25 per cent over 40."

"Observers here wondered whether Madame Chiang's latest junket to the U. S. was to find relief from the everyday empty-belly monotony of Chungking life. Madame Chiang will no doubt find plenty of time to eat beefsteaks and drink sparkling Burgundy—forgotten words in the bomb-torn shambles that is Chungking. Chiang's wife is also discussing war strategy with President Roosevelt. It is obvious who wears the pants in Chiang's family—it's an American way."

"American girls urged to quit school and work, by American President's wife." "U. S. Children Abandoned as Mothers Work in Factories." "Allied Split Looms." "U. S. Navy Making Frantic Attempts to Mask Setbacks." "American Press Creating Illusion U. S. Won Big Victory in the Solomons." "Balkan Invasion May Result in Anglo-American Clash with Russia." "F.D.R. Admits War Expenditures M Cause Financial Collapse." "Churc Admits Failure of Quebec Conferen "U. S. Steel Output on Downgrac "Deal Between U. S., Britain and Ru Appears Remote." "Badoglio's Defect Causes German Morale to Soar." "U Helpless in Pacific War."

In among strife headlines, manage slide in at least once each day an innoc little item about the quiet, cultured peo at home, this way: "In Tokyo, art lov and students flocked to see 600 precio art and scientific objects left by Ital versatile artist and scientist, Leonardo Vinci."

It's a cinch to plug normalcy on t sports page. Just make a great to-do abo basketball, bowling, tennis, wrestlin softball, golf, baseball and badmint matches being played at this or that clu Report each and every game as thou it were big league, even though it's on the electric company's nine meeting t health department's second string.

All these sporting events show that *major war isn't going to interfere wi* a really sports-loving nation; while th enemy—poor soft thing and down on h knees—is sports-starved. Thus: "Nover ber 27, 1942—The United States may no have baseball next year on account of th war."

"U. S. training-camp football teams ar forbidden to take part in any 'Bowl' game due to restrictions by the U. S. Navy.

Horse racing and *jai alai* matches a day Sunday keep restless ones from si ting at home brooding over condition "The Japanese Military Administratio yesterday approved the reopening of th San Lazare hippodrome for horse racin next Sunday. Starting at nine o'clock, wi 180 horses, thirteen or fourteen races wi be pulled off." "Juicy dividends of peso 1,450 were paid for a pesos 2 ticket on th daily double, Star Beau and Lulu, at the Manila Jockey Club meet Sunday."

### A Gentle Admonition

It's only to be expected that headache will occur here and there. Your best bet i to maintain a paternal tolerance towar childish fractiousness. For instance: "Outgoing streetcar passengers are again enjoined not to pass on their tickets to other passengers, as this will not only cheat the public utility company of its income, but also displays dishonesty. Japanese officials say passengers should learn to act and live with self-discipline, and the matter of streetcar tickets is one of the things that can develop this noble virtue."

*But at times you'll simply have to make* it clear who is boss. Do it this way: "REWARD—With the numerous and daily robberies of electric wire from the existing distribution system in Manila, the Taiwan Denryoku Kabukishi Kaisysa is now offering pesos 200 to anyone reporting a thief or thieves. The company also wishes to make it clear that stolen wires will not be replaced, and consequently the electric service in the affected area will be discontinued indefinitely."

After all, the strings are yours to pull. You can always coax the populace back to good humor again by staging a mammoth double-header parade or, better still, a bang-up free show every night for a week. But think up a name with a wallop in it. Just try to match this one: "If you hear shots, be calm. Sham battle using rifles, machine guns, hand grenades and mines will be staged every night from 8 P.M. to 6 A.M. in San Francisco del Monte and Dakita streets for the filming of Tear Down the Stars and Stripes."

And there you are, friend editor—a handbook of journalistic infamy; a made-in-Japan manual for the subversion of your honored profession. You'll know. we think, what to do with it.

THE END

# Don't Call 'Em Hoss Oprys

Continued from page 19

a cowpoke riding into the Western sun—where cowpokes invariably ride in novels. Grey wrote that his hero was so handsome he actually looked like Dustin Farnum. That was all Pop Sherman needed. He finished the book, signed up Farnum in New York and began producing Zane Grey movies.

That was when Pop fell in love with horses—and what was happening to horses in those days in Hollywood was enough to give him nightmares. If the script called for a limping horse, some callous movie-makers of the time thought nothing of deliberately crippling it. If the scenario called for a horse to fall (and it always did) the boys were ready with the diabolical Flying W.

This consisted of an iron stake driven firmly into the ground. To it was anchored a pair of steel wires about 150 feet long. The wires were attached to both front legs of the horse. The rider whipped his mount into a gallop; at the end of the 150 feet was the agonizing end of the horse. If the crash didn't kill the animal it had to be shot.

Such proceedings horrified Pop. He outlawed the Flying W in his pictures; eventually the S.P.C.A. achieved the same *verboten* throughout Hollywood. Pop himself became an expert horseman. He went so far as to eliminate all scenes of horses galloping downhill because one might step into a hole and get hurt.

His pictures still contain occasional sequences showing horses falling. He's on hand to supervise these, and the only horses that fall are specially trained beasts that collapse at a spoken command. They do not fall on plain earth but on an oversized mattress, disguised by sawdust and dirt. His employees can do almost anything except manhandle his horses. If they do that, Pop sees red.

When Sherman completed his 15th Zane Grey movie, he had to look around for a new author. There weren't any Grey novels left, suitable for the cinema. Pop could have hired writers to do original screen plays but he said: Why take chances? Why not stick to stories that had been popular in print? Nine years ago, he found what he wanted in the works of Clarence E. Mulford, creator of Hopalong Cassidy.

Sherman then had to hire a Hopalong. He interviewed every available actor in Hollywood before he selected William Boyd, who looked like Hopalong and talked like him, but who didn't act like him, and who barely knew the front end of a horse from the back.

### The Code of the West

Boyd had been something of a Hollywood playboy. He liked the bright lights and the hot spots, and Sherman knew exactly what would happen to his movies if the fans ever read about their Hoppy making a night of it in the Mocambo.

Pop decreed that if Boyd were to work for him, he'd have to stay out of night clubs, between pictures or not. He said Boyd never could be seen in public smoking a cigarette or taking a drink or even smiling at a girl aside from his own wife. After all, his customers had an average age of twelve years. They idolized Western movie heroes, and Pop wanted no mother to accuse him of turning the nation's adolescents into a breed of whisky-drinking, cigarette-smoking oglers of blondes.

Boyd signed on the dotted line and, to this day, never has put foot inside a night club. No photograph ever has been made of him smoking or drinking; no scandal ever has attached itself to him. He's Hopalong Cassidy off the screen as well as on, and if he should sneak home of an evening, pull down all the shades and stir himself a solitary Martini, that's his business, and he's admitting nothing.

The other difficulty with Boyd was his fear of horses. They really frightened him. Pop took him to the Sherman ranch and gave him concentrated riding lessons until Hopalong could barely sit in a saddle. In his first three pictures, Boyd was the hero of the Wild West in the close shots only when his steed stood still. Doubles did all the riding.

Before starting his fourth picture, Boyd informed the delighted Pop that he had vanquished his fear, that he now felt himself capable of doing his own riding. He got on his horse, rode off into the sunset and, to the intense embarrassment of Harry Sherman Productions, Inc., fell off.

Sherman and Co. tried to keep this accident a secret, but Hopalong had to be hospitalized with a broken foot. This was news. It made headlines. Pop hung his head in grief and redoubled his efforts to make a horseman of Boyd. Eventually he succeeded, and today Hopalong isn't fooling when he chases those Injuns across the plains. He is what Pop now calls a "good, made rider."

JEWELR
Huffine

"This might be very appropriate—rubies around her photo and her identification badge number in baguette diamonds"

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE

Sherman doesn't like his screen heroes to know anything about love. Good old Hoppy fell in love just once. The fans booed. The lovey-dovey business was not for them. It was all right for Hoppy to make the villain unhand the gal. It was okay for the gal to fall for Hoppy. But Hoppy himself had to be the strong, silent man interested in seeing justice done, and that alone. Pop has not deviated from that line since. He's just finished his 52d Hopalong Cassidy picture.

When Gene Autry, the singing cowboy, started earning money in large gobs for the rival Republic studios, Pop thought perhaps he needed a little music, too. He inserted a quartet in one of his pictures to sing one song. This was a mistake. Why waste time singing, demanded the customers, when Injuns lurk outside waiting for a fight?

There have been no crooning cowboys since in any epic of Sherman's. If the ladies want to pay their money to hear Autry warble, well and good. Pop will string along with the youngsters. They're more loyal. The beauty of a Hopalong Cassidy fan, Sherman has discovered, is that he sees all his hero's movies. Even after he grows up, he sees them. Pretty soon he has a son of his own and is taking him to the movies. This can continue by geometrical progression until Pop envisions everything in pants spending his evenings at the movies watching you-know-who.

While awaiting this happy day, Pop has not done badly. The producers of the multimillion-dollar epics can expound on art; he'll admire his artistic balance sheets. Consider the first six Hopalongs he made in one season under contract to Paramount. They cost exactly $382,116.75; to date they have earned $1,296,492.96. Lately they've been earning more, and all's well in the bookkeeping department.

### A Headache for the Boss

Despite this rosy situation, Pop has his headaches. Biggest at the moment is the search for a new Hopalong, as a couple of months ago Boyd decided to try his hand in more artistic motion pictures.

When Sherman started the Hopalongs, a dozen competitors already were in the field, grinding out Wild West movies in six days flat, sometimes in Griffith Park, sometimes in the rocks at Chartsworth, about 25 miles up the pike from Hollywood. They frequently completed a movie for $20,000, through such expedients as having the members of the posse chase unseen Injuns across the hills, then change their ten-gallon hats for feather head-dresses and then become the Injuns being chased. These penny-pinching operations were not for Pop.

He gained the enduring hate of his rivals by making all his films on location, high in the mountains, far in the wilds. If the story called for Indians, he went to Utah, where there were genuine redskins. He thought nothing of taking a whole movie company hundreds of miles from Hollywood, feeding it and housing it for weeks, just for the sake of magnificent scenery in the background.

You may have noticed that all Hopalong Cassidy films always contain some extra-fancy gun shooting by Hoppy. That's on Pop's orders. Boyd isn't so hot with a six-shooter, but Pop is one of the best.

Since the war forced him to make more of his movies in Hollywood, he built a complete Western town at his studio on Melrose Avenue.

Pop has branched out lately in the production of big-time feature pictures. His current one for 20th Century-Fox is Buffalo Bill, in technicolor, starring Joel McCrea, and costing around $1,000,000. If anybody calls it a hoss opry, Pop'll kill him with a dull spur.

Sherman's battles with the movie reviewers about the term "hoss opry" are a Hollywood tradition. Any writer who calls a Sherman picture a hoss opry gets a letter from Pop, written more in sorrow than in anger. It is a good letter:

"Many community theaters make no profit at all on society dramas and 'artistic' pictures," he wrote me, when I used the horrid words. "They depend on the family trade which comes to see Westerns. . . . The three highest-paid actors the industry has ever known were William Farnum, Tom Mix and William S. Hart. . . . They were Western stars. . . . It is unfair to refer to pictures that bring America to Americans as 'hoss oprys.' Would it be asking too much to solicit your personal interest in this problem?"

Pop's letter goes on for a couple of pages. He isn't spoofing. The term "hoss opry," he claims, is derogatory to all performers, the horse included.

THE END

Are you singing the "TIME CLOCK BLUES"?

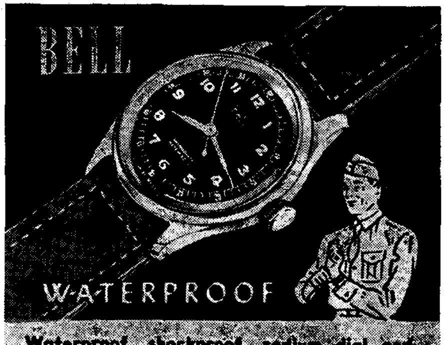
● Thousands of otherwise healthy men feel all fagged out long before the end of the day. Often this early fatigue can be directly traced to the constant strain and drag on delicate muscles in "the vital zone." Bauer & Black Suspensories help relieve these dangerous strains for thousands.

THIS FREE BOOK TELLS THE STORY

It tells how men claim to have found new energy and pep . . . how they get more out of life . . . feel younger . . . when they have the comfortable support of a Bauer & Black Suspensory. It tells how a suspensory may help you banish "quitting time fatigue."

DON'T FEEL FAGGED OUT—SEND THE COUPON

BAUER & BLACK Suspensories
Division of The Kendall Company
Dept. S-502
2500 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
I'm tired of being tired. Send me "What Every Man Should Know."
Name........................................
Address........................................
City.......................State..............



Waterproof, shockproof, radium dial and hands, anti-magnetic, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.
No. JA 121—15 jewels, stainless steel back........ $39.75
No. JA 331—15 jewels, stainless steel case........ $49.50
No. JA 328—17 jewels, SELF-WINDING, stainless steel case........ $59.75
POSTPAID FED. TAX INCL. ● MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "JA"
BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y

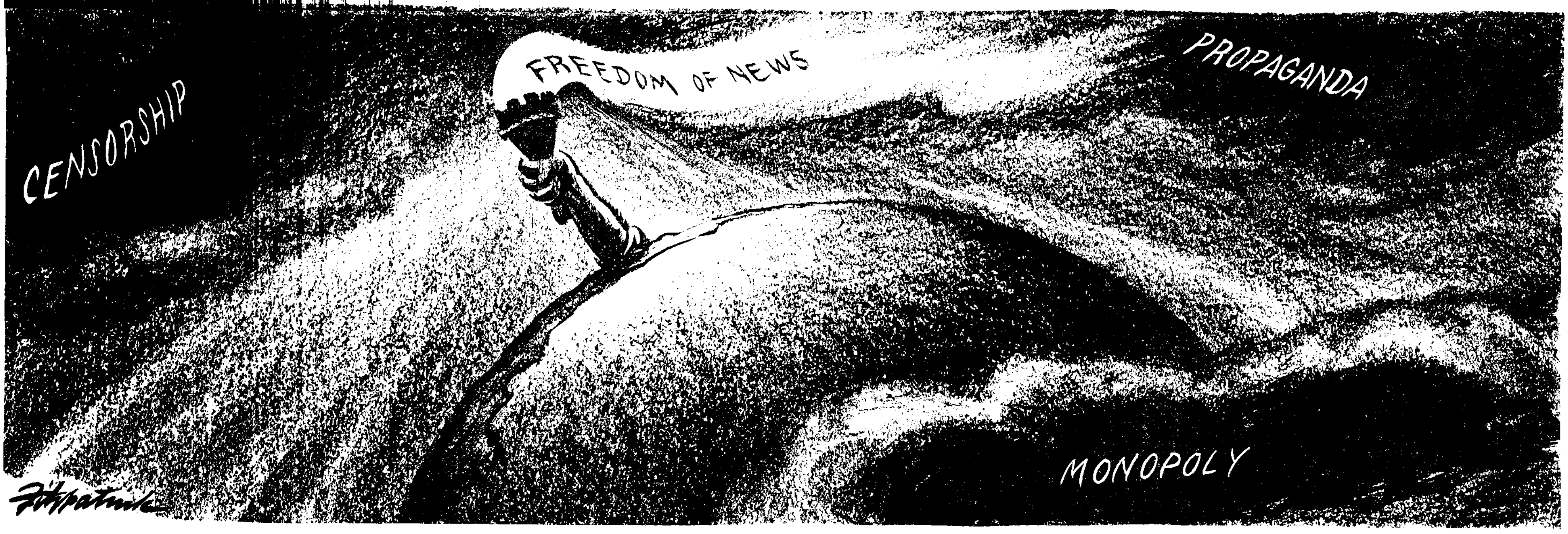
SHOREY
JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

FOR EXTRA COMFORT
ASK FOR HOOD
RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES
Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

HENRY LA COSSITT
Managing Editor



# NEWS AFTER THE WAR

IT MAY be news to many Americans that before the war there existed news monopolies throughout much of the world—controls over news as a commodity—and that American news agencies had a tough time denting these monopolies.

Governments controlled many news services, and in most cases still do: Japan's Domei, Germany's DNB, Russia's Tass, France's Havas, etc. There was the big privately owned Reuter's news service, with a British empire-wide monopoly on news and its distribution. And there were the competing American news services—Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, and various others—all struggling to improve foreign news coverage as Americans' interest in foreign affairs increased during the long truce.

The situation has improved somewhat, but is not yet ideal by a long shot. Our news organizations are dependent on cables and telegraphs, and on radio stations not too advantageously located. Reuter's, on the other hand, transmits its news by radio mainly, from the big British government station at Rugby. The British monopoly, Cable & Wireless, Ltd., has a flat rate for news transmission between empire points (1.7¢ a word), so that it is often more economical for American news services to route dispatches by Cable & Wireless through assorted empire points than to send them direct to this country.

If we are to live in a reasonably habitable world after this war, one thing we'll have to have will be honestly reported, unbiased, swiftly transmitted news for all countries willing to let such news be published. The United States is pre-eminently a free-press country—up to now, at any rate. It is therefore vital for us to lay the foundations now for a greatly improved, nonmonopolistic world news setup after the war.

Various steps are proposed. General Manager Kent Cooper of the A.P. wants a clause guaranteeing such a setup written into the peace treaty or treaties. Mr. Cooper also suggests that American news services remain individual and competitive in this country but that they should join in establishing one company for foreign news gathering and distribution.

Most American news services agree unofficially that we should get at least four things newswise out of this war, namely: free access for everybody to news at its sources, an end to all censorship, good communications available to all news services without discrimination, and unhampered exchange of news among all countries.

For our part, we'd like to see American news agencies and publishers get together now behind some definite program and begin to push it, while the United States is a big military and supply factor in the Allied war machine and is therefore in a good bargaining position.

Action is needed promptly, unless we're to lapse back to prewar news monopolies after the war. "News" peddled by many of those agencies was not news at all. It was propaganda aimed at serving the interests of each agency's home country—and as such it did a lot to condition the minds of millions of people for war.

# REAL GOOD-WILL ENVOYS

SOME remarks of a friend of ours, recently furloughed home after a long hitch of Army medical service in the Mediterranean theater:

"Nope—all the talk about the home front lying down on the war job is bunk, if you ask me. Haven't seen a sign of it yet.

"I suppose everyone comes home from this war with a pet gripe, though; and mine is all this talk about how we've got to build good will in various countries through special good-will glamor boys.

"Our real good-will ambassadors, I think, are the G.I. guys themselves. They march into some place and they start giving away everything they can spare, mainly to the kids—candy, food, anything except equipment. They're the best-natured, most generous bunch you ever saw, and the civilian population is loving them before they've been in the place twenty-four hours.

"Our G.I. guys are swell even to German prisoners—fight 'em like wildcats, you understand, up to the time they're captured; but once a German is captured, they give him cigarettes, pipe tobacco, chow, liquor if they've got it—and, believe me, his Nazi indoctrination nine times out of ten commences to crumble long before he gets to prison camp.

"Good-will ambassadors? Why, we've got 'em by the million—swell American kids, who grew up with notions of kindness and generosity and square-shooting implanted in 'em. Why look around for more and worse ones?"

# FORMULA FOR FREEDOM

THIS editorial is mainly by Eric A. Johnston, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Mr. Johnston, in a speech in Boston recently, suggested an agreement between American employers and American workers along these lines:

> We of management will try to repress monopolistic practices, unfair treatment of competitors, and business racketeers. You will try to repress monopolistic practices, unfair treatment of fellow workers, and labor racketeers.
>
> We will tell you the financial facts of life about you. We will try to reduce the number of our "strikes" which withhold inventions and products. You will try to reduce the number of your strikes which withhold labor and service.
>
> We will try to give you job security and basic income security. You will try to give a full honest day's work every day.
>
> We will recognize you and refrain from trying to cripple you with unfair regulatory laws. But you will recognize us and refrain from trying to destroy us by unfair and ruinous laws.

We don't know of a more concise statement of U. S. industrial needs than that—or of a formula which, generally adopted, would do more toward curing what now ails our capital-labor relations.

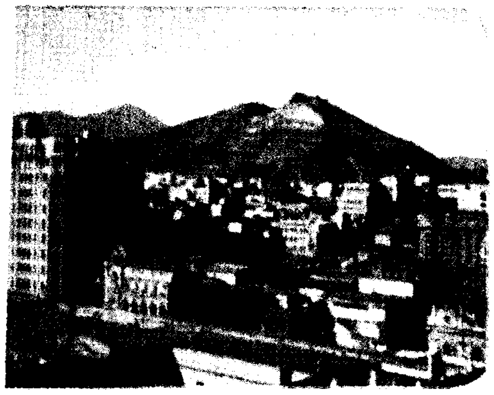
We'll endorse, too, Mr. Johnston's closing remarks in the same Boston speech:

> The United States can be strong only by acts of popular free will. That is why I say just two things to you of management and to you of labor. 1. Go ahead and turn this country into a continuous brawl, and government will chain you both. 2. Make a better choice. Work together and stay free.

ve your
ar Bonds for a
ok at what's doing—

# eep in the heart of CHILE

1 **"Combine Texas** ranchlands, Colorado's mountains, California's climate and the charm of the Old South," writes a Canadian Club fan, "and you've got Chile. And big things are happening. For Chile's prosperity no longer hinges on her nitrates (so vital to the Allies!). She's industrializing with a bang.



**"While I was in Santiago**—a city like
Denver with a Spanish accent—a friend
ld me one reason for Chile's aggressively pro
ssive spirit. As in the U.S.A., the 'melting
t' idea has worked wonders here.

3 **"At the statue** of Bernardo O'Higgins, Chile's George Wash gton, he told me Chileans are descendants of conquistadore unconquered Araucanian Indians, Irish, and Scotch.

4 **"Don't miss** seeing Chile, come peacetime. Just hop a Pan American Clipper and you'll be here in 3 days at most . . . for less money than you'd even guess.

5 **"And you'll be greeted** by an old friend—Canadian Club. Why, 'way back in the cow country, a Chilean offered me this whisky from a treasured bottle." **Once the war is over,** it will be easy to visit Latin America. When that time comes, you will find Canadian Club again available there for toasting the "good neighbors" you will meet.

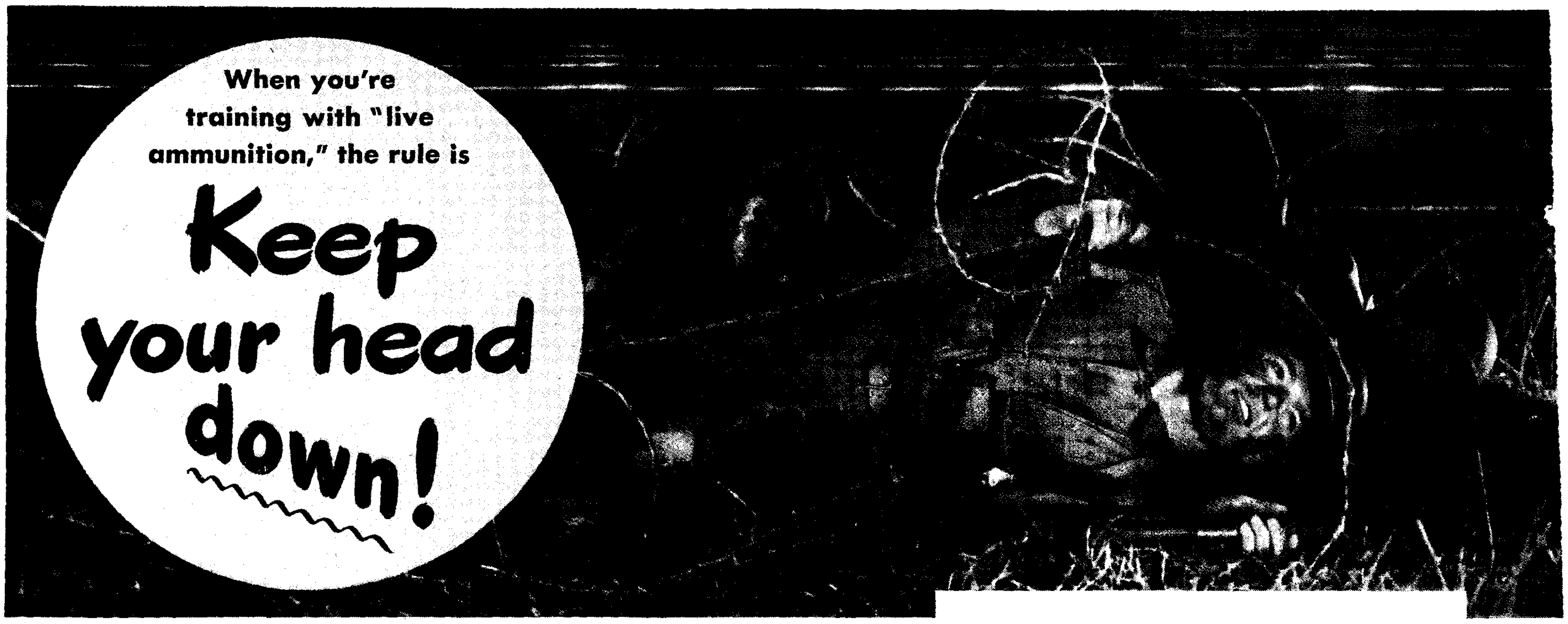
Right now, the distillery is concentrating on war alcohol; so Canadian Club is scarce on occasion.

- Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.
- Many fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof


When you're training with "live ammunition," the rule is
Keep your head down!

IT'S *lesson No. 1* in infiltration training—keep your head down! For those bullets streaking overhead in this night photograph above of Marines in training *aren't blanks!* They're the real thing! That's the way they're being trained nowadays...with situations, sights, and sounds as close to actual combat as possible. So that when these young men are finished with their training, they'll be fighting Marines through and through... from the pack on the back to the pack of Camel cigarettes in the pocket. For Camel is the preferred cigarette in *all* the services.

# They've Got What it Takes!

Fighting front or home front, you'll hear the same: Camels—they've got what it takes! Slow-burning, extra-mild, full-flavored, and *fresh.* For Camels—the serviceman's favorite—are packed to go round the world ...to stay *fresh* anywhere.

THIS IS THE PACK FOR ME—CAMELS—THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!
—AND NO MATTER WHERE I GET 'EM, CAMELS ALWAYS TASTE **FRESH**—FULL OF FLAVOR

## First IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

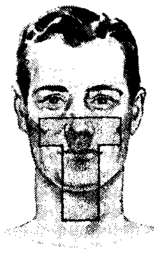
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"CAMELS ARE SO EASY ON MY **THROAT** —AND SO **FRESH** AND FLAVORFUL"

● Her name is Jean Curran. Her war job is with the Sperry Gyroscope Company. Her cigarette—Camel. She says, "I smoke Camels because I want a cigarette that won't go dry or flat-tasting. Camels always taste so fresh, so cool, so good."

# Camels

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS



## The "T-Zone"—where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**